

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
VALOROUS and WITTY
Knight-Errant
DON QUIXOTE
Of the MANCHA. R.

Written in *Spanish* by MICHAEL CERVANTES.

Translated into *English*
By THOMAS SHELTON,
and now printed *verbatim* from the 4^{to} Edition of
1620.

*With a curious SET of CUTS from the French
of COYPEL.*

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Knaplock, J. and B. SPRINT, J. WAL-
THOE, D. MIDWINTER, J. KNAPTON, B. LINTOT,
R. ROBINSON, B. COWSE, W. and J. INNYS, G. CON-
YERS, A. WARD, B. MOTTE, and T. WOTTON. 1725.



Sancho's Departure for the Island of Barataria



THE
HISTORY
OF
Don QUIXOTE.

VOL. IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the Advice that Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza, before he should go to govern the Island, with other matter well digested.

THE Dukes were so pleased with the happy and pleasant success of the Adventure of *The Afflicted*, that they determined to go on with their Jest, seeing the fit Subject they had, to make them pass for earnest; so having contrived and given order to their Servants and Vassals, that they should obey *Sancho* in his Government of the promised Island, the next day after the Jest of *Clavileno's* flight, the Duke bad *Sancho* prepare, and put himself in order to go to be Governor, for that now his Islanders did as much desire him, as showers in *May*.

VOL. IV.

B

Sancho

The HISTORY of

Sancho made an obeysance to him, and said, Since I came down from Heaven, and since from on high I beheld the Earth, and saw it so small, I was partly cooled in my desire to be a Governor: for what greatness can there be, to command in a grain of mustard-seed? or what dignity or power to govern half a dozen of Men about the bigness of Hazel-nuts? for to my thinking, there were no more in all the Earth. If it would please your Lordship to give me never so little in Heaven, though 'twere but half a League, I would take it more willingly than the biggest Island in the World. Look ye, friend *Sancho*, (quoth the Duke) I can give no part of Heaven to no body, though it be no bigger than my nail: for these favours and graces are only in God's disposing. What is in my power, I give you, that is, an Island, right and strait, round and well proportioned, and extraordinarily fertile and abundant, where, if you have the Art, you may with the riches of the Earth, hoard up the treasure of Heaven.

Well then (quoth *Sancho*) give us this Island, and in spite of Rascals, I'll go to Heaven; and yet for no covetousness to leave my poor Cottage, or to get me into any Palaces, but for the desire I have to know what kind of thing it is to be a Governor.

If once you prove it, *Sancho*, quoth the Duke, you will be in love with governing; so sweet a thing it is to command, and to be obeyed. I warrant, when your Master comes to be an Emperor, for without doubt he will be one (according as his affairs go on) that he will not be drawn from it, and it will grieve him to the soul, to have been so long otherwise.

Sir, (quoth *Sancho*) I suppose 'tis good to command, though it be but a head of Cattel.

Let me live and die with thee, *Sancho*, quoth the Duke, for thou knowest all, and I hope thou wilt be such a Governor as thy discretion promiseth, and let this suffice; and note, that to-morrow about this time, thou shalt go to the Government of thy Island, and this afternoon thou shalt be fitted with convenient apparel.

Don QUIXOTE.

3

rel to carry with thee, and all things necessary for thy departure.

Clad me, quoth *Sancho*, how you will, for howsoever ye clad me, I'll be still *Sancho Panza*.

You are in the right, quoth the Duke, but the Robes must be suitable to the Office or Dignity which is professed; for it were not fit that a Lawyer should be clad like a Soldier, or a Soldier like a Priest. You, *Sancho*, shall be clad, partly like a Lawyer, and partly like a Captain; for in the Island that I give you, Arms are as requisite as Learning.

I have little learning, quoth *Sancho*, for as yet I scarce know my A. B. C. but 'tis enough that I have my Christ's Cross ready in my memory to be a good Governor. I'll manage my weapon 'till I fall again, and God help me. With so good a memory, quoth the Duke, *Sancho* cannot do amiss.

By this time *Don Quixote* came, and knowing what passed, and that *Sancho* was so speedily to go to his Government, with the Duke's leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him aside, with a purpose to advise him how he should behave himself in his office. When they came into *Don Quixote's* chamber, the door being shut, he forced *Sancho*, as it were, to sit down by him, and with a stayed voice, said:

I give infinite thanks, friend *Sancho*, that before I have received any good fortune, thou hast met with thine: I that thought to have rewarded thy service with some good luck of mine to have saved that labour, and thou suddenly past all expectation hast thy desires accomplished; others bribe, importune, sollicite, rise early, intreat, grow obstinate, and obtain not what they sue for; and another comes hab-nab, and goes away with the place or office, that many others sought for, and here the Proverb comes in, and joins well; that, *Give a Man luck, and cast him in the Sea*. Thou, that in my opinion art a very Goose, without early rising, or late sitting up, without any labour, only the breath of Knight-Errantry breathing on thee, without any more ado, art Governor of an Island, a mat-

ter of nothing. All this I say, *Sancho*, that thou attribute not this happiness to thy deserts, but that thou give God thanks, that sweetly disposeth things; next, thou shalt impute them to the greatness of the profession of Knight-Errantry. (Thy heart then disposed to believe what I have said) be attentive, oh my son, to this thy *Cousin*, that will advise thee, be thy North-star, and guide to direct and bring thee to a safe port, out of this troublesome Sea, where thou goest to engulf thy self in; for your offices and great charges, are nothing else but a profound gulf of confusions.

First of all, O son, thou must fear God; for to fear him, is wisdom, and being wise, thou canst err in nothing.

Secondly, Thou must consider who thou art, and know thy self, which is the hardest kind of knowledge that may be imagined: from this knowledge thou shalt learn not to be swoln like the Frog, that would equal himself with the Ox; for if thou do this, thou shalt (falling down the wheel of thy madness) come to know thou wert but a hog-keeper.

That's true, quoth *Sancho*, but 'twas when I was a boy: but after, when I grew to be somewhat manish, I kept Geese, and not Hogs: but this methinks is nothing to the purpose, for all they that govern, come not from the loins of Kings.

'Tis true, said *Don Quixote*, therefore those that have no noble beginnings, must mix the gravity of their charge they exercise, with mild sweetness, which, guided with wisdom, may free them from malicious murmuring, from which no state or calling is free.

Rejoice, oh *Sancho*, in the humility of thy Lineage, and scorn not to say, thou comest of labouring men, for when thou art not ashamed thy self, no body will seek to make thee so; and always strive to be held mean and vertuous, rather than proud and vicious: an infinite number from low beginnings have come to great risings, as pontifical and imperial Dignities: and to confirm this, I could bring thee so many examples as should weary thee,

Note,

Don QUIXOTE.

Note, *Sancho*, that if you follow vertue for your mean, and strive to do vertuous deeds, you need not envy those that are born of Princes and great Men, for blood is inherited, but vertue is atchieved; vertue is of worth by it self alone, so is not birth.

Which being so, if perchance any of thy kindred come to see thee when thou art in thy Island, refuse him not, nor affront him, but entertain, welcome, and make much of him, for with this God will be pleased, that would have no body despise his making, and thou shalt also in this correspond to good nature.

If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that those who are to govern long, should be without them) teach her, instruct her, refine her natural rudeness; for many times, all that a discreet Governor gets, a clownish foolish woman spills and loses.

If thou chance to be a widower (a thing that may happen) and desire to marry again, take not such a one as may serve thee for a bait and fishing-rod to take bribes: for let me tell thee, the husband must give an account of all that (being a Judge) his wife receives, and at the general resurrection, shall pay four-fold what he hath been accused for in his life-time.

Never pronounce judgment rash or wilfully, which is very frequent with ignorant Judges, that presume to be skilful.

Let the tears of the poor find more compassion (but not more justice) than the informations of the rich.

Seek as well to discover the truth, from out the promises and corruptions of the Rich, as the sobs and importunities of the Poor.

When equity is to take place, lay not all the rigour of the law upon the Delinquent; for the same of the rigorous Judge, is not better than of the compassionate.

If thou slacken Justice, let it not be with the weight of a Bribe, but with the weight of Pity.

When thou happenest to judge thine enemy's Case, forget thy Injury, and respect Equity.

Let not proper passion blind thee in another man's Cause,

Cause, for the Errors thou shalt commit in that, most commonly are incurable, or if they be helped, it must be with thy Wealth and Credit.

If any fair Woman come to demand justice of thee, turn thy Eyes from her tears, and thy Ears from her lamentations, and consider at leisure the sum of her requests, except thou mean that thy reason be drowned in her weeping, and thy goodness in her sighs.

Him that thou must punish with deeds, revile not with words, since to a Wretch the punishment is sufficient, without adding ill language.

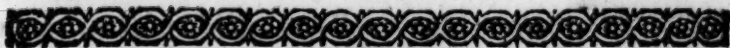
For the Delinquent that is under thy jurisdiction, consider that the miserable man is subject to the temptations of our depraved nature, and as much as thou canst, without grievance to the contrary party, shew thy self mild and gentle, for although God's attributes are equal, yet to our sight his mercy is more precious and more eminent than his justice.

If, *Sancho*, thou follow these rules and precepts, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy rewards full, thy happiness indelible, thou shalt marry thy children how thou wilt, they shall have titles, and thy grand-children; thou shalt live in peace and love of all men, and when thy life is ending, death shall take thee in a mature old age, and thy nephews shall close thy eyes with their tender and delicate hands.

Those I have told thee hitherto are documents concerning thy Soul, to adorn it, hearken now to those that must serve for the adorning thy Body.

• A good Item to our Judges of the Common-Law.





CHAP. II.

Of the second Advice that Don Quixote gave Sancho Panſa.



HO could have heard this Discourse, and not held *Don Quixote* for a most wise Personage, and most honest? But as it hath been often told in the progress of this large History, he was only besotted when he touched upon his Cavalry, and in the rest of his talk he shewed a clear and current apprehension; so that every foot his Works bewrayed his judgment, and his judgment his Works: But in these second Documents he gave now to *Sancho*, he shewed a great deal of lenity, and balanced his judgment and his madness in an equal Scale. *Sancho* hearkened most attentively unto him, and strove to bear in mind his instructions, as thinking to observe them, and by them to be very well delivered of his big-swoln Government. *Don Quixote* proceeded, saying,

Touching the governing thine own Person and Household, *Sancho*, the first thing I enjoyn thee to is to be cleanly, and to pare thy Nails, not letting them grow, as some do, whose ignorance hath made them think 'tis a fine thing to have long Nails; as if that excrement and superfluity that they let grow were only their Nails, rather the Claws of a lizard-bearing Castrel; and a foul abuse it is.

Go not ungirt, or loose, for a slovenly Garment is a sign of a careless Mind, if so be this kind of slovenly Looseness be not to some cunning end, as it was judged to be in *Julius Caesar*.

Consider with discretion what thy Government may be worth, and if it will afford thee to bestow Liveries on thy servants, give them decent and profitable ones, rather than gaudy or sightly, and so give

thy Cloth amongst thy Servants and the Poor: I mean, that if thou have six Pages, give three of them Liveries, and three to the Poor; so shalt thou have Pages in Earth, and in Heaven: and your vain-glorious have not attained to this kind of giving Liveries.

Eat not Garlic or Onions, that thy Peasantry may not be known by thy Breath: Walk softly, and speak stayedly; but not so as if it appeared thou hearkenest to thyself, for all kind of affectation is nought.

Eat little at Dinner, but less at Supper, for the health of the whole body is forged in the forge of the stomach.

Be temperate in drinking, considering that too much Wine neither keeps secret, nor fulfils promise.

Take heed, *Sancho*, of chewing on both sides, or to rust before any body.

I understand not your rusting, quoth *Sancho*: to rust (quoth he) is as much as to belch; and this is one of the foulest words our Language hath, tho' it be very significant: So your more neat people have gotten the Latin word, and call belching, rusting, and belchers, rusters: and though some perhaps understand not this, 'tis no great matter, for use and custom will introduce them that they may easily be understood; and the power that the Vulgar and Custom hath, is the enriching of a Language.

Truly, said *Sancho*, one of your advices that I mean to remember, shall not be to belch, for I am used to do it often. Rust, *Sancho*, not belch, quoth *Don Quixote*. Rust, I will say, quoth he, henceforward, and not forget it.

Likewise, *Sancho*, you must not intermix your discourse with that multiplicity of Proverbs you use; for though Proverbs be witty short Sentences, yet thou bringest them in so by head and shoulders, that they are rather absurdities than sentences. This, quoth *Sancho*, God Almighty can only help; for I have more Proverbs than a book will hold, and when I speak, they come so thick to my mouth, that they fall out, and strive one with another, who shall come out first:

first: but my tongue casts out the first it meets withal, though they be nothing to the purpose; but I will have a care hereafter, to speak none but shall be fitting to the gravity of my place; for where there is plenty, the guests are not empty; and he that works, doth not care for play; and he is in safety that stands under the Bells; and his judgment's rare, that can spend and spare.

Now, now, quoth *Don Quixote*, glue, thread, fasten thy Proverbs together, no body comes: the more thou art told a thing, the more thou dost it; I bid thee leave thy Proverbs, and in an instant thou hast cast out a Litany of them, that are as much to the purpose, as, To-morrow I found a horse-shoe. Look thee, *Sancho*, I find not fault with a Proverb brought in to some purpose; but to load and heap on Proverbs huddling together, makes a discourse wearisome and base.

When thou gettest on Horse-back, do not go casting thy Body all upon the Crupper, nor carry thy Legs stiff down, and stradling from the Horse's Belly, nor yet so loosely, as if thou wert still riding on thy Dapple; for your horse-riding makes some appear Gentlemen, others Grooms.

Let thy Sleep be moderate; for he that riseth not with the Sun, loseth the Day: and observe, *Sancho*, that Diligence is the mother of good Fortune, and Sloth the contrary, that never could satisfy a good desire.

This last advice that I mean to give thee, though it be not to the adorning of the body, yet I would have thee bear it in thy memory; for I believe it will be of no less use to thee, than those that I have hitherto given thee; and it is,

That thou never dispute of Lineages, comparing them together, since of necessity, amongst those that are compared, one must be the better; and of him thou debasest thou shalt be abhorred, and of him ennoblest, not a whit rewarded.

Let thy Apparel be a pained hose, and long stockings, a long-skirted jacket, and a cloak of the long-

est: but long hose by no means, for they become neither Gentlemen nor Governors.

This is all, *Sancho*, I will advise thee to for the present: as the time and occasions serve hereafter, so shall my instructions be, so that thou be careful to let me know how thou dost.

Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I see well that you have told me nothing but what is good, holy, and profitable: but to what purpose, if I remember nothing? True it is, that that of not letting my Nails grow, and to marry again if need be, I shall not forget; but your other slubber-fauces, your tricks and quilllets, I cannot remember them, nor shall not, no more than last year's Clouds: therefore I pray let me have them in writing; for tho' I can neither write nor read, I'll give them to my Confessor, that he may frame them into me, and make me capable of them at time of need.

Wretch that I am, quoth *Don Quixote*, how ill it appears in a Governor, not to write or read! for know, *Sancho*, that for a Man not to read, or to be left-handed, argues that either he was a Son of mean Parents, or so unhappy and untowardly, that no good would prevail on him.

I can set to my name, quoth *Sancho*, for when I was Constable of our Town, I learnt to make certain Letters, such as are set to mark trusses of stuff, which they said spelt my name: besides now, I'll feign that my right Hand is maimed, and so another shall firm for me; for there's a remedy for every thing but Death, and since I bear sway, I'll do what I list: for according to the Proverb *, He that hath the Judge to his Father, &c. and I am Governor, which is more than Judge. I, I, let 'em come and play at bo-peep, let 'em back-bite me, let 'em come for wooll, and I'll send them back shorn; whom God loves, his House is favoury to him, and every Man bears with the rich Man's follies; so I being rich,

* A trop of absurd Speeches still to *Sancho's* part,

and a Governor, and liberal too, as I mean to be, I will be without all faults. No, no, pray be dainty, and see what will become on't; have much, and thou shalt be esteemed much, quoth a Grandame of mine; and might overcomes right.

Oh, a plague on thee, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) threescore thousand Satans take thee and thy Proverbs, this hour thou hast been stringing them one upon another, and giving me tormenting potions with each of them: I assure thee, that one of these days these Proverbs will carry thee to the Gallows; for them thy Vassals will bereave thee of thy Government, or there will be a community amongst them. Tell me, ignorant, Where dost thou find them all? or how dost thou apply them, Ninny-hammer? for, for me to speak one, and apply it well, it makes me sweat and labour, as if I had digged.

Affuredly, Master of mine, quoth *Sancho*, a small matter makes you angry: why the Devil do you pine that I make use of my own goods? for I have no other, nor any other stock but Proverbs upon Proverbs: and now I have four that fall out jump to the purpose, like Pears for a Working-basket: but I will say nothing, for now *Sancho* shall be called, Silence: Rather babbling, quoth *Don Quixote*, or Obstinacy itself; yet I would fain know what four Proverbs they be that came into thy mind so to the purpose; for I can think upon none, yet I have a good memory.

What better, said *Sancho*, than meddle not with a hollow Tooth: And, Go from my House, What will you have with my Wife? There's no answering: and, If the Pot fall upon the Stone, or the Stone on the Pot, ill for the Pot, ill for the Stone; all which are much to the purpose. That no body meddle with their Governor, nor with their Superior, lest they have the worst, as he that puts his hand to his teeth (so they be not hollow, 'tis no matter if they be teeth.) Whatsoever the Governor says, there is no replying, as in saying, Get you from my House, and, What will you have with my Wife? and that

of the Pot and the Stone, a blind Man may perceive it: so that he that sees the Moat in another Man's Eye, let him see the Beam in his own, that it may not be said by him, The Dead was afraid of her that was slay'd. And you know, Sir, that the Fool knows more in his own house, than the wise Man doth in another's.

Not so, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for the Fool, neither in his own House nor another's, knows aught, by reason that no wise edifice is seated upon the increase of his folly: and let us leave this, *Sancho*, for if thou govern ill, thou must bear the fault, and mine must be the shame; but it comforts me that I have done my duty in advising thee truly, and as discreetly as I could; and with this I have accomplisht with my obligation, and God speed thee, *Sancho*, and govern thee in thy Government, and bring me out of the scruple I am in, that thou wilt turn thy Government with the heels upwards; which I might prevent, by letting the Duke know thee better, and telling him, that all that fatness, and little corpse of thine, is nothing but a sack of Proverbs and Knavery.

Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if you think I am not fit for this Government, from henceforward I lose it: I had rather have a poor little scrap of the nail of my soul, than my whole body: and I can as well keep my self with, plain *Sancho*, a Loaf and an Onion, as a Governor with Capons and Partridges: and whilst we are asleep, all are alike: great and small, poor and rich: and if you consider on't, you shall find, that you only put me into this vein of governing: for I know no more what belongs to governing of Islands than a Vulture; and rather, than in being a Governor, the Devil shall fetch my Soul; I had rather be *Sancho*, and go to Heaven, than a Governor, and go to Hell. Truly, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for these last Words thou hast spoken, I deem thee worthy to govern a thousand Islands; thou hast a good natural capacity, without which no science is worth aught; serve God, and err not in thy main intentions; I mean

mean that thou always have a firm purpose and intent, to be sure in all businesses that shall occur, because Heaven always favours good desires, and let's go dine: for I believe now the Lord expects us.



C H A P. III.

How Sancho Panza was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the Castle.

 IS said, that in the original of this History, it is read, that when *Cid Hamete* came to write this Chapter, the Interpreter translated it not as he had written it; which was a kind of complaint of himself, that he undertook so dry and barren a story, as this of *Don Quixote*, because it seemed that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were the sole Speakers, and that he durst not enlarge himself with other digressions, or graver accidents, and more delightful: and he said, That to have his Invention, his Hand, and his Quill tied to one sole subject, and to speak by the Mouths of few, was a most insupportable labour, and of no benefit to the Author: so that to avoid this inconvenience, in the first part he used the art of Novels, as one of *The Curious Impertinent*, another of, *The captiv'd Captain*, which are (as it were) separated from the History, though the rest that are there recounted, are matters that happened to *Don Quixote*, which could not but be set down. He was of opinion likewise, as he said, that many being carried away with attention to *Don Quixote's* exploits, would not heed his Novels, and skip them, either for haste or irksomeness, without noting the cunning workmanship, and framing of them; which would be plainly shewn, if they might come to light by themselves alone, without *Don Quixote's* madness,

or *Sancho's* simplicities; therefore in this second part, he would not engraft loose Novels, or adjoining to the story, but certain accidents that might be like unto them, sprung from the passages that the truth itself offers; and these too sparingly, and with words only proper to declare them. And since he is shut up, and contained in the limits of this Narration, having Understanding, Sufficiency and Ability to treat of all, his request is, that his labour be not contemned, but rather that he be commended, not for what he writes, but for what he hath omitted to write: so he goes on with his History, saying,

That when *Don Quixote* had dined, the same day that he gave *Sancho* his instructions, in the afternoon he let him have them in writing, that he might seek some body to read them to him; but as soon as ever he had given him them, he lost them, and they came to the Duke's hands, who shewed them to the Duchess; and both of them afresh admired at *Don Quixote's* Madness, and his Understanding together: and so going forward with their Jest, that afternoon they sent *Sancho* well accompanied to the place, that to him seemed an Island.

It fell out then that the charge of this business was laid upon a Steward of the Duke's, a good wise Fellow, and very conceited; for there can be no Wit that is not governed with Discretion: he it was that play'd the Countess *Trifaldi's* part, with the Cunning that hath been related: with this, and with his Master's instructions how he should behave himself towards *Sancho*, he performed his task marvelously. I say then, that it hapned, that as *Sancho* saw the Steward, the very Face of *Trifaldi* came into his Mind, and turning to his Master, he said, Sir, the Devil bear me from hence just as I believe, if you do not confess, that this Steward of the Duke's here present, hath the very countenance of the afflicted.

Don Quixote earnestly beheld the Steward, and having thoroughly seen him, said to *Sancho*, There is no need of the Devil's taking thee just as thou believest

lievest (for I know not what thou meanest) for the Afflicted's Face is just the same that the Steward's is: but for all that, the Steward is not the Afflicted; for to be so, were a manifest contradiction, and now 'tis no time to sift out these things, which were to enter into an intricate Labyrinth. Believe me, friend, 'twere fit to pray to God very earnestly, to deliver us from these damned Witches and Enchanters. 'Tis no jesting Matter, quoth *Sancho*, for I heard him speak before, and methought the very voice of *Trifaldi* sounded in my Ears.

Well, I will be silent: but yet I will see henceforward, if I can discover any sign to confirm or forego my jealousy. You may do so, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and you shall give me notice of all that in this business you can discover, and of all that shall befall you in your Government.

Sancho in conclusion departed with a great Troop, clad like a Lawyer, and upon his Back he had a goodly tawny riding Coat of watred Camlet, and a Hunter's Cap of the same: he rode upon a He Moyle*, after the Ginet fashion, and behind him, by the Duke's Order, his Dapple was led, with Trappings, and Ass-like Ornaments all of silk. *Sancho* turned his Head now and then to look upon his Ass, with whose company he was so well pleased, that he would not have changed to have been Emperor of *Germany*. At parting he kissed the Duke's hands, and received his Master's benediction, who gave it him with tears, and *Sancho* received it with blubberings,

Now, Reader, let honest *Sancho* part in peace, and in good time, and expect two bushels of laughter, which his demeanor in his Government will minister to thee: and in the mean time, mark what befel his Master that very night: for if it make thee not laugh outright, yet it will cause thee to shew thy Teeth, and grin like an Ape: for *Don Quixote's* affairs must either be solemniz'd with admiration or laughter.

* The Stirrups short, and his Legs trussed up.

'Tis said then, that *Sancho* was scarce departed, when *Don Quixote* resented his solitariness; and if it had been possible for him to have revoked his Commission, or taken away his Government, he would have done it.

The Duchess knew his Melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: for if it were for *Sancho's* absence, she had Squires and Waiting-women, and Damsels in her house, that would do him all service.

True it is, Madam, quoth *Don Quixote*, that I resent *Sancho's* absence; but that is not the principal cause that makes me appear sad: and of those many kindnesses that your Excellency offers me, I only accept and make choice of the good Will with which they are offered, and for the rest, I humbly beseech your Excellency, that you give me leave in my Chamber to serve my self.

Truly, Signior *Don Quixote*, quoth the Duchess, it must not be so; for four of my Damsels shall wait upon you as fair as Flowers. They shall be no Flowers to me (quoth he) but very Thorns that prick my Soul. They shall fly as soon as enter into my Chamber, or come near me. If your Greatness will continue in your favours towards me, let this be one, that I may serve myself within mine own Doors, that I may put a Wall in midst of my desires, and honesty; and I will not forego this custom for all the liberality that your Highness will shew unto me. To conclude, I will rather sleep in my clothes, than yield that any body shall help to undress me.

Enough, enough, Signior *Don Quixote* (quoth the Duchess) for my part, I'll give order, that not so much as a Fly shall come within your distance, much less a Damsel. I am none of those that would make Signior *Don Quixote* transcend his decency: for as I have a kind of glimmering, one of Signior *Don Quixote's* most eminent Vertues, is his Honesty: Undress yourself, and go to bed alone after your own fashion,

fashion, how you will, and no body shall hinder you, and in your Chamber you shall have all things necessary, and lock your Door to you. Your Vessels shall be ready, that no natural cause make you rise to open your Door.

Long live the Grand *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and her name far extended upon the Globe of the Earth, since she deserved to be beloved of so honest and valiant a Knight: and the gracious Heavens infuse into *Sancho Panza* our Governor, his heart, a desire to finish the disciplining of himself quickly, that the World may re-enjoy the beauty of so great a Lady.

To which (quoth *Don Quixote*) your Highness hath spoken like yourself: for no ill thing can proceed from the Mouth of so good a Lady; and *Dulcinea* shall be the more happy, and more esteemed in the World, in that your Greatness hath praised her, than if she had had the praises of the best Rhetoricians in the World.

Well, go too, Signior *Don Quixote* (quoth the Duchess) 'tis now Supper-time, and the Duke expects us; come, sir, let's sup, and to Bed betimes; for your voyage yesterday from *Candaya* was not so short, but it hath left some weariness in you.

None at all, Lady (quoth he) for I may swear to your Excellency, that in my life-time I never rode upon a gentler nor better-pac'd Beast than *Clavileno*: and I know no reason why *Malambruno* should lose so swift and so gentle a Horse, and so burn him without more ado.

You may imagine (quoth she) that he repenting him of the hurt he had done *Trifaldi* and her company, and many others; and of the wickedness, that as a Witch and Enchanter he had committed, would destroy the instruments of his office, and so burnt *Clavileno* as the chiefest of them: And that which did most disquiet him, roving up and down; and so with his burnt Ashes, and the Trophy of the Scrowl, *Don Quixote's* valour is eternalized.

Don Quixote afresh gave fresh thanks to the Duchess, and when he had suppt, he retired to his Chamber alone, without permitting any body to serve him. He was so afraid to meet with occasions that might induce him to forget the honest *Decorum* due to his Lady *Dulcinea*, *Amadis* his goodness being always in his imagination, the Flower and Looking-glass of Knights Errant.

The Door he shut after him, and undress'd himself by the light of two wax Candles. As he pulled off his Stockings (Oh! ill luck, unworthy such a Personage) there broke from him, not sighs, or any such thing that might discredit his cleanly neatness, but some four and twenty Stitches and a half, that made his Stocking look like a Lettice Window. The good Knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given for a drachm of green silk, an ounce of Silver: green Silk, I say, for his Stockings were green. And here *Benengeli* exclaimed, saying, Oh, poverty! poverty! I know not what mov'd that famous *Cordevan* Poet to call thee holy thankless gift. For I that am a Moor, know very well, by the communication I have had with Christians, that Holiness consists in Charity, Humility, Faith, Obedience, and Poverty. But yet a Man had need have a special grace from God, that can be contented, being poor, except it be with such a kind of poverty as one of the greatest Saints speaks of. Esteem of all things as if you had them not; and this is called poorness of Spirit. But thou, second Poverty (of that kind that I mean) why dost thou mix thyself with Gentlemen, and those that be well born? Why dost thou make them cobble their Shoes? and that the Buttons of their Jerkins be some Silk, others Hair, others Glass? Why must their Ruffs, for the most part be unset Lettice-ways, and not set with the stick? and by this you may perceive how antient the use of Starch is, and of setting Ruffs. He proceeds: Unhappy he, that being well born, puts his credit to shifts, as by ill faring, with his door locked to him,

making

* making his Tooth-picker an Hypocrite, with which he comes to the Street-door picking his Teeth, though he have eat^d nothing that should require such cleanliness. Unhappy he, I say, whose credit is skarred, and thinks that a patch upon his Shoe is spy'd a League off, or the thorough sweating of his Hat, or the thread-bareness of his Cloak, or the hunger of his Maw. All this was renewed in *Don Quixote*, by the breach in his Stocking; but his comfort was, that *Sancho* had left him a pair of Boots, which he thought to put on the next day. Finally, to bed he went, heavy and pensative, as well for want of *Sancho's* company, as for the irreparable misfortune of his Stocking, whose stiches he would have taken up, though it had been with silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest signs of misery that may befall a Gentleman in the progress of his prolix Necessity. He put out the Lights, 'twas hot, and he could not sleep; so he rose from his bed, and opened a little the Lid of an Iron window that looked toward a fair Garden; and opening it, he perceived, and heard people stirring and talking in the Garden; they below raised their voices, insomuch, that these Speeches might be heard.

Be not so earnest with me, O *Emerencia*, to have me sing; for thou knowest, that ever since this stranger hath been in the Castle, and that mine eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep: besides, my Lady's sleep is rather short, than sound, and I would not that she should know we were here, for all the Goods in the World; and though she should sleep, and not wake, my singing yet were in vain, if this new *Aeneas* sleep, and wake not to give ear to it, this, that is come into my kingdom to leave me scorn'd and forsaken.

* He describes the right Custom of his hungry Country-men in general.

Think not of that, friend *Alisidora*, said they, for doubtless, the Duchess, and every body else in the House is asleep, except the master of thy Heart, and thy Soul's alarm; for now I heard him open his Window, and he is certainly awake: sing, poor griev'd wretch, in a low and sweet tune, to the sound of thy Harp, and if the Duchess should perceive it, our excuse should be, that we are here, by reason 'tis so hot within doors.

'Tis not for our being here, O *Emerencia*, quoth *Alisidora*, but that I am not willing my song should discover my heart; and that I should be held by those that have no notice of the powerful force of love, for a longing and light housewife; but come what will on it, better shame in the face, than a spot in the heart; and with this she heard a Harp most sweetly played on: Which when *Don Quixote* heard, it amazed him; and in the instant, an infinite company of Adventures came into his mind, of Windows, Grates, Gardens, Musick, Courting, and Fopperies, that he had read in his sottish Books of Knighthood; and strait he imagined that some Damsel of the Duchess's was enamoured on him, and that her honesty enforced her to conceal her affection, he was afraid, lest he should yield, but firmly purpos'd not to be vanquish'd; so recommending himself, heart and soul, to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he determin'd to hearken to the Musick; and that they might know he was there, he feign'd a sneeze, which not a little pleas'd the Damsels, that desired nothing else; so *Alisidora* running on, and tuning her Harp, began this Song:

*Thou that in thy bed do'st lie;
In midst of Holland-sheets;
Sleeping with thy Legs out-stretch'd,
All night long until the morn.*

*Oh thou Knight the valiantest,
That all Mancha hath produc'd,*

More

DON QUIXOTE.

21

More honest, and more blest withal,
Than the finest Arabia Gold.

Here a Damsel sorrowful,
Tall of growth, but ill sh^e hath thriv'd:
That with light of thy two Suns,
Feels her Soul inflam'd and scorcht.

Thou thy Adventures followest,
Others mis-adventures find'st,
Thou giv'st Wounds, and yet deny'st
To give healing remedy.

Tell me, O thou valiant youth:
(God increase thy Maladies)
Wer't thou bred in Africa,
Or in Jaca Mountainous?

Serpents nourish thee with milk,
Or perhaps thy Nurses were
Th'unconth thicknes of the Woods,
Or the Mountains horrible?

Well may Dulcinea, she,
That same Damsel plump and sound,
Brag that she hath conquer'd a
Tyger and a savage Beast.

For which she shall famous be,
From Henares to Xarama,
Tagus, Mansanares, and
Pisuerga, and Arlanza too.

Oh that I might change with her,
I would give my Coat to boot;
And the gaudy'st that I have,
All bedawb'd with golden fringe.

O that I were in thy Arms,
If not so, but near thy Bed,

That

The HISTORY of

*That I might but scratch thy Head,
And the Dand-roof rid from thee.*

*Much I ask, but not deserve
Favours so remarkable:
Let me then but touch thy Foot,
Fit for my Humility.*

*Oh what night-caps I would give,
And what silver Socks to thee,
What Damask breeches eke,
And what cloaks of Holland too?*

*Likewise of the finest Pearls,
Each as big as any Gall,
Which, if that there were but one,
Might be called, The One alone.*

*Do not from thy Tarpey view
This same Fire that doth me scorch
Manchegan Nero of the World,
Nor kindle't with thy Cruelty.*

*Young I am, a tender chick,
Not yet my age is past fifteen,
Fourteen am I, three months more,
I swear to thee in Conscience.*

*I do not limp, I am not lame,
Nothing about me maim'd;
And my Looks like Lilies are
That do drag upon the Ground.*

*And although my Mouth be wide,
Yet my Nose is something flat,
And my Teeth are Topaces:
Beauty lifts me to the Clouds.*

*My Voice you see, if that you hark,
To the sweetest, equal is.*

*And my Disposition too,
Less than reasonable is.*

*These, and other graces more,
Of thy Quiver are the Spoils,
Of this House I Damsel am,
And Altifidora call'd.*

Here the fore wounded *Altifidora* ended her Song, and the fright of the required *Don Quixote* began, who fetching a deep sigh, said within himself, That I must be so unhappy an Errant, that no Damsel that sees me, but is enamoured on me: that *Dulcinea del Toboso* should be so unfortunate, that they will not let her alone enjoy my incomparable firmness! Queens, What mean you toward her? Empreßes, why do you persecute her? Damsels of fourteen or fifteen Years, why do you bait her? Leave, leave the poor Creature, let her triumph, joy, and rejoice, with the lot that Love gave her, in yielding her my Heart, and delivering her my Soul. Look, ye enamour'd Troop, for *Dulcinea* only am I of Paste and Sugar-pellets, and for all else of Flint; for her, I am honey, for you, bitter Aloes. *Dulcinea* only is to me, fair, discreet, honest, gallant, well-born; and others, foul, foolish, light, and worse-born. Nature threw me into the World to be only hers, and no bodies else. Let *Altifidora* weep or sing, ^a let the Lady despair for whom I was banged in the Castle of the Enchanted Moor; for sod or roasted, I am *Dulcinea's*, clean, well nurtur'd, and honest, in spite of all the powerful Witchcrafts of the Earth; and with this he clapt to the Window suddenly, and all angry and despirous, as if some disgrace had befallen him, he got him to bed, where for the present we will leave him, for the grand *Sancho Pansa* calls upon us, who means to begin his famous Government.

^a His Adventure in the first part with the Carrier, and *Moritor-nes* in the Vente.



CHAP. IV.

How the grand Sancho Panfa took Possession of his Island, and the manner of his beginning to govern.



Perpetual discoverer of the Antipodes, Torch to the World, Eye of Heaven, sweet-stirrer of wine-cooling Vessels, one while *Titan*, another *Phœbus*, sometimes an Archer, other whiles a Physician, Father of Poësie, Inventor of Musick, thou that always risest, and (though it seems so) yet never settest. To thee I speak, O Sun, by which Man begets Man; to thee I speak, help me, and lighten my obscure Wit, that I may punctually run thorough the narration of the grand *Sancho Panfa's* Government; for without thee I am dull, unmoulded, and confused. I proceed then thus:

Sancho, with all his Troop came to Town, which had in it about a thousand Inhabitants, which was one of the best the Duke had; they told him the Island was called *Barataria*, either because the Town was called *Baratario*, or else, because he had obtained his Government so cheap. When he came to the Town-gates (for it was walled) the Officers came out to welcome him, the Bells rung, and all the Inhabitants made shew of a general gladness, and they carried him in great pomp to the high Church, to give God thanks; and strait after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the Keys, and admitted him for perpetual Governour of the Island *Barataria*. His Apparel, his Beard, his Fatness, and the shortness of this new Governor, made all the people admire that knew not the Jig of the matter, and those also that knew it, which were many.

Finally,

Finally, when he came out of the Church, they carried him to the Judgment-seat, and seated him in it, and the Duke's Steward told him, It is an old custom, Sir Governor, in this Island, that he that comes to take possession of this famous Island, must answer to a question that shall be asked him, that must be somewhat hard and intricate; by whose answer, the Town guesseth, and taketh the pulse of their new Governor's Capacity, and accordingly, is either glad, or sorry, at his coming.

Whilst the Steward said this to *Sancho*, he was looking upon certain great Letters that were written upon the Wall over-against his seat; and because he himself could not read, he asked what painting that was in the Wall? It was answered him, Sir, the day is set down there in which your Honour took possession of this Island, and the Epitaph says thus: *This day, such a day of the Month, and Year, Signior Don Sancho Panſa took possession of this Island; long may he enjoy it.* And whom call they *Don Sancho Panſa*, said, *Sancho*? Your Honour, quoth the Steward, for no other *Panſa* hath come into this Island, but he that is seated in that seat. Well, mark you, brother, quoth *Sancho*, there belongs no *Don* to me, neither ever was there any in all my Lineage: I am plain *Sancho*, my Father was called *Sancho*, my Grand-father, and all were *Panſa's*, without any additions of *Dons* or *Donnas*, and I believe this Island is as full of *Dons*, as Stones; but 'tis enough, God knows my meaning, and perhaps, if my Government last but four days to an end, I'll weed out these *Dons*, that with their multiplicity do weary and trouble like *Mosquitos*. On with your Question, Master Steward, I'll answer you as well I can, let the Town be sorry or not sorry.

At this instant two men came into the judgment-place; the one clad like a Husbandman, and the other like a Taylor, having shears in his hand: The Taylor said, Sir Governor, I and this husbandman are come before you for this cause: This honest man came yesterday

to my shop, and I, saving your Reverence, am a Taylor, and a free man, God be thank'd, and shewing me a piece of cloth, ask'd me, Sir, will there be enough here to make a Capouch? I measuring the cloth, answered him, yes; he thought as I did, and I thought true, that I would steal some of his cloth, being maliciously bent, and out of the ill opinion he had of Taylors; and he reply'd again, that I should tell if there were enough to make two: I smelt his drift, and told him, I; and my Gallant in his first knavish intention, went adding more Capouches, and I answered with more yes-ses, till we came to five, and even now he came for them, I gave them him, but he will not pay me for the making, rather he demands that I pay him, or return him his cloth. Is it true this, quoth *Sancho*? Yes, said the fellow; but pray, Sir, let him shew his five Capouches that he hath made me. With a very good will, quoth the Taylor, and incontinently taking his hand from under his cloak, he shewed five Capouches in it, upon each finger one, and said, behold here the five Capouches that this man would have me make, and in my soul and conscience I have not a jot of cloth left, as any workman shall judge.

All the by-standers laugh'd at the number of the Capouches, and the strange Contention. *Sancho*, after a little consideration, said, Methinks, in this suit there need no delays, but a quick and plain judgment; my sentence therefore is, that the Taylor lose his labour, and the Husbandman his cloth, and that the Capouches be carried to the poor in the prison, without any more ado.

If the sentence that passed of the Grazier bred admiration in the by-standers, this moved them to laughter; but what the Governor commanded, was fulfilled: before whom, two ancient men were now presented; the one had a hollow cane, instead of a staff, the other had none: he without the staff, said, Sir, I lent this honest man, long since, ten Crowns in good Gold, to do him a kindness; I let him alone
a good

a good while, without asking for them, because I would not put him to more trouble to repay me, than he had to borrow them of me; but because I saw him careless of the payment, I have asked him more than once or twice for my money, which he not only doth not return me, but denies, and says, he never received the ten Crowns I lent him, or, that if I did lend them him, he hath pay'd me: I have no witnesses, neither of the lending, or of the payment: I pray, Sir, will you take his oath? and if he will swear that he hath paid me, I give him an acquittance from henceforth, and before God. What say you to this, honest old man with the staff, quoth *Sancho*? Sir, I confess that he lent them me, and hold down your rod, and since he will have me swear, I will, that I have paid him really and truly. The Governour held out his rod, and in the mean time, he with the staff, gave it to the other old man to hold, whilst he was to swear, as if it had hindred him; so with his hand he made a cross over the rod of justice, saying, 'Twas true, that he had lent him the ten crowns that he demanded, but that he had truly restored them to him again, and that his forgetting of it, made him continually demand them. Which when the grand Governor saw, he asked the Creditor what he could say against his Adversary? He said, that surely his debtor said true, for he held him to be an honest man, and a good Christian, and that it might be he had forgotten, how, or when he pay'd him, and that from henceforward he would never demand him aught. The debtor took his staff again, and making an obeysance, was going out of the judgment-place; which, when *Sancho* saw, and that he was going without any more ado, and seeing likewise the other's patience, he nodded with his head on his breast, and clapt the Index of his right hand

* The Custom in *Spain* being, that he who is to swear, makes a Cross over the Rod of Justice.

upon his nose and eye-brows, and a pretty while was as it were considering; and by and by lifted up his head, and commanded that the old man with the staff should be brought to him; and *Sancho* seeing him, said, honest man, give me that staff, for I have use for it? With a very good will, quoth the old man; here 'tis, Sir, and gave it him. *Sancho* took it, and giving it to the other old man, said; Go, on God's name, now you are paid. I, Sir, said the old man? why, can this Cane be worth ten Crowns? Yes, said the Governor, or else I am the veriest block-head in the world: and now you shall see whether I have a brain or no to govern a whole kingdom; so he commanded, that before them all the Cane should be broken, which was done, and in the midst of it, they found the ten Crowns.

All of them admired at this, and held their Governor for a second *Solomon*. They asked him, how he gathered that the ten Crowns was in the Cane? He answered, That because he saw the old man that was to swear, give his Adversary the staff whilst he took his oath, and that he swore he had given him the money truly and really; and that when he had ended his oath, he demanded his staff of him again, it came into his imagination, that within it the money was hidden; whereby it may be collected, that although many Governors are stark Asses, yet sometimes it pleaseth God to direct them in their judgments; for besides, he had heard the Vicar of his parish tell of such an accident as this, and that he had a special memory, for if it were not for forgetting all he desired to remember, there were not such a memory in the whole Island.

At last, one of the old men ashamed, and the other paid his money, they departed, and those that were present, were astonished; and he that wrote down *Sancho's* words, deeds, and behaviour, could not resolve, whether he should set him down a fool, or a wise man.

As soon as this suit was ended, there came a woman into the place of judgment, laying hold strongly on a man clad, to see to, like a rich Grazier, who came crying aloud, and saying, Justice, Lord Governor, Justice; and if I have it not on Earth, I will seek it in Heaven. Sweet Governor, this wicked man met me on the high way, and hath abused my body, as if it had been an unwashed rag; and unhappy that I am, he hath gotten that, that I have kept these three and twenty years, defending it from Moors and Christians, from home-bred ones and strangers; I have been as hard as a Cork-tree, and kept my self as entire as the Salamander in the fire, or as the wool amongst the briars, and this man must come now with a wash'd hand and handle me. This is to be tried yet, quoth *Sancho*, whether this gallant's hands be wash'd or no; and turning to the fellow, he said, What answer you to yonder woman's complaint? who, all in a fright, answered; Sir, quoth he, I am a poor Grazier, and deal in swine, and this morning I went (with pardon be it spoken) from this town to sell four hogs, and the tallage, and other fees, cost me little less than they were worth; as I went homeward, by the way I met with this good Matron, and the Devil, the author of all mischief, yok'd us together; I gave her sufficient pay, but she, not satisfied, laid hold on me, and would not let me go till she had brought me hither; she says that I forced her, and I swear she lies; and this is true every jot of it. Then the Governor asked him, if he had any money about him? who answered him, Yes, that he had in a leathern purse in his bosom, some twenty Crowns in silver. He commanded him to take it out, and to deliver it just as it was to the Plaintiff, which he did, trembling: the woman received it, and making a thousand Moorish ducks to the company, and praying to God for the Governor's life and health, that was so charitable to poor Orphans and Maidens, she went out from the place of judgment, laying fast hold with both her hands on the purse,

though first she looked whether 'twere silver within or no. She was scarce gone, when *Sancho* said to the Gra-zier, that had tears standing in his eyes, and his heart going after his purse, Honest fellow, run after yonder woman, and take her purse from her whether she will or no, and bring it me hither. He spoke not to a fool, or a deaf man, for strait he parted like lightning, and went to perform what was commanded him. All that were present were in suspense, and expectation of the end of that suit; and a little after, both man and woman returned together, more fastned, and clung together than formerly, she with her coat up, and her purse in her lap, and he striving to get it from her, which was not possible, she did so resist, crying out, and saying, Justice of God and the world. Look ye, Sir Governor, mark the little shame or fear of this desperate man, that in the midst of a congregation, and in the midst of a street, would take away my purse that you commanded him to give me.

And hath he got it, said the Governor? Got it, said she, I had rather loose my life than the purse. I were a pretty child 'faith then; you must set other manner of Colts upon me than this poor nasty sneak-up: Pincers, hammers, beetles, scraping-tools, shall not get it out of my claws, out of my Lions paws; they shall rather get one half of my soul out of my flesh. She says right, quoth the fellow, I yield to her, I have no more power, I confess my force is not sufficient to take it away.

Then said the Governor to the woman, You, honesty, Virago, give me that purse hither, which she did, and the Governor restored it again to the man, and said to the forcible woman, but not forced; do you hear, sister? if you had shewed but half your valour and breath to defend your body, that you did for your purse, *Hercules's* force could not have forc'd you; get you gone with a Pox, come not into this Island, nor in six Leagues round about it, on pain of two hundred lashes; get you gone strait, I say, make-

make-bate, shameless Cozoner: the Woman was affrighted, and away she went like a Sheep-biter, and melancholy; and the Governor said to the Man, Honest fellow, get you home on God's name with your money, and henceforward if you mean not to lose it, pray have no mind to yoke with any body. The Man, as clownishly as he could, thanked him, and went his way: the by-standers admired afresh at the judgment and sentences of their new Governor. All which noted by his Chroniclist, was strait written to the Duke, that with much desire expected it. And leave we honest *ancha* here; for his Master hastens us now, that was all in a hurly-burly with *Altifidora's* music.



C H A P. V.

Of the fearful Low-Bell-Cally horrou, that Don Quixote received in the Process of his Love, by the enamoured Altifidora.

WE left the grand *Don Quixote* enveloped in the imaginations, which the music of the enamour'd Damsel *Altifidora* had caused in him: to bed he went with them, and as if they had been Fleas, they gave him no rest or quiet; and to these were added those of his torn stockings: but as time is swift, and no stumbling-block will stay him, he went on horseback on the hours, and the morning came on speedily: which when *Don Quixote* saw, he left his soft Bed, and nothing lazy, put on his chamoized Apparel, and his Boots, to hide the hole of his Stockings: he cast his scarlet Mantle upon him, and put on his Head his hunter's Cap of green Velvet, laced with silver Lace, his Belt he hung at his Shoulder, with his trusty cutting Blade; he laid

hold on a Rosary which he used to carry with him, and with his goodly representation and gate, he went towards an out-room, where the Duke and Duchess were ready dress'd, and, as it were, expecting him: and as he was to pass through a Gallery, *Altisidora*, and the other Damsel her friend, were greedily expecting him: And as soon as *Altisidora* saw him, she feigned a swooning; and her friend got her into her Lap, and in all haste went to unlace her.

Don Quixote that saw it, coming near them, said, Now I know from whence these Fits proceed.

I know not from whence (said her friend) for *Altisidora* is the healthiest Damsel in all this house, and I never perceived so much as a sigh from her, since I have known her: a mischief on all Knights Errant in the world, if all be so ungrateful: pray Signior *Don Quixote*, get you gone; for as long as you are here, this poor Wench will not come to herself.

To which said *Don Quixote*, Get me, Mistress, a Lute into my Chamber soon at night, and I'll comfort this afflicted Damsel as well as I can: for in amorous beginnings, plain dealing is the most approved remedy; so he went away, because they that passed by, should not note or observe him. He was no sooner gone, when the dismayed *Altisidora* coming to her self, said to her companion, By all means let him have the Lute, for undoubtedly *Don Quixote* will give us music; and being his, it cannot be bad.

Strait they went to let the Duchess know what passed, and of the Lute that *Don Quixote* required: and she, jocund above measure, plotted with the Duke and her Damsels, to play a trick with him that should be more pleasant than hurtful; and so with much longing they expected till it should be night, which came on speedily as the Day had done; which the Dukes passed in savoury discourse with *Don Quixote*: and that day the Duchess indeed dispatcht a Page of hers, that in the wood acted the enchanted *Dulcinea's* part, to *Teresa Panza*, with her husband *Sancho's* Letter, and with

with the bundle of stuff that he had left to be sent her, charging him to bring her a true relation of all that he passed with her.

This done, and it growing towards eleven of the clock at night, Don Quixote found a Viol in his Chamber: he tuned it, opened the window, and heard people walk in the Garden; and having run over the frets of the Viol, and ordering it as well as he could, he spit and cleared his breast, and strait with a voice somewhat hoarse, though tuneable, he sung the ensuing Romance, which the same day he had composed,

* *The powerful Force of Love
Oft doth unhinge the Soul,
Taking for his Instrument
Ever careless Idleness.*

*To use to sow and work,
And to be ever occupied,
Is the only Antidote
'Gainst the Poyson of Love's Griefs.*

*Damsels that live retir'd,
With Desire of Marriage,
Honesty their Portion is,
And the Trumpet of their Praise.*

*They that Knights Errant be,
They that in Court do live
Court the looser sort of Maids,
And the honest make their Wives:*

*Some Loves are of the East,
Loves that are held with Onstesses,*

* These Verses, and the former of *Altisidora*, are made to be scurvy on purpose by the Author, fitting the occasions and the subjects, to be observes neither verse nor time.

The History of

*That strait set in the Wests
End when the parting*

*The Love that new come is,
Come so day, to morrow parts,
Never leaves the Images,
In the Souls imprinted well.*

*Picture upon Picture drawn,
Shews not well, nay, leaves no draught;
Where a former Beauty is,
Second needs must lose the Trick.*

*Painted, Dulcinea, I,
Del Toboso, so well have
In smooth Tablet of my Soul,
That there's nought can blot her out.*

*Constancy in Lovers is
The Part most to be esteem'd;
For which Love doth Miracles,
And doth raise us up aloft.*

Here Don Quixote ended his Song, which was hearkened to by the Duke, Duchess, *Alcisidora*, and almost all the folk of the Castle; when suddenly from the top of an open Turret, there fell heavily down upon Don Quixote's Window, by the letting down of a Cord, a great sack of Cats, with little Low-bels tyed at their Tails; the noise of which was so great, and the mewling of the Cats, that altho' the Dukes were the inventers of the Jest, yet they themselves were even affrighted, and Don Quixote was timorous and amazed: and such was his ill luck, that two or three of the Cats got in at the window of his Cabin, and leaping up and down on every side, it seemed to him that there were a region of Devils in his Chamber. They put out the Candles that were burning there, and now they sought how to get out. The rising and falling of the Cord, at which the

Low-bels

Low-bells were hanged, ceased not; and the most of the people in the Castle, that knew not the certainty of the business, were astonished.

Don Quixote got him on his Legs, and laying hold on his Sword, began to thrust and slash at the Window, crying out aloud, Avant, ye wicked Enchanters, avant, ye haggish Scum; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked Plots cannot prevail, or have any power: and turning to the Cats that were in his Chamber, he struck many Blows at them; they got to the iron Window, and there got out: but one of them that saw himself so baited with Don Quixote's Slashes, leapt upon his Face, and with his Nails and Teeth laid hold on his Nose with the Paw. Don Quixote roared out as loud as he could; which when the Duke and Duchess heard, and considering what it might be, they run up in all haste to his Chamber, and opening it with a Master Key, they found the poor Knight striving with all his might to unroot the Cat from his Face: they called for Lights, and saw the unequal Combat. The Duke came to part the Fray, and Don Quixote cried aloud, Let him alone, leave me hand to hand with this Devil, this Witch, this Enchanter; for I'll make him know the difference betwixt me and him, and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is: but the Cat, careless of these threats, purred, and held fast.

But at length the Duke unloosed him, and flung him out of the Window. Don Quixote's Face was sifted over, and his Nose was not very sound; yet he was very angry that they would not let him finish the battel, that was so long drawn out between him and that cursed Enchanter. They made some Oyl of Aparice to be brought, and *Alcisidora* herself, with her fair hands bound up the Wounds; and laying to the cloaths, she told him in his Ear, All these mishaps befall thee, stinty Knight, for the sin of thy hard-hearted Obstinacy: and God grant that Sancho thy Squire may forget to whip himself, that thy beloved Dulcinea may still be enchanted; neither mayest

thou enjoy her, or come to her Bed, at least while I live, that adore thee.

To all this *Don Quixote* answered not a word; but fetcht a deep Sigh, and strait laid him down on his Bed, thanking the Dukes for their courtesy; not for that he was afraid of that cattist, low-belly, enchanting Crew, but that he was perswaded of their good Wills to come to relieve him.

The Dukes left him to his rest, and went away sorrowful for the ill success of the jest; for they thought that Adventure would not have lighted so heavily on *Don Quixote*; which cost him five Days retirement, and keeping his Bed; where another Adventure besel him more pleasing than the former, which the Historian will not recount yet, because of repairing to *Sancho Pansa*, that was very careful and conceited in his Government.



CHAP. VI.

How Sancho demeaned himself in his Government.

HE Story tells us, that *Sancho*, from the Judgment-Seat, was carried to a sumptuous Palace, where, in a great and spacious Hall, was spread a royal and plentiful Table: the Wind-music played, and four Pages came in to minister Water to him, which he used with much state. The Wind-Instruments ceased, and *Sancho* sate him down at the upper end of the Table, because there was no other Seat, nor no other Napkin laid but that.

At his Elbow there stood a certain Personage, that after shewed to be a Physician, with a Whalebone Rod in his hand: then they took off a rich white Towel,

Towel, which covered many sorts of Fruits, and a great variety of several dishes of meats. One that served to be a kind of Student, said Grace, and a Page put a laced Bib under *Sancho's* Chin; and another that play'd the Carver's part, set a dish of Fruit before him; but he had no sooner eaten a bit, when he with the Rod touching the Dish, it was very suddenly taken from before him; but the Carver set another dish of meat before him. *Sancho* would have tasted of it; but before he could touch it, he with the Rod was at it; and a Page set it away with as much celerity as the Fruit; which when *Sancho* saw, he began to be in suspense, and beholding all that were by, asked if that meat were to be eaten like * your childrens Coral.

To which, he with the Rod made answer, It must be eaten, Sir Governor, quoth he, according to the use and custom of Governors in other Islands. I, Sir, am a Physician, and am stipended in this Island to be so to the Governors of it: and I am much more careful of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and weighing the complexion of the Governor, that I may hit the better upon the curing him, whensoever he falls sick: and the principal thing I do, is to be present with him at Meats, and to let him eat what I think fit for him, and to take away what I imagine may do him hurt, or be naught for his Stomach: and therefore I now commanded the dish of Fruit to be taken away, because it is too moist; and the other dish, because it was too hot, and had much Spice, that provoked thirst: and he that drinks much, kills and consumes his *humidum radicale*, wherein Life consists. So that, quoth *Sancho*, yon dish of Partridges there roasted, and, in my opinion, well seasoned, will do me no hurt at all.

* Only to be toucht, but not swallowed.

To which, said the Physician, you shall not eat of them, Sir, as long as I live.

Why so, quoth *Sancho*? the Physician answered, Because *Hippocrates* our Master, North-star, and light of Physick, says in an Aphorism of his, *Omnis saturatio mala, Perdiciis autem pessima*: the meaning is, All surfeit is ill, but that of a Partridge is worst of all.

If it be so, quoth *Sancho*, pray see master Doctor, which of all these Dishes will be most wholesome for me, and do me least hurt, and let me eat of that, without banging of it with your Rod; for in good sadness, I tell you plain, I am ready to die with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, in spite of master Doctor, let him say what he will, is rather to take away my Life, than to increase it.

You say true, Sir Governor, quoth the Physician, and therefore my opinion is, that you touch not those boyl'd Conies, nor that Veal, for it is watrish Meat: if it were roasted or powdred; but 'twere much about one. Then quoth *Sancho*, that great Dish that stands suming there before me, methinks 'tis an * *Olla Podrida*; and by reason of the diversities of things it hath in it, I cannot but meet with something that will do me good. *Abis*, quoth the Physician, far be such an ill thought from us, quoth the Physician, there is nothing in the world that worse nourisheth than an *Olla Podrida*, fit only for your Prebends and Rectors of Colleges, or for your Country Marriages: let your Governors tables be without them, and let them be furnished with all prime dainties and quaintness: and the reason is, because always, and wheresoever, and by whomsoever, your simple medicines are in more request than your compounds; because in Simples there can be no error, in Compounds there are many, altering the quantity of things of which they are composed; but that that I know is fit for the Governor to eat at present, to

* A Pot of all kind of Flesh sod together.

preserve his health, and corroborate it, is some hundred of little hollow Wafers; and some pretty slice or two of Quince Marmelade, that may settle his stomach, and help his digestion.

When *Sancho* heard this, he leaned himself to the back of his Chair, and by fits now and then looked at the Physician, and with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied?

To which he answered, My name, Sir Governor, is Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agnero*, I was born in a town called *Tirte a fuera*, which is between *Caraguel* and *Almodonar del Campo*, upon the right hand, and I took my degree of Doctor in the University of *Osu-na*. To which (quoth *Sancho*, all enflam'd with choler) Well, Master Doctor *Pedro Rezio of Agnero*, born at *Tirte a fuera*, a town on the right hand as we go from *Caraguel* to *Almodonar del Campo*, graduated in *Osu-na*, get you strait out of my sight, or I vow by the Sun, I'll get me a Cudgel, and with bangs begin with you, and so forward, till I leave not a Physician in all the Island, at least such as I know to be ignorant; for your wife, prudent, and discreet Physicians, I will hug them, and honour them as divine persons. I say again, *Pedro Rezio*, get you gone, or else I'll take the Chair I sit upon, and dash it upon your head, and let me be called in question for it, when I give up my office; for I can discharge myself, by saying that I did God service to kill such a Physician, the Common-wealth's hangman: and let me eat, or else take your Government again; for an Office that will not afford a man his victuals, is not worth two Beans.

The Doctor was in an uproar to see the Governor so choleric, and would have gone out of the Hall, but that at that instant a Posting-horn sounded in the street, and the Carver peeping out of the Window, turned back, saying, A Post is come from my Lord the Duke, that brings some important dispatch. The Post came strait in, sweating and amazed, and drawing a Packet out of his Bosom, he delivered it to the Governor.

Governor. *Sancho* gave it to the Steward, and bad him read the superscription, which was this, *To Don Sancho Panfa*, Governor of the Island *Barataria*; to his own hands, or to his Secretary. Which when *Sancho* heard, he said, Who is here my Secretary? and one that was by answered, I, Sir; for I can write and read, for I am a Biscayner. With that addition, quoth *Sancho*, you may well be Secretary to the Emperor himself: open your Packet, and let's hear the Contents.

The new-born Secretary did so, and having viewed the Contents, said, that it was a business to be imparted in private. *Sancho* commanded those in the presence to withdraw, and only the Steward and the Carver to remain; and the rest, with the Physician, went out, and presently the Secretary read the Letter following,

" I Am given to understand, Signior *Don Sancho Panfa*,
 " that certain enemies of mine, and of that Island,
 " mean one of these nights to give it a furious assault.
 " Twere fit you caused watch and ward to
 " be kept, that they take you not unprovided. I
 " know also by faithful Spies, that four Persons
 " have entred there the Island disguised to kill you;
 " for they stand much in awe of your abilities. Have
 " a care to see who comes to speak to you, and eat
 " of nothing that shall be presented unto you. I will
 " be careful to send you aid, if you be in necessity;
 " and in the rest I hope you will proceed, as is expected
 " from your understanding. From hence the
 " 4th of *August*, at four of the Clock in the Morning.

Your Friend, the Duke.

Sancho was astonished, and the Standers by seemed to be no otherwise; and turning to the Steward, he said, I'll tell you what is fit to be done, and that presently. Clap me Doctor *Rexio* into Dungeon; for if any body kill me, it is he, and with so vile
 and

and trivial a death as Hunger, Methinks too, said the Carver, you should do well to eat nothing of all this meat upon the table; for this dinner was presented by Nuns, and it is an old saying, The nearer the Church, the farther from God. I grant ye so, quoth *Sancho*, and therefore for the present give me only a piece of Bread, and some four pound of Grapes; for in them there can be no poyson, and indeed I cannot live without eating. For if we must provide ourselves for these Wars that threaten us, 'twere fit to be well victualled; for the Guts uphold the Heart, and not the Heart the Guts. And you, Secretary, answer my Lord the Duke; tell him, that his Commands shall be fulfilled most punctually; and commend me to the Duchess, and say that I request her, that she forget not to send my Letter by a special Messenger, and likewise the Fardel to my Wife *Teresa Panza*, and in it she shall do me a particular favour, and I will be careful to serve her to the uttermost of my power: and by the way you may clap in a commendation to my Master, Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may see I am thankful for his Bread; and you like a good Secretary, and an honest Biscayner, may in the rest add what you will, or shall think fitting. And take away here, and yet leave me something to eat, and let these Spies, these Murderers and Enchanters, come upon me and my Island, I'll deal with them well enough.

And now a Page came in, saying, Here's a Husbandman, a Suitor that would speak with your Honour in a business of importance (as he says.) 'Tis a strange thing of these Suiters, quoth *Sancho*, is it possible they should be so foolish as not to perceive that these be not times for them to negotiate in? belike, we that govern, we that are Judges, are not men of flesh and blood: and is it not fit that we should ease ourselves, when necessity requires, except they think we should be made of marble? Verily, and in my conscience, if my Government last (as I have
a glim -

a glimmering it will not) I'll lay one of these fellows up for it. Well, bid this honest fellow come in for this once; but see first that he be none of the Spies, or any of my Murderers. No Sir, quoth the Page, for he is a very dull soul to see to: either I know little, or he hath no more harm than a piece of good Bread. There's no fearing him, said the Steward, for we all are here.

Carver, quoth *Sancho*, were it not possible, now that Doctor *Rezio* is not here, that I might eat a bit of some substantial meat, though 'twere but a Crust and an Onion? To night at supper, quoth the Carver, your dinner shall be amended, and your Honour shall be satisfied. God grant it, quoth *Sancho*; and now the Husbandman came in, one of a very goodly presence, and that you might see a thousand Miles off, was a good hurtless soul. The first thing that he said was, Which is my Lord the Governor? Who should it be (quoth the Secretary) but he that sits there in the Chair? I humble my self to his presence then (quoth the Husbandman) and kneeling on his Knees, desired his hand to kiss. *Sancho* denied it, and commanded him to rise, and to say what he would have. The Husbandman did so, and said,

I, Sir, am a Husbandman, born in *Miguel Turra*, a town some two Leagues from *Cindarcab*. Here's another *Tirte a fuera*, quoth *Sancho*: Say on, brother, for let me tell you, I know the place very well, and it is not far from my town. The business, Sir, is this, quoth the Husbandman; I, by God's blessing, and the full consent of the Catholic Roman Church, am married, have two Sons that be Students; the youngest studies to be Batchellor, and the eldest to be Master. I am a Widower, for my Wife died, or to say trulier, a wicked Physician killed her, that purged her when she was great with Child: and if it had pleased God that she had been delivered, and it had been a Son, I would have set him to study to have been Doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the Batchelor and Master. So that, quoth *Sancho*,

if

It your wife had not been dead, or if they had not killed her, you had not now been a Widower? No, Sir, by no means, quoth the Husbandman, we are much the nearer, quoth *Sancho*, forward, brother, 'tis time to sleep. Have you any more to say? I say, quoth the Husbandman, that my son that was to be the batchellor, fell in love in the same town with a Maiden, call'd *Clara Perlerina*, daughter to *Andrew Perlerina* a rich Farmer; and this name of *Perlerina* comes not to them by any off-spring or descent, but that all of this race and name are *Palsigiste*, and to better the name, they were called *Perlerina's*; and indeed, the maid is as fair as an Oriental Pearl; and looking upon her right side, she is like a Flower in the Field, but on her left, otherwise; for there she wants an eye, that flew out of her head with the small-pox; and though she have many holes left still in her face, many say, that love her well, that those are not holes, but graves where her Lovers souls are buried.

She is so cleanly, that because she will not bewray her face, she wears her nose, as you would say, tuck'd up, as if it fled from her mouth, and for all that, it becomes her passing well, for she hath a wide mouth; and were it not that she wanted ten or twelve teeth, and her grinders, she might pass, and set a mark for the well-favouredst to come to. For her lips I say nothing, for they are so thin and delicate, that if they did use to reel lips, they might make a skin of hers; but because they are of a more different colour than we see ordinarily in lips, they are miraculous; for they are jasper'd with blue and green, and *Berengena* colour'd: and under correction, Sir Governor, since I paint out the parts of her that I mean to make my daughter, so exactly, it is a sign I love her, and that I do not dislike her.

Paint what you will, quoth *Sancho*, for I recreate my self with the painting, and if I had dined, there were no better dish of fruit to me than your picture.

I humbly

I humbly thank you, Sir, for that, quoth the Husbandman, but time will come that I may be thankful, if I be not now; and if I should paint out to you her gentleness, and the height of her body, 'twould admire you, but that cannot be, for she is crooked, her knees and her mouth meet, and for all that, 'tis well seen, that if she could stand upright, she would touch the roof with her head; and long 'ere this, she would have given her hand to my son to be his spouse, but that she cannot stretch it out, 'tis so knotted and crumpled up; for all that, her goodness and good shape appears in her long and gutter'd nails.

'Tis very well, quoth *Sancho*, and make account, Brother, that now you have painted her from head to foot, what would you now? come to the matter without fetches, or lanes, or digressions, or additions. I would desire you, quoth the Husbandman, to give me a Letter of favour to my brother by marriage, her father, to desire him to consent that this marriage may go forward, since our fortunes be equal and our births; for to say true, Sir Governor, my son is possessed with the Devil, and there's not a day passeth, but the wicked spirits torment him, and once falling in the fire, hath made his face as wrinkled as a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleer'd and running, and he is as soft condition'd as an Angel; for if it were not for buffeting of himself now and then, he were a very saint.

Will you any thing else, honest friend, quoth *Sancho*? One thing more, quoth he, but that I do not tell it; but let it out, it shall not rot in my breast, speed how it will. I desire, Sir, that you would give me three hundred, or six hundred Ducats to help my Batchellor's portien, I mean to help him to furnish his house, for they will live by themselves, without being subject to the Impertinencies of fathers-in-laws.

Will you have any thing else, quoth *Sancho*? and be not abashed or ashamed to tell it. No truly, quoth the

the Husbandman, and he had scarce said this, when the Governor rising up, laid hold on the chair that he sat on, saying, I vow to you, good-man splay-foot, unmannerly clown, if you go not strait, and hide yourself out of my presence, I'll break your head with this chair here, ye whore-son Rascal, the Devil's painter; comest thou at this time of day to ask me six hundred Ducats? and where have I them, stinkard? and if I had them, why should I givethem thee, sottish knave? What a pox care I for *Miguel Turra*, or all the lineage of the *Perlerimas*? Get thee out of my sight, or I swear by my Lord the Duke's life, that I'll do as I have said, thou art not of *Miguel Turra*, but some crafty knave sent from hell to tempt me. Tell me, desperate man! 'tis not yet a day and a half since I came to the Government, how wouldst thou have me have six hundred Ducats? The Carver made signs to the Husbandman, to get him out of the Hall; who did so like a sheep-biter, and, to sea to, very fearful, lest the Governor should execute his choler on him, for the cunning knave very well knew what belong'd to his part; but leave we *Sancho* to his choler, and peace be in the Quire, and return we to *Don Quixote*; for we left his face bound up, and dressed, for his cattish Wounds, of which he was not sound in eight days; in one of which, this besel him, that *Cid Hamete* promiseth to recount with all the punctuosity and truth that he usually doth in the most trivial matters of this History.





C H A P. VII.

What happened to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the Duchess's waiting-Woman; with other Successes, worthy to be written, and had in eternal remembrance.

THE ill-wounded Don Quixote was exceeding musty and melancholy, with his face bound up, and scarr'd not by the hand of God, but by the nails of a Cat (misfortunes annexed to Knight Errantry) six days past e're he came abroad; in one of which, in a night, when he was awake, and watching, thinking upon his mishaps, and his being persecuted by *Altisidora*, he perceived that some body opened his chamber door, with a key; and strait he imagined that the enamoured Damsel came to set upon his honesty, and to put him to the hazard of foregoing his loyalty due to his Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*. No, said he, believing in his imagination, and this so loud, that he might easily be heard, no beauty in the world shall make me leave her that is graved and stamped in the midst of my heart, and in my innermost entrails; be thou, Mistress, mine, either transformed into an Onion-like husband-woman, or into a Nymph of the golden *Tagus*, weaving webs made of silk and gold twist; be thou in *Merlin's* power, or in *Adontesmo's*, where-ever they will have thee; for wheresoever thou art, thou art mine; and wheresoever I am, I will be thine. His speech ended, and the door opened both together.

Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a quilt of yellow Sattin, a woollen cap upon his

his head, his face and Mustachos bound up, his face for his scratches, his Mustachos, because they should not dismay or fall down; in which posture, he look'd like the strangest apparition that can be imagined.

He nail'd his very eyes upon the door; and whereas he thought to have seen the vanquish'd and pitiful *Alcisidora* enter, he saw that it was a most reverend Matron, with a long white gathered Stole, so long, that it did cover and bemanle her from head to foot; betwixt her left hand fingers, she had half a candle lighted, and with her right hand she shadowed her self, to keep the light from her eyes, which were hid with a great pair of spectacles, she came treading softly, and moving her feet gently.

Don Quixote from his Watch-tower beheld her, and when he saw her furniture, and noted her silence, he thought it had been some Hag or Magician, which came in that shape to do him some shrewd turn, and he began apace to bless himself.

The Vision came somewhat nearer, but being in the midst of the chamber, she lifted up her eyes, and saw with what haste *Don Quixote* was crossing himself; and if he were afraid to see such a shape, she was no less affrighted with his; for seeing him so lank, and yellow, in the Quilt, and with the bends that disfigured him, she cry'd out, saying, Jesus, What's this? and with the sudden fright, the Candle dropt out of her hand; and being in the dark, she turned her back to be gone, but for fear, stumbled upon her Coats, and had a sound fall.

Don Quixote timorous, began to say, I conjure thee, Apparition! Or whatsoe'er thou art, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wilt have with me. If thou be'st a soul in purgatory, tell me, and I will do what I am able for thee; for I am a Catholick Christian, and love to good to all the world; for, for this cause I took upon me the order of Knight Errant, which I profess (whose practice extends even to do good to the souls in purgatory). The broken
Matron

Matron that heard herself thus conjured, by her fear, guessed at *Don Quixote*, and with a low and pitiful voice, she answered him, Signior *Don Quixote*, (if you be he I mean) I am no Apparition, nor Vision, nor soul of purgatory, as you have thought; but *Donna Rodriguez*, my Lady the Duchess's honoured Matron, that come to you with a case of necessity of those that you usually give redress to.

Tell me, *Donna Rodriguez*, quoth *Don Quixote*, come you happily about some piece of brokage? For let me tell you, if you do, there's no good to be done with me for any body, thanks to the peerless beauty of my Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*. So that let me tell you, *Donna Rodriguez*, setting aside all amorous messages, you may go light your candle again, and return, and impart what you will command me, and any thing you please, excepting, I say, all kind of inciting niceties. I, Sir, messages from any body? You know not me, 'faith; I am not so stale yet, that I should fall to those trifles, for God be praised, I have life and flesh, and all my teeth, and my grinders in my mouth, except some few, that the Catarrhs which are so common in this country of *Aragon*, have usurp'd on; but stay a little, Sir, I'll go out and light my candle, and I'll come in an instant, and relate my griefs to you as to the redresser of all such like in the world; and so without staying for an answer, she left the room, where *Don Quixote* remained still and pensative, expecting her; but strait, a thousand imaginations came into his mind, touching this new Adventure, and he thought it would be very ill done, or worse imagined, to endanger the breach of his vowed loyalty to his Mistress, and said to himself, Who knows whether the Devil, that is so subtil and crafty, may deceive me now with this Matron? which he hath not been able to do with Empresses, Queens, Duchesses, Marquesses; and I have heard say often, by many well experienced men, that he will rather make a man sin with a foul, than a fair one; and who knows whe-

ther

ther this privacy, this opportunity and silence, may not awake my desires now sleeping, and that now in my old age I may fall, where I never stumbled in such like chances, 'tis better fly than try the combat; but sure I am out of my wits, since I talk thus idly, and sure it is not possible, that a white-stool'd lank-spectacled Matron should move or stir up a lascivious thought in the ungodliest breast in the world. Is there any Matron in the world that hath soft flesh? Is there any that is not foolish, nice and coy? Avant then, you Matronly troops, unprofitable for man's delight?

How well did that Lady, of whom it was observed, that she had two Matrons Statue-ways of Wood, with their spectacles and Pin-pillows at the end of her seat of State, as if they had been at work? and those Statues served as well to authorize her room, as if they had been real Matrons. And this said, he flung from the bed to have shut the door, and not have let Mistress *Rodriguez* come in; but as he was going to do it, she was come back with her Candle lighted of white Wax; and when she saw *Don Quixote* near her, wrapped in his Quilt, his Beads, his woollen Cap, and a thick cloth about his neck, she began to fear again; and stepping two or three steps backward, she asked, Am I safe, Sir Knight? For I hold it not a very honest sign that you are up from your bed. 'Twere fit I ask'd that question of you, quoth *Don Quixote*, and therefore let me know, whether I shall be free from ravishing? By whom, quoth she? By you, said *Don Quixote*, for neither am I of Marble, or you of Brass; neither is it now ten a-clock at day time, but mid-night and something more, as I think; and we are in a more secret and close couch, than the Cave, in which the bold traiterous *Aeneas* enjoyed the fair and pitying *Dido*; but give me your hand, Mistress, and I'll have no other assurance, than mine own continency and wariness; and in saying this, he kissed her right hand, and she laid hold of his, which she gave him with the same Solemnity.

Here *Cid Hamete* makes a Parenthesis, and earnestly protesteth, he would have given the best Coat he had, to have seen them both go so joined and linked from the Chamber door to the bed.

In fine, *Don Quixote* went to his bed, and *Donna Rodriguez* sat down in a Chair a pretty way from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down the Candle.

Don Quixote crowded up together, and covered himself all over, leaving nothing but his face uncovered; so both of them being quiet, the first that broke off their silence, was *Don Quixote*, saying, Now, Mistress *Rodriguez*, you may unrip your self, and dis-maw all that you have in your troubled heart, and grieved entrails, which shall be heard by my chaste ears, and relieved with my pious works.

I believe no less, said the Matron, for from your gentle and pleasing presence, there could not be but a Christian answer expected.

Thus then it is; Signior *Don Quixote*, that though you see me set in this Chair, and in the midst of the Kingdom of *Aragon*, in the habit of a poor and way-beaten Matron; I was born in the * *Asturias* and Kingdom of *Oniedo*, and of a lineage allied to the best of that Province; but my hard fortune, and my father's lavishing, that grew to be a Beggar before his time (God knows how) brought me to the Court at *Madrid*, where very quietly, and to avoid other inconveniencies, my friends plac'd me to serve as a Chamber-maid to a worthy Lady; and though I say it, that for white-work, hemming and stitching, I was never yet put down in all my life. My friends left me at service, and returned homeward, and not long after went, in likelihood, to heaven, for they were wonderful good Catholick Christians; thus was I an Orphan, and stinted to the miserable

* A barren mountainous Country in *Spain*, like our *Wales*.

wages, and hard allowance, that at Court is given to such kind of servants; and at that time (I not giving any occasion thereto) a Squire of the house fell in love with me, somewhat an elderly man, big-bearded, and personable, and above all, as good a Gentleman as the King; for he was of the mountains, we kept not our loves so close, but that they came to my Lady's ears; who without any more ado, with full consent of our holy Mother the Catholick Roman Church, caused us to be married; by which Matrimony, to end my good fortune, if I had any, I had a Daughter, if I had any, I say it was ended; not that I died of childbed, for I miscarried not, but that my Husband not long after died of a fright he had, and had I time now to tell you of it, 'twould admire you; and with this, she began to weep most tenderly, and said, Pardon me, Signior *Don Quixote*, for I cannot do withal, as often as I remember my unfortunate husband, the tears trickle down mine eyes. Lord God! and how stately he would carry my Lady behind him, upon a lusty black Mule, as black as Jet; for then they used no Coaches nor hand-Chairs, as now (they say they do) and then Gentlewomen rode behind their Squires; and I cannot but tell you this Tale, that you may see the punctualness and good manners of my Husband.

As he was going in at St. *Faques's* street in *Madrid*, which was somewhat narrow, a Judge of the Court, with two Serjeants before him, was coming out; and as soon as my honest Squire saw him, he turned his Mule's reins, making shew as if he would wait upon him; My Lady that rode behind, asked him softly, What do'st thou, knave? Dost not see that I am here? The Judge very mannerly laid hold on his rein, and said, Keep your way, Sir, for it were fitter for me to wait upon my Lady, *Casilda*, for that was my Lady's name. Yet still my Husband was earnest with his cap in his hand, and would have waited on the Judge; which when my Lady saw, full of wrath and anger, she pulled out a great Pin,

or rather, as I believe, a little Bodkin out of her Estoi-fes, and thrust him into the rump; insomuch, that my Husband cry'd out, and riggling his body, my Lady and he came to the ground together.

Two of her Lackies came to raise her, and the Judge and the Serjeants likewise; the gate of *Guadalaxara* was in an uproar, I mean the idle people up and down there.

My Lady was fain to walk on foot, and my Husband got him to a Barber's house, saying, that he was run quite thorough and thorough. This mannerliness of my Husband's, was bruted up and down, insomuch, that the very boys in the streets mocked him; so that for this, and because too he was somewhat pur-blind, my Lady the Duchess turned him away; for grief of which, I very believe, he died, and I remained Widow and succourless, with a child to boot, that went on in increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea.

Finally, for as much as I had the report of an excellent Semstrefs, my Lady the Duchess, that was newly married to my Lord the Duke, would needs bring me with her here to this kingdom of *Arragon* together with my Daughter, where, in process of time, she grew up, and with her all the prettiness that could be; she sings like a Lark, she danceth in company as quick as thought, and alone, like a cast-away, she writes and reads like a Schoolmaster, and casts account like a Usurer; for her cleanness, I say nothing, the water that runs is not clearer; and she is now (if I forget not) about sixteen years old, five months and three days, one or two more or less. In fine, a rich Farmer's son fell in love with my daughter, one that liveth in one of my Lord the Duke's Villages, not far from hence; in effect, I knew not how, but they met, and under colour of marriage, he mocked my Daughter, and will not keep his promise; and though the Duke know it, for I have complained to him often of it, and beseeched him to command the young Farmer to marry my Daughter;

Daughter; but he hath a tradesman's ears, and will not hear me: the reason is, because the counselling knave's father is rich, and lends him money, and lets him have credit every foot to go on with his juggling, and will by no means discontent or trouble him.

I beseech you, Sir, therefore, to take upon you the redressing of this wrong, either by entreaties or by force; since, as all the world says, you were born to right wrongs, and protect the needy; consider that my Daughter is an Orphan; consider her gentleness, her youth, and all the good parts that I have told you of; for in my soul and conscience, amongst all the Damsels that my Lady hath, there is none worthy to untie her shoe; and one of them they call *Altisidora*, which is the lustiest and gallantest, in comparison of my daughter, is no body: For let me tell you, Sir, All is not gold that glisters; for this *Altisidora* is more bold than beauteous, more game-some than retired; besides, she is not very sound, for she hath a certain breath that annoys, and you cannot endure her to stand by you a moment; and my Lady the Duchess too; but Mum, they say walls have ears.

What ails my Lady Duchess; by your life, Mistress *Rodriguez*? quoth *Don Quixote*. By that, said she, I cannot but answer you with all truth.

Do you mark, Sir, quoth she, that beauty of my Lady's, that smoothness of her face, that is like a polish'd sword, those two cheeks of Milk and Vermilion, in one of which she hath the Sun, in the other the Moon, and that state with which she goes, trampling and despising the ground, as if she went dealing of health up and down? Know, Sir, that first she may thank God for it; and next, two issues that she hath in both her legs, at which all the ill humour is let out, of which Physicians say she is full.

Saint Mary, quoth *Don Quixote*, and is it possible that my Lady the Duchess hath such out-lets? I

should not have believed it, if bare-foot Friars had to d me so; but since *Donna Rodriguez* tells me, it is so; but from such issues, and such places, no ill humour, but liquid Amber is distilled. I now verily believe, that this making of issues is a thing very necessary for the health.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* ended this speech, when at one pluck the Chamber door was opened, and with the sudden fright *Donna Rodriguez* Candle fell out of her hand, and the room was as dark as Pitch, strait the Matron felt that they had laid hands upon her throat so hard, that they gave her no time to yawl; and one of them very quickly lifting up her Coats, with a slipper (in likelihood) began to give her so many jerks, that 'twas pity; and though *Don Quixote* had some compassion on her, yet he stirred not from his bed, and knew not what might be the matter; quiet was he, and silent, fearing lest the whipping-task and tawing might light upon him, and his fear was not needless; for when the silent executioners had left the Matron well curried (who durst not cry out) they came to *Don Quixote*, and unwrapping him from the Sheet and the Quilt, they pinched him so hard and so often, that he could but go to buffets to defend himself, and all this passed in admirable silence; the combat lasted some half an hour, the apparitions vanished; *Donna Rodriguez* tuck'd up her Coats, and bewailing her mishap, got her out of the door, not speaking a word to *Don Quixote*, who, heavy, and all to be pinched, sad and pensative, remained alone, where we will leave him desirous to know, who was the perverse Enchanter, that had so dress'd him; but that shall be told in due time. For *Sancho Panfa* calls us, and the *Decorum* of this History.



C H A P. VIII.

*What happened to Sancho in walking the
Round in his Island.*



HE left the famous Governor moody and angry with the knavish Husbandman-painter; who, instructed by the Steward, and the Steward by the Duke, all made sport with *Sancho*: but he held them all tack, tho' a Fool, a Dullard, and a Block; and said to those about him, and to Doctor *Pedro Rezio*, for as soon as he had ended the Secret of the Duke's Letter, he came into the Hall again.

Certainly, said he, I think now, Judges and Governors had need be made of Brass, that they may have no feeling of the importunities of suiters, that would that at all hours, and all times, they should give them audience, and dispatch them, intending only their business, let them have never so much of their own: and if the poor Judge hear them not, or dispatch them not, either because he cannot, or because they come not in a fit time to have audience, strait they backbite and curse him, gnaw his bones, and unbury his ancestors. Oh, foolish suiter, and idle, make not such haste, stay for a fit season and conjuncture to negotiate in; come not at dinner-time or bed-time, for Judges are flesh and blood, and must satisfy nature, except it be I, that give myself nothing to eat. Thanks to master Doctor *Pedro Rezio* *Tirte a fuera* here present, that would have me die for hunger, and yet stands in it, that this death is life; such a life God grant him and all of his profession: I mean such ill Physicians, for the good deserve Lawrel and Palm.

All that knew *Sancho*, admired him, when they heard him speak so elegantly; and knew not to what they should attribute it, except it were that Offices and great charges do either season the understanding, or altogether dull it.

Finally, the Doctor *Pedro Rezio Agnero de Tírte a fuera*, promised him he should sup that night, though he exceeded all *Hippocrates* his Aphorisms.

With this the Governor was well pleased, and very greedily expected the coming of the night, and supper-time: and though time (as he thought) stood still, not moving a jot from his place, yet at length it came, so longed for by him, and he had to supper a cold mince-meat of Beef and Onions, with a Calves foot somewhat stale, and fell to as contentedly, as if they had given him a God-wit of *Milan*, or a Pheasant of *Rome*, or Veal of *Sorrentum*, or Partridges of *Moron*, or Geese of *Lanexos*: and in the midst of his Supper, he turned to the Doctor and said, Look ye, Master Doctor, henceforward never care to give me dainties, or exquisite meats to eat; for you will pluck my stomach quite off the hinges, which is used only to Goat, Beef, and Bacon, Pork, and Turneps, and Onions: and if you come to me with your Court-dishes, they make my stomach squeamish, and many times I loath 'em.

Carver, let it be your care to provide me a good *Olla Podrida*; and the more *podrida* it is, the better, and more savoury; and in your *Olla's* you may boil and ballast in what you will, so it be victuals; and I will be mindful of you, and make you amends one day: and let no man play the fool with me, for either we are, or we are not. Let's be merry and wise; when the Sun shines, he shines upon all: I'll govern this Island without looking my due, or taking Bribes; and therefore let all the world be watchful, and look to their bolt, for I give 'em to understand there's rods in pifs for them; and if they put me to it, they shall see wonders: I, I, cover yourselves with honey, and you shall see the flies will eat you.

Truly,

Truly, Sir Governor, quoth the Carver, you have reason in all you speak; and let me promise you in the behalf of all the Islanders of this Island, that they will serve you with all diligence, love, and good will: for the sweet and mild kind of governing that hitherto in the beginning you have used, makes them neither do nor speak aught that may redound to your contempt.

I believe it, quoth *Sancho*, and they were very Asses if they did or thought otherwise; and therefore let me say again, Let there be a care had for the maintenance of my Person and Dapples, which is very important, and to the matter: And so when 'tis time to walk the Round, let us go: for my purpose is, to cleanse this Island from all kind of filth, from vagabunds, lazy, and masterless persons: for know, friends, that slothful and idle people in a Commonwealth, are the same with Drones in Hives, that eat the honey which the labouring Bees make. I purpose to cherish the Husbandman, and to grant the Gentlemen their pre-eminencies, to reward the virtuous, and above all, to have Religion in reverence, and to honour religious persons.

What think ye of this, friends? Say I aught? or do I talk idly? So well, Sir, said the Steward, that I wonder to see that a man so without learning as you, (for I think you cannot skill of a letter) should speak such sentences and instructions, so contrary to what was expected from your wit by all that sent you, and by all us that came with you. Every day we see novelties in the world; jests turn'd to earnest, and those that mock, are mocked at.

Well, it was night, and the Governor supped with Master Doctor *Rexio's* licence. They made ready to walk the Round; the Steward, the Secretary, and Carver went with him, and the Chronoclist, that was careful to keep a Register of his actions, together with Constables and Notaries; so many, that they might well make a reasonable squadron. *Sancho* went in the midst of them with his rod of justice,

which was the only chief fight: and when they had walked some few streets of the town, they heard a noise of flashing; thither they made, and found that they were two men only that were together by the ears; who seeing the justice coming, stood still, and the one of them said,

Here for God and the King, shall I be suffered to be robbed in the midst of a town? and that the midst of the streets be made the high way?

Softly, honest friend, quoth *Sancho*, and tell me what's the reason of this fray, for I am the Governor.

The other, his contrary, said, Sir Governor, I'll tell you briefly the matter. You shall understand, Sir, that this Gentleman, even now at a Gaming-house here over the way, got a thousand Ryals (God knows by what tricks) and I being present, judged many a doubtful cast on his side, contrary to what my conscience told me: he came away a winner, and when I thought he would have given me a Pistolet at least for recompense, according to the use and custom * of giving to men of my fashion, which stand by upon all occasions, to order differences, and to take up quarrels; he pursed up his money, and got him out of the house: I came hastily after him, yet with courteous language entreated him to give me only a matter of four shillings, since he knew me to be a good fellow, and that I had no other kind of trade or living; for my friends brought me up to nothing, nor left me nothing; and this cunning skab, no more thief than *Cacus*, nor less Cheater than † *Andradilla*, would give me but two shillings: So you may see, Sir Governor, how shameless and void

* *Barato* signifies originally cheap, but amongst gamesters, *dar Parato*, is when a gamester, by way of courtesy, gives something to a stander-by: and this in *Spain* is so frequent, that from the King to the Beggar, all both give and take this *Barato*.

† Some famous Cheater in *Spain*.

of conscience he is. But if aith if you had not come, I would have made him vomit out his winning, and he should have known how many pounds he had had in the scale.

What say you to this, quoth *Sancho*? And the other answered, That true it was which his contrary had said; that he would give him but two shillings, because he had often before given him; and they that expect what shall be given them in courtesy, must be mannerly, and take any thing that is given them, in good part, without standing upon terms with the winner, except they knew him to be a Cheater, and that his money was unlawfully gotten; and that it might be seen that he for his part was honest, and not a thief, as the other said, there was no greater sign than his giving so little, for your Cheaters are always large Tributaries to the lookers on that know them.

He says true, quoth the Steward, and therefore what is your pleasure, Sir, to do with these men?

Marry thus, quoth *Sancho*: you, Sir, that have won, honest, or knave, or indifferent, give your hackster here presently a hundred Ryals; besides, you shall disburse thirty more for the poor of the prison. And you, Sir, that have neither trade nor living, and live odly in this Island, take your hundred Ryals, and by to-morrow get you out of the Island; and I banish you for ten years, on pain that if you break this order, you accomplish it in another life, by being hanged upon a Gibbet by me, or at least, by the hangman by my command.

The one disbursed, and the other received; this went out of the Island, and that home to his house; and the Governor that remained said, Well, it shall cost me a fall, but I will put down these Gaming-houses; for I have a kind of glimpse that they are very prejudicial.

This at least, quoth one of the Notaries, you cannot remove, because it belongs to a man of quality, and he loseth a great deal more at the year's end than

he gets by his Cards. Against other petty Gamesters you may shew your authority; for they do more mischief, and conceal more abuses, than Gentlemen of qualities houses, where your famous Cheaters dare not use their flights. And since the vice of play hath turned to so common a practice, 'tis better to suffer it in houses of fashion, than in poor mens, where they catch a poor snake, and from midnight till morning flay him quick.

Well, Notary, quoth *Sancho*, there's much to be said in this Case. And now one of the Serjeants Yeomen came with a Youth which he had laid fast hold on, and said,

Sir, this youth came towards us, and as he had a glimpse of the justice, he turned his back, and began to scud away like a Deer; a sign he is some delinquent: I ran after him, and had it not been that he stumbled and fell, I had never overtaken him.

Why ranst thou, fellow, quoth *Sancho*? To which the young man answered, Sir, to avoid the many questions that your Constables use to ask. What trade are you of? A Weaver, said he. And what weave you? Iron pegs for Lances, with your Worships good leave. You are a pleasant companion, Sir, and you presume to play the Jester: 'tis very well. And whither went ye now? To take the Air, Sir. And where in this Island would you have taken the Air? where it blows. Good, you answer to the purpose, Youth; make account then that I am the Air, and that I blow a-stern on you, and steer you to the prison. Go to, lay hold on him, carry him for to night, I'll make him sleep without Air in the prison. I protest, quoth the Youth, you shall as soon make me King, as make me sleep this night in prison. Why, quoth *Sancho*, have not I power to apprehend thee, and free thee when I please? For all your power, said the Youth, you shall not make me sleep this night in Prison. No? you shall see, quoth *Sancho*, carry him presently where he shall see his error; and lest the Goaler should for a bribe befriend him,

him, I'll lay a penalty of two thousand crowns upon him, if he let thee stir a foot out of the prison. All this is needless, said the Youth: the business is, All the world shall not make me sleep this night in prison. Tell me, fiend, quoth *Sancho*, hast thou some Angel to free thee, or take thy shackles off that I mean to have clapped on thee? Well, Sir, quoth the Youth, very pleasantly, let's come to reason, and to the matter. Suppose you command me to be carried to prison, and that I have shackles and chains put upon me, and that I be put into a dungeon, and that there be extraordinary penalties inflicted upon the Goaler if he let me out: for all that, if I mean not to sleep, or to join my eye-lids together all night, Can you with all your Authority make me sleep against my Will? no indeed, said the Secretary, the fellow is in the right: so that, quoth *Sancho*, your forbearing to sleep, is only to have your own will, but not to contradict mine. No otherwise, Sir, quoth the Youth, not so much as in thought.

Well, God be with you, quoth *Sancho*, get you home to bed, and God send you good rest, I mean not to disturb you; but let me advise you, that henceforward you be not so conceited with the justice; for you may meet with one that will clap your wit to your noddle.

The young man went his way, and the Governor went on with his Rounding; and a while after there came two Yeomen with a man in hold, and said, Sir, here's one that seems to be a man, but is none, but a woman, and not ill-favoured, clad in a man's habit. Then they set two or three Lanthorns to his face, and perceived a woman's face, to look to, of about sixteen years of age; her hair plaited up with a cawl of gold and green silk, as fair as a thousand Pearls. They beheld her all over, and saw that she had on her a pair of Carnation silk stockings, and white Taffata garters fringed with gold, and embroidered with Pearl: her long breeches were of cloth of gold, and the ground-work green, with a loose Cassock, or Jerkin

Jerkin of the same, opened on both sides, under which she had also a doublet of cloth of gold, the ground white: her shoes were white mens shoes: she had no sword, but a very fair hatched dagger, with many rings upon her fingers.

Finally, she pleased them all very well, but none of them knew her. The inhabitants of the place said, they could not guess who she should be; and they that were the contrivers of the tricks against *Sancho*, were those that most seemed to admire, because that accident and chance was not purposed by them: so they were in suspense to see what would be the issue of it.

Sancho was amazed at the maiden's beauty, and he ask'd her who she was, whither she would, and what occasion had moved her to clad herself in that habit?

She, with her eyes fixed upon the earth, most shamefacedly answered,

Sir, I cannot tell you in public, what concerns me so much to be kept secret: only this let me tell you, I am no thief nor malefactor, but an unhappy maid, forced by some jealousies to break the *decorum* due to my honesty: which when the Steward heard, he said to *Sancho*, Sir, command the company aside, that this Gentlewoman may tell her tale without being abashed. The Governor gave his command, and all of them went aside, but the Steward, the Carver, and Secretary. Being thus private, the Maid proceeded, saying,

I, Sirs, am daughter to *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, Farmer of this towns wools, that often useth to go and come to my Father's house. There's no likelihood in this, Gentlewoman, quoth the Steward; for I know *Pedro Perez* very well, and know that he hath never a child, neither Male nor Female: besides, you say he is your Father, and by and by you add, that he useth to go often to your Father's house. I thought upon that too, quoth *Sancho*. Why alas! quoth she, I am so frightened, that I know not what I say:

say: but true it is, that I am daughter to *Diego de la Liana*, whom, I believe, you all know. This may be, said the Steward, for I know *Diego de la Liana* to be an honest and a wealthy Gentleman, and that he hath a son and a daughter; and since he hath been a widower, there's none in this town can say, he hath seen his daughter's face; for he keeps her so close, that he scarce gives the Sun leave to look on her: and for all that, Fame says she is wondrous fair.

'Tis true, quoth the Maid, and I am that daughter, whether Fame lie or no: concerning my beauty, now you are satisfied, since you have beheld me; and with this she began to weep tenderly: which when the Secretary saw, he whispered the Carver in the ear, and told him, Doubtless, some matter of consequence hath befallen this poor virgin, since in this habit, and at this time of night, being so well born, she is from her home. There's no doubt of that, quoth the Carver, for her tears too confirm the suspicion.

Sancho comforted her the best he could, and had her, without fear, tell what had befallen her; for that all of them would strive to give her remedy with all possible diligence.

The business, Sirs, quoth she, is this: My Father hath kept me close these ten years; for so long it is since my Mother died. In the house we have a Chapel, where Mass is said, and I in all this time, have seen nothing but the Sun by day, and the Moon and Stars by night: neither know I what Streets, or Market-places, or Churches are, nor men, except my Father, a Brother of mine, and *Pedro Perez* the Farmer, who because he useth to come ordinarily to our house, it came into my mind to say he was my father, because I would conceal the right. This keeping me close, and denying me to stir not so much as to the Church, hath this good while discomfited me, and I had a desire to see the world, at least, the town where I was born, as thinking this longing of mine

mine was not against the *Decorum* that Maidens of my birth ought to observe. When I heard talk of Bull-baitings, running with Reeds, and representing Comedies, I asked my Brother, that is a year younger than I, what kind of things those were, and many others which I have not seen, and he told me as well as he could; but all was to enflame my desire the more to see.

Finally, to shorten my misfortune, I entreated my Brother, (I would I had never done it :) and then she renewed her tears.

Then said the Steward, On, Gentlewoman, and make an end of telling us what hath befallen you; for you hold us all in suspense, with your words and your tears.

Few words have I to say, quoth she, but many tears to weep; for they be the fruits of ill-plac'd desires.

The Maid's beauty was now planted in the Carver's heart, and he held up his Lanthorn again, to behold her afresh; and it seemed to him, that she wept not tears, but seed-pearl, or morning-dew: and he thought higher, that they were like oriental Pearls; and his wish was, that her misfortune might not be such, as the shews of her moan and sighing might promise.

The Governor was mad at the Wench's slowness, and delaying her Story, and bad her, she should make an end, and hold them no longer in suspense, for that it was late, and they had much of the town to walk. She, betwixt broken sobs, and half-fetcht sighs, said, My misfortune is nothing else, but that I desired my brother that he would cloath me in man's apparel, in one of his Suits, and that some night or other he would carry me to see the town, when my father should be asleep: he, importun'd by my intreaties, condescended to my request; and putting this Suit on me, and he putting on another of mine, that fits him as if it were made for him, for he hath never a hair upon his chin, and might be taken for a
most

most beautiful Maid : This night, somewhat above an hour ago, we went abroad, and rambling up and down, we have gone throughout the whole town : and going homeward, we saw a great troop of people coming towards us, and my Brother said, Sister, this is the Round, Take you to your heels, and put wings to them, and follow me, that we be not known, for it will be ill for us : and this said, he turned his back, and began, I say, not to run, but to fly. I within four or five steps fell down for fear, and then came this Officer that brought me before you ; where, for my vile longing, I am shamed before so many people. So that, Gentlewoman, quoth *Sancho*, no other mishap hath befallen you ; neither was it jealousy, as you said in the beginning of your tale, that made you go abroad ? Nothing else, said she, nor jealousies, but a desire to see the world ; and which extended no further, than to see this town's streets : and the coming now of two other Yeomen with her Brother, confirmed this to be true, whom one of them overtook when he fled from his Sister. He had nothing on but a rich Kirtle, and a half Mantle of blue Damask, edg'd with a broad gold Lace, his head without any kind of dressing or adornment, than his own Locks ; which by reason of their colour and curling, seemed to be rings of gold. Aside they went with the Governor, the Steward and the Carver ; and not letting his Sister hear, they asked why he came in that habit ? And he, with the same shamefac'd bashfulness, told the same tale that his Sister had done ; at which the enamoured Carver was wonderfully pleased. But the Governor said to them, Truly, ho, this hath been a great childishness in you, and you needed not so many sighs and tears to tell such a piece of foolish boldness : for it had been enough if you had said, We such and such a one, went out of our Father's house only for curiosity to walk up and down the town, and there had been an end, without your fishing and your whining, on God's name.

You

You say true, Sir, quoth the Maid, but you may think that I was so troubled, that I could not tell how to behave myself.

There's nothing lost, quoth *Sancho*, let's go, and we will leave you in your father's house, perhaps he will not have missed you: and from henceforward be not such children, nor so longing to see the world; for the honest Maid better at home with a bone broken, than a gadding; the Woman and the Hen are lost with stragling: and let me tell you too, she that desires to see, hath a desire likewise to be seen, and I say no more.

The Youth thanked the Governor for the favour he did them, to let them go home; whither they went, for it was not far from thence.

Home they came, and the Youth throwing a little stone at one of the iron windows, strait there came a Maid-servant down, that sate up for them, and opened them the door, and in they went, leaving those without as well to admire her gentleness and beauty, as the desire they had to see the world by night, without stirring out of the town: but they attributed all to their slender age.

The Carver's heart was struck thorow, and he purposed the next day to demand her of her Father to wife; assuring himself, he would not deny her him, because he was the Duke's servant. *Sancho* too had a certain longing and inkling to marry the Youth with his daughter *Sanchica*: and he determined to put the matter in practice betimes, as thinking that a Governor's Daughter was fit for any Husband; and so the Round was ended for that night: and some two days after, his Government too, with which all his designs were lopped off, and blotted out, as hereafter shall be said:





C H A P. IX.

Where is declared, who were the Enchanters and Executioners that whipped the Matron, pinch'd and scratch'd Don Quixote, with the Success the Page had that carried the Letter to Teresa Panfa, Sancho's wife.

ID Hamete, the most punctual Searcher of the very moats of this true History, says, that when *Donna Rodriguez* went out of her Chamber, to go to *Don Quixote's* lodging, another Waiting-woman that lay with her, perceiv'd her; and as all of them have an itch to smell after novelties, she went after so softly, that the good *Rodriguez* perceiv'd it not; and as soon as the Waiting-woman saw her go in to *Don Quixote*, that she might not be defective in the general custom of make-bates, she went presently to put this into the Duchess's head, and so told her, that *Donna Rodriguez* was in *Don Quixote's* Chamber; the Duchess told the Duke, and ask'd his leave, that she and *Altisidora* might go see what the Matron would have with *Don Quixote*; the Duke granted, and both of them, very softly came close to *Don Quixote's* door, and so near, that they heard all that was spoken within; and when the Duchess heard that *Rodriguez* had set the *Aranxuez* of her springs a running into the streets, she could not suffer it, nor *Altisidora* neither; so full of rage, and greedy to revenge, they entred the chamber suddenly, and stabbed *Don Quixote* with their nails, and bang'd the Woman, as hath been related: for affronts that are directly done against beauty, do awaken

awaken womens choler, and inflame in them a desire of revenge.

The Duchess told the Duke what had passed, which made him passing merry; and the Duchess proceeding with her intention of mirth and pastime with *Don Quixote*, dispatch'd the Page that play'd the enchanted *Dulcinea's* part (for *Sancho* had forgotten it, being busied in his Government) to *Teresa Panfa* with her Husband's Letter, and another from herself, and a chain of fair Coral for a token.

The Story too tells us, that the Page was very discreet and witty, and with a desire to serve his Lords, he went with a very good will to *Sancho's* town; and before he entred into it, he saw a company of women washing in a brook, whom he asked, if they could tell him, if there lived in that town a woman, whose name was *Teresa Panfa*, wife to one *Sancho Panfa*, Esquire to a Knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; to which question, a little Girl that was washing there, stood up, and said, That *Teresa Panfa* is my Mother, and that *Sancho* my Father, and that Knight our Master.

Well then, Damself, quoth the Page, Come and bring me to your Mother, for I bring her a Letter and a present from your said Father.

That I will with a very good will, Sir, said the Wench, that seem'd to be about some fourteen years of age, more or less; and leaving the cloaths that she was washing to another companion of hers, without dressing her head, or putting on stockings and shoes, (for she was barelegged, and with her hair about her ears) she leap'd before the Page's Beast he rode on, and said, Come, Sir, for our house is just as you come in at the town, and there you shall find my Mother, with sorrow enough, because she hath not heard from my Father this great while.

Well, I have so good news for her, quoth he, that she may thank God for it.

At length, leaping, running, and jumping, the Girl got to the town, and before she came into the house, she

she cry'd out aloud at the door; Come out, Mother *Teresa*, Come out, come out; for here's a Gentleman hath Letters and other things from my good father; at which noise, *Teresa Panfa*, her Mother, came out, spinning a rowl of flax, with a Russet Petticoat, and it seem'd by the shortness of it, that it had been cut off at the Placket, and she had Russet bodies of the same, and she was in her Smock-sleeves, she was not very old, for she look'd as if she had been about forty; but she was strong, tough, sinowy, and raw-bon'd; who seeing her Daughter, and the Page a horseback, said, What's the matter, child? What Gentleman is this? A servant of my Lady *Teresa Panfa*'s, quoth the Page; so doing and speaking, he flung himself from his horse, and with great humility, went to prostitute himself before the Lady *Teresa*, saying, My Lady *Teresa*, give me your hands to kiss, as you are lawful and particular Wife to my Lord *Don Sancho Panfa*, proper Governor of the Island *Barataria*.

Ah good Sir, forbear I pray, do not do so, quoth *Teresa*, for I am no Court-noll, but a poor Husband-woman, a Ploughman's daughter, and wife to a Squire Errant, and not a Governor.

You are, quoth the Page, a most worthy wife to an Arch-worthy Governor; and for proof of what I say, I pray receive this Letter, and this token; when instantly he pluck'd out of his pocket a Coral-string, with the lac'd Beads of gold, and put it about her neck, and said, This Letter is from the Governor, and another that I bring, and these Corals are from my Lady the Duchess that sends me to you.

Teresa was amazed, and her daughter also; and the Wench said, Hang me, if our Master *Don Quixote* have not a hand in this business, and he it is that hath given my Father this Government or Earldom, that he so often promised him.

You say true, quoth the Page, for, for Signior *Don Quixote*'s sake, Signior *Sancho Panfa* is now Governor of the Island *Barataria*, as you shall see by this Letter.

Read

Read it, gentle Sir, said *Teresa*; for though I can spin, I cannot read a jot, nor I neither, added *Sanchicha*; but stay a little, and I'll call one that shall, either the Vicar himself, or the Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco*, who will both come hither, with all their hearts, to hear news of my Father.

You need not call any body, said he, for though I cannot spin, yet I can read, and therefore I will read it, so he did throughout; which, because it was before related, it is not now set down here; and then he drew out the Duchess's, which was as followeth;

Friend *Teresa*,

“**Y**OUR Husband's good parts of his wit and
 “ honesty, moved and obliged me to request
 “ the Duke my Husband to give him the Govern-
 “ ment of one of the many Islands he hath; I have
 “ understood that he governs like a Jer-Falcon, for
 “ which I am very glad, and consequently my Lord
 “ the Duke; for which I render heaven many
 “ thanks, in that I have not been deceived in ma-
 “ king choice of him for the said Government; for
 “ let me tell, Mistress *Teresa*, it is a very difficult
 “ thing to find a good Governor in the world, and
 “ so God deal with me as *Sancho* governs. I have
 “ sent you, my beloved, a string of Coral Beads, with
 “ the tens of Gold, I could wish they had been O-
 “ riental Pearls, but something is better than nothing:
 “ time will come, that we may know and con-
 “ verse one with another, and God knows what
 “ will become of it.

“ Commend me to *Sanchicha* your Daughter, and
 “ bid her from me, that she be in a readiness, for I
 “ mean to marry her highly when she least thinks
 “ of it.

“ They tell me, that in your town there, you have
 “ goodly Acorns, I pray send me some two do-
 “ zen of them, and I shall esteem them much as
 “ coming from you; and write me at large, that I
 “ may

" may know of your health, and well-being; and if
 " you want aught, there is no more to be done but
 " mouth it, and your mouth shall have full measure,
 " so God keep you.

From this Town,

Your loving Friend,

The Duchess.

Lord! quoth *Teresa*, when she heard the Letter, what a good, plain, meek Lady 'tis! God bury me with such Ladies, and not with your stately ones that are used in this town, who think, because they are Gentle-folks, the wind must not touch them: and they go so fantastically to church, as if they were Queens at least, and they think it a disgrace to 'em to look upon a poor Country Woman. But look ye, here's a good Lady, that though she be a Duchess, calls me friend, and useth me as if I were her equal: equal may I see her with the highest Steeple in the *Mancha*. And concerning her Acorns, Signior mine, I will send her Ladyship a whole Peck, that every body shall behold, and admire them for their bigness. And now, *Sanchica*, do thou see that this Gentleman be welcome; set his Horse up, and get some Eggs out of the Stable, and cut some Bacon: he shall fare like a Prince, for the good news he hath brought us; and his good face deserves it all. In the mean time, I will go tell my neighbours of this good news, and to our father Vicar, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber, who have been, and still are so much thy father's friends.

Yes marry will I (quoth *Sanchica*;) but hark you, you must give me half that string, for I do not think my Lady Duchess such a fool, that she would send it all to her.

'Tis all thine, Daughter, said *Teresa*; but let me wear it a few days about my neck, for verily, it glads me to the heart.

You will be glad, quoth the Page, when you see the Bundle that I have in my Port-manteau, which is a garment

a garment of fine cloth, which the Governor only only wore one day a hunting, which he hath sent to Mrs. *Sanchica*. Long may he live, quoth *Sanchica*, and he that brings it too.

Teresa went out with her chain about her neck, and play'd with her fingers upon her Letters, as if they had been a *Timbrel*: and meeting by chance with the Vicar, and *Sampson Carrasco*, she began to dance, and to say, Ifaith now there is none poor of the kin; we have a little Government; no, no. Now let the proudest Gentlewoman of 'em all meddle with me, and I'll shew her a new trick.

What madness is this, *Teresa Pansa*, and what papers are these? No madness, quoth she, but these are Letters from Duchesses and Governors, and these I wear about my neck are fine Corals; the *Ave-Maries* and *Pater-nosters* are of beaten Gold, and I am a Governess.

Now God shield us, *Teresa*; we understand you not, neither know we what you mean.

There you may see, quoth *Teresa*, and gave 'em the Letters.

The Vicar reads them, that *Sampson Carrasco* might hear: so he and the Vicar lookt one upon the other, wondring at what they had read.

And the Bachellor asked, who brought these Letters? *Teresa* answered, that they should go home with her, and they should see the Messenger; a young Youth, as fair as a golden Pine-apple, and that he brought her another Present twice as good.

The Vicar took the Corals from her neck, and beheld them again and again, and assuring himself that they were right, he began to wonder afresh, and said, By my Coat I swear, I know not what to say or think of these Letters and Tokens: for on the one side, I see and touch the fineness of these Corals; and on the other, that a Duchess sends to beg two dozen of Acorns. Come crack me this Nut, quoth *Carrasco*. Well, let us go see the Bearer of this Letter, and by him we will be informed of these doubts that

that are offered. They did so, and *Teresa* went back with them: they found the Page sitting a little Barley for his Beast, and *Sanchica* cutting a Rasher to * pave it, with Eggs for the Page's dinner, whose presence and attire much contented them both: and after they had courteously saluted him, and he them, *Samson* asked him for news as well of *Don Quixote* as *Sancho*: for though they had read *Sancho*, and the Lady Duchess's Letters, yet they were troubled, and could not guess what *Sancho's* Government should mean, especially of an Island, since all, or the most that were in the Mediterranean Sea, belonged to his Majesty.

To which the Page answer'd, That Signior *Sancho Panza* is Governor, 'tis not to be doubted, but whether it be an Island or no that he governs, I meddle not with it; 'tis enough that it is a place of above a thousand Inhabitants. And concerning the Acorns, let me tell you, My Lady the Duchess is so plain and humble, that her sending for Acorns to this Country-woman is nothing. I have known when she hath sent to borrow a Comb of one of her neighbours; and let me tell you, the Ladies of *Arragon*, though they be as Noble, yet they stand not so much upon their points, neither are so lofty as your *Castilians*, and they are much plainer.

Whilst they were in the midst of this discourse, *Sanchica* came leaping with her lap full of Eggs, and ask'd the Page, Tell me, Sir, doth my Father wear pained hose since his being Governor? I never mark'd it, quoth the Page, but sure he doth. Oh God, quoth she, what a sight it would be, to see my Father in his linen hose first! how say you? that ever since I was born I have had a desire to see my Father in

* *Para Empedarte*. A pretty Metaphor, for in *Spain* they use to fry their Collops and Eggs all together, not as we do, first Bacon, and then Eggs, and therefore the Author calls it paving.

pain'd hose. With many of these you shall see him, quoth the Page, if you live. And I protest, if his Government last him but two Months longer, he will be likely to wear a cap with a Beaver.

The Vicar and Bachellor perceived very well, that the Page play'd the Jack with them; but the goodness of the Coral-beads, and the hunting suit that *Sancho* sent, made all strait again, for *Teresa* had shew'd them the apparel, and they could not but laugh at *Sancho's* desire, and most, when *Teresa* said, Master Vicar, pray will you hearken out if there be any body that go toward *Madrid* or *Toledo*, that they may buy me a Farthingale round and well made, just in the fashion, and of the best sort, for in truth, in truth, I mean to credit my Husband's Government as much as I can; and if I be angry, I'll to Court my self too, and have my Coach as well as the best; for she that hath a Governor to her Husband, may very well have it and maintain it.

And why not, Mother, quoth *Sancho*? and the sooner the better, though those that see me set with my Mother in the Coach, should say, Look ye on Mistress *Whacham*, good-man Garlick-eater's daughter, how she is set and stretch'd at ease in the Coach, as if she were a Pope *Joan*; but let them tread in the dirt, and let me go in my Coach; a pox on all back-biters, the Fox fares best when he is curs'd. Say I well, Mother mine? Very well, quoth she, and my good *Sancho* foretold me of all these blessings, and many more, and thou shalt see, Daughter, I'll never rest till I am a Countess, for all is but to begin well, and (as I have often heard thy good father say, who is likewise the father of Proverbs) *Look not a given horse in the Mouth*; when a Government is given thee, take it; when an Earldom, gripe it; and when they *hiff, hiff, to thee with a reward, take it up. No,

* Hiff, hiff, as if it were the calling a Dog, to give him meat.

no, be careless, and answer not good fortune when she knocks at your doors. And what care I, quoth *Sancho*, what he say that sees me stately and Majestical; there's a dog in a doubler, and such like.

When the Vicar heard all this, he said, I cannot believe, but all the stock of the *Panfa's* were born with a bushel of Proverbs in their bellies, I never saw any of them that did not scatter 'em at all times, and upon all occasions. You say true, quoth the Page, for Signior *Sancho* the Governor speaks them every foot; and though many of them be nothing to the purpose, yet they delight, and my Lady the Duchess, and the Duke do much celebrate them. That still you should affirm, Sir, that this of *Sancho's* Government is true, and that there can be any Duchess in the world that sends him Presents, and writes to him, for we, although we see them, and have read the Letters, yet we cannot believe it, and we think that this is one of *Don Quixote*, our Country-man, his Inventions, who thinks that all are by way of Enchantment; so that I am about to desire to feel and touch you, to see whether you be an airy Ambassador, or a man of flesh and blood.

Sir, quoth the Page, all I know of my self, is, that I am a real Ambassador, and that Signior *Sancho Panfa* is an effective Governor, and that my Lord the Duke and Duchess may give, and have given the said Government; and I have heard say, that the said *Sancho Panfa* demeans himself most robustiously in it. If in this there be any Enchantment, you may dispute it amongst your selves; for I know no more, by an oath I shall swear, which is, by the life of my Parents, who are alive, and I love them very well.

It may very well be, quoth the Bachelor, but *disputat Augustinus*. Doubt it whose will, quoth the Page, I have told you the truth, which shall always prevail above lies, as the oyl above the water; and if not *operibus credite & non verbis*, one of you go with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe with your ears. That journey will I go.

quoth *Sanchica*: you shall carry me, Sir, at your horse's crupper, and I'll go with a very good will to see my Father. Governors Daughters, quoth he, must not travel alone, but accompanied with Caroches and Horse-litters, and good store of Servants. Marry, quoth *Sancha*, I can go as well upon a young Ass-Colt, as upon a Coach, you have a dainty piece of me no doubt.

Peace, wench, said *Teresa*, thou knowest not what thou say'st; and this Gentleman is in the right, the times are altered: When thy Father was *Sancho*, then mightest thou be *Sancha*, but now he is Governor, Madam; and I know not whether I have said aught. Mistress *Teresa* says more than she is aware of, quoth the Page, and now pray let me dine, and be quickly dispatch'd, for I must return this afternoon. Then, quoth the Vicar, you shall do penance with me to day, for Mistress *Teresa* hath more good will than good cheer to welcome so good a guest. The Page refused, but for his better fare, he was forced to accept of the kindness, and the Vicar carried him the more willingly, that he might have time to ask at leisure after *Don Quixote's* exploits. The Bachelor offered *Teresa* to write the answers of her Letters, but she would not that he should deal in her affairs, for she held him to be a scoffer; and so she gave a little rowl of bread, and a couple of eggs to a little Monk that could write, who wrote her two Letters, one for her husband, and the other for the Duchesse, framed by her own pate, and are not the worst in all this grand History, as you may see hereafter.





C H A P. X.

*Of Sancho's proceeding in his Government,
with other Successes, as good as Touch.*



THE day appeared after the Governor's rounding night, in which the Carver slept not a whit, being busied in thinking upon the face, feature, and beauty of the disguised Damself; and the Steward spent the remainder of it in writing to his Lords *Sancho Panza's* words and actions, both which he equally admired; for both were mixed with certain appearances of Discreet and Fool.

The Governor in fine was gotten up, and by Doctor *Pedro Rexio's* appointment, he broke his fast with a little Conserve, and some two or three spoonfuls of cold water, which *Sancho* would willingly have changed for a piece of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no remedy, he passed it over, though with much grief of mind, and weariness of stomach; for *Pedro Rexio* made him believe, that few dishes; and those delicate, did quicken the wit, which was the only thing for persons that bore Rule, and weighty offices, where they must benefit themselves, not only with corporal force, but strength of understanding too.

With this Sophistry *Sancho* was almost starved, so that in secret he cursed the Government, and also him that gave it him; but yet, with his hunger and his Conserve, he sate in judgment that day, and the first thing that came before him, was a doubt that a stranger proposed unto him, the Steward and the rest of the fraternity being present, and it was this.

Sir, a main River divided two parts of one Lordship (I pray mark, for it is a case of great importance, and somewhat difficult) I say then, that upon this River there was a Bridge, and at the end of it a Gallows, and a kind of Judgment-Hall, in which there were ordinarily four Judges, that judged according to the Law that the owner of the River, Bridge, and Lordship had established, which was this: If any one be to pass from one side of this Bridge to the other, he must first swear whither he goes, and what his business is; if he swear true, let him pass; if he lie, let him be hanged upon the gallows that shews there without remission. This Law being divulged, and the rigorous condition of it, many passed by, and presently by their oaths it was seen whether they said true, and the Judges let them pass freely. It fell out that they took one man's oath, who swore and said, that he went to be hanged upon that gallows, and for nothing else.

The Judges were at a stand, and said, If we let this man pass, he lied in his oath, and according to the Law he ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon the gallows, and having sworn truly, by the same Law he ought to be free. It is now, Sir Governor, demanded of you, what should be done with this man, for the Judges are doubtful and in suspence; and having had notice of your quick and elevated understanding, they sent me to you, to desire you on their behalfs to give your opinion in this intricate and doubtful case.

To which, quoth *Sancho*, Truly these Judges that send you to me might have saved a labour; for I am one that have as much wit as a Setting-dog; but howsoever, repeat me you the business once again, that I may understand it, and perhaps I may hit the mark.

The Demandant repeated again, and again, what he had said before; and *Sancho* said, In my opinion it is instantly resolved, as thus;

The

The man swears, that he goes to die upon the gallows; and if he die so, he swore true, and so by the Law deserves to pass free: and yet if he be not hanged, he swore false, and by the same Law he ought to be hanged. 'Tis just as Master Governor hath said, quoth the Messenger; and concerning the understanding the case, there is no more to be required or doubted. I say then, quoth Sancho, that they let that part of the man pass that spoke truth, and that which told a lye, let them hang it, and so the condition of the Law shall be literally accomplished.

Why, Sir, said the Demandant, then the man must be divided into two parts, lying and true; and if he be divided, he must needs die, and so there is nothing of the Law fulfilled; and it is expressly needful that the Law be kept.

Come hither, honest fellow, quoth Sancho, either I am a very Leek, or this Passenger you speak of, hath the same reason to die, as to live and pass the bridge; for if the truth save him, the lye condemns him equally; which being so as it is, I am of opinion, that you tell the Judges that sent you to me, That since the reasons to save or condemn him, be in one rank, that they let him pass freely; for it is evermore praise-worthy to do good, than to do ill: and this would I give under my hand, if I could write: and in this case I have not spoken from myself, but I remember one precept, amongst many others, that my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I came to be Governor, which was, That when Justice might be any thing doubtful, I should leave, and apply myself to pity: and it hath pleased God I should remember it in this case, which hath fallen out pat.

'Tis right, quoth the Steward: and sure, Licurgus, Law-giver to the Lacedemonians, could not have given a better sentence than that which the Grand Sancho Panza hath given. And now this Morning's audience may end, and I will give order that the Go-

vernor may dine plentifully. That I desire, quoth *Sancho*, and let's have fair play. Let me dine, and then let Cases and Doubts rain upon me, and I'll snuff them apace.

The Steward was as good as his word, holding it to be a matter of Conscience, to starve so discreet a Governor: Besides, his purpose was to make an end with him that night, performing the last Jest, which he had in Commission towards him. It hapned then, that having eaten contrary to the prescriptions and orders of the Doctor *Tirtefuera*, when the cloth was taken away, there came in a Post with a Letter of *Don Quixote's* to the Governor. *Sancho* commanded the Secretary to read it to himself, and that if there came no secret in it, he should read it aloud. The Secretary did so, and suddenly running of it over, said, It may well be read out, for this that *Don Quixote* writes to you, deserves to be stamped and written in golden Letters; and thus it is.

*Don Quixote's Letter to Sancho Panfa,
Governor of the Island Barataria.*

“ **W**Hen I thought, friend *Sancho*, to have heard
 “ news of thy negligence and folly, I heard
 “ it of thy discretion; for which I gave to God par-
 “ ticular thanks. I hear thou governeest as if thou
 “ wert a man, and that thou art a man as if thou
 “ wert a beast; such is thy humility thou usest.
 “ Yet let me note unto thee, that it is very necessary
 “ and convenient many times, for the authority of
 “ a place, to go against the humility of the heart:
 “ for the adornment of the person that is in eminent
 “ Offices, must be according to their greatness, and not
 “ according to the measure of the meek condition to
 “ which he is inclined. Go well clad, for a Stake
 “ well dressed, seems not to be so. I say not to thee
 “ that thou wear toys, or gawdy gay things; not
 “ that being a Judge, thou go like a soldier, but
 “ that

"that thou adorn thyself with such a habit as thy place requires, so that it be handsome and neat.

"To get the good will of those thou governeſt, amongſt others, thou muſt do two things: the one, to be courteous to all, which I have already told thee of, and the other, to ſee that there be plenty of ſuſtenance; for there is nothing that doth more weary the hearts of the poor, than hunger and dearth.

"Make not many Statute-Laws; and thoſe thou doſt make, ſee they be good, but chiefly that they be obſerved and kept; for Statutes not kept, are the ſame as if they were not made, and do rather ſhew that the Prince had Wiſdom and Authority to make them, than Valour to ſee that they ſhould be kept. And Laws that only threaten, and are not executed, become like the beam, King of frogs, that at firſt ſcared them, but in time they deſpiſed, and got upon the top of it.

"Be a Father of Vertue, but a father-in-law of Vice.

"Be not always cruel, nor always merciful: chooſe a mean betwixt theſe two extremes; for this is a point of diſcretion.

"Viſit the Priſons, the Shambles, and the Markets; for in ſuch places, the Governor's preſence is of much importance.

"Comfort the priſoners that hope to be quickly diſpatch'd.

"Be a Bull-beggar to the Butchers, and a Scarecrow to the Huckſter-women for the ſame reaſon.

"Shew not thyſelf (tho' perhaps thou art, which yet I believe not) covetous, or a Whore-monger, or a Glutton: for when the town, and thoſe that conſerve with thee, know which way thou art inclined, there they will ſet upon thee, till they caſt thee down headlong.

"View and review, paſs and repaſs thine eyes over the inſtructions I gave thee in writing, before

“ thou wentest from hence to thy Government, and
 “ thou shalt see, how thou findest in them, if thou
 “ observe them, an allowance to help thee to bear
 “ and pass over the troubles that are incident to Go-
 “ vernors.

“ Write to thy Lords, and shew thyself thankful;
 “ for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one
 “ of the greatest sins that is: and he that is thank-
 “ ful to those that have done him good, gives a te-
 “ stimony that he will be so to God too, that hath
 “ done him so much good, and daily doth continue
 “ it.

“ My Lady Duchefs dispatcht a Messenger a pur-
 “ pose with thy apparel, and another present to thy
 “ wife *Teresa Panfa*: every minute we expect an an-
 “ swer.

“ I have been somewhat ill at ease of late with
 “ a certain Cat-busines that hapned to me, not very
 “ good for my nose, but ’twas nothing; for if there
 “ be Enchanters that misuse me, others there be that
 “ defend me. Let me know if the Steward that is
 “ with thee, had any hand in *Trisaldi*’s actions, as
 “ thou suspectedst: and let me hear likewise of all
 “ that befalls thee, since the way is so short: besides,
 “ I think to leave this idle life e’er long, for I was
 “ not born to it.

“ Here is a business at present, that I believe will
 “ bring me in disgrace with these Nobles; but tho’
 “ it much concern me, I care not, for indeed I had
 “ rather comply with my profession, than with their
 “ wills, according to the saying, *Amicus Plato, sed*
 “ *magis amica veritas*. I write thee this Latin, be-
 “ cause I think, since thy being Governor, thou hast
 “ learnt to understand it. And so farewell, God keep
 “ thee, and send that no man pity thee.

Thy Friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

ncho

Sancho heard the Letter very attentively ; and those that heard it, applauded it for a very discreet one: and presently *Sancho* rose from the table, and calling the Secretary, lockt him to him in his lodging Chamber, and without more delay, meant to answer his Master *Don Quixote* ; and therefore he bad the Secretary, without adding or diminishing aught, to write what he would have him ; which he did, and the Letter in answer was of this ensuing tenour.

Sancho Panfa's Letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

" MY business and employments are so great, that I have not leisure either to scratch my head, or pare my nails, which is the reason they are so long (God help me.)

" This I say, dear Signior mine, that you may not wonder, that hitherto I have not given you notice of my well or ill being at this Government ; in which I am now more hungry, than when you and I travelled in the Woods and Wilderness.

" My Lord the Duke wrote me the other day, by way of advice, that there were certain Spies entered the Island, to kill me, but hitherto I have discovered none, but a certain Doctor who is entertained in this town, to kill as many Governors as come to it ; and his name is Doctor *Pedro Rexio*, born in *Tirte a fuera*, that you see what a name this is for me to fear lest he kill me.

" This aforesaid Doctor says of himself, that he cures not infirmities when they are in present being, but prevents them before they come : and the Medicines he useth, are diet upon diet, till he makes a man nothing but bare bones ; as if Leanness were not a greater sickness than a Calenture.

" Finally, he hath even starved me, and I am ready to die for anger : for when I thought to have come to this Island to eat good warm things,

“ and to drink cool, and to recreate my body in Hol-
 “ land sheets, and Feather-beds, I am forced to do
 “ penance, as if I were an Hermit: and because I
 “ do it unwillingly, I believe at the upshot the De-
 “ vil will have me.

“ Hitherto have I neither had my due, nor taken
 “ bribe, and I know not the reason: for here they
 “ tell me, that the Governors that use to come to
 “ this Island; before they come, they of the town
 “ either give or lend them a good sum of money.
 “ And this is the ordinary custom not only in this
 “ town, but in many others also.

“ Last night as I walked the Round, I met with
 “ a fair maid in man’s apparel, and a Brother of hers
 “ in woman’s. My Carver fell in love with the
 “ Wench, and purposed to take her to Wife, as he
 “ says, and I have chosen the Youth for my Son-in-
 “ law, and to day both of us will put our desires in
 “ practice with the Father of them both, which is
 “ one *Diego de la Lana*, a Gentleman, and an old
 “ Christian, as much as you would desire. I visit
 “ the Market-places, as you advised me, and yester-
 “ day found a Huckster that sold new Hazel Nuts,
 “ and it was proved against her, that she had ming-
 “ led the new with a bushel of old that were rotten
 “ and without Kernels. I judged them all to be gi-
 “ ven to the Hospital-boys, that could very well di-
 “ stinguish them, and gave sentence on her, that she
 “ should not come into the Market-place in fifteen
 “ days after. ’Twas told me, that I did most va-
 “ loriously: all I can tell you is, that it is the com-
 “ mon report in this town, that there is no worse
 “ people in the world than these women of the Mar-
 “ ket-places; for all of them are impudent, shame-
 “ less, and ungodly, and I believe it to be so, by those
 “ that I have seen in other towns. That my Lady
 “ the Duchess hath written to my Wife *Teresa Panfa*,
 “ and sent her a token, as you say, it pleaseth me very
 “ well, and I will endeavour at fit time to shew myself
 “ thankful. I pray do you kiss her hands on my be-
 “ half,

" half, and tell her, her kindness is not ill bestowed,
" as shall after appear.

" I would not that you should have any thwart-
" reckonings of distaste with those Lords; for if you
" be displeased with them, 'tis plain it must needs
" redound to my damage; and 'twere unfit, that since
" you advise me not to be unthankful, you should
" be so to them that have shewed you so much kind-
" ness, and by whom you have been so well wel-
" comed in their Castle.

" That of your Cat-business, I understand not; but
" I suppose 'tis some of those ill Fates that the
" wicked Enchanters are wont to use toward you.
" I shall know of you when we meet. I would
" fain have sent you something from hence, but I
" know not what, except it were some little Canes
" to make Squirts; which (with Bladders too they
" make very curiously in this place: but if my Of-
" fice last, I'll get something worth the sending.

" If my Wife *Teresa Panza* write to me, pay the
" Portage, and send me the Letter; for I have a
" wonderful desire to know of the estate of my
" house, my wife and children. And so God keep
" you from ill-minded Enchanters, and deliver me
" well and peaceably from this Government; for I
" doubt it, and think to lay my bones here, accord-
" ing as the Doctor *Pedro Rezio* handles me.

Your Worship's Servant,

Sancho Panza, the Governor.

The Secretary made up the Letter, and presently
dispatcht the Post; and so *Sancho's* Tormentors joyn-
ing together, gave order how they might dispatch
him from the Government. And that afternoon
Sancho passed, in setting down orders for the well-
governing the Island, he imagined to be so: and he
ordained there should be no Hucksters for the Com-
mon-wealth's provisions; and likewise that they
might

might have Wines brought in from whencesoever they would; only with this Proviso, to tell the place from whence they came, to put prices to them according to their value and goodness. And whosoever put water to any wine, or chang'd the name of it, should die for it. He moderated the prices of all kind of cloathing, especially of shoes, as thinking Leather was sold with much exorbitancy.

He made a taxation for servants wages, who went on unbridled for their profit.

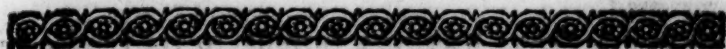
He set grievous penalties upon such as should sing bawdy or ribaldry songs, either by night or day.

He ordained likewise, that no blind-man should sing miracles in verse, except they brought authentic testimonies of the truth of them: for he thought, that the most they sung, were false, and prejudicial to the true.

He created also a Constable for the poor, not that should persecute, but examine them, to know if they were so: for under colour of feigned maimedness, and false sores, the hands are Thieves, and health is a Drunkard.

In conclusion, he ordered things so well, that to this day they are fam'd and kept in that place, and are called, The Ordinances of the Grand Governor *Sancho Panza*.





C H A P. XI.

*The Adventure of the second Afflicted, or
straightned Matron, alias Donna Rodriguez.*



C I D Hamete tells us, that *Don Quixote* being recovered of his scratches, he thought the Life he led in that Castle, was much against the order of Knighthood he profess: so he determined to crave leave of the Dukes to part towards *Saragossa*, whose justs drew near, where he thought to gain the Armour that useth to be obtained in them. And being one day at the Table with the Dukes, and beginning to put his intention in execution, and to ask leave, behold, unlookt for, two women came in at the great Hall door, clad (as it after appeared) in mourning from head to foot: and one of them coming to *Don Quixote*, she fell down all along at his feet, with her mouth sewed to them; and she groaned so sorrowfully, and so profoundly, that she put all that beheld her into a great confusion. And though the Dukes thought it was some trick their servants would put upon *Don Quixote*; notwithstanding, seeing with what earnestness the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they were a little doubtful, and in suspense, till *Don Quixote*, in great compassion, raised her from the ground, and made her discover herself, and take her Mantle from her blubber'd face. She did so, and appeared to be (what could not be imagined) *Donna Rodriguez*, the Waiting-woman of the house, and the other in mourning was her wronged daughter abused by a rich Farmer's son. All were in admiration that knew her, especially the Dukes: for though they knew her to be fool-
ish

ish, and of a good mould that way, yet not to be so near mad.

Finally, *Donna Rodriguez* turning to the Lords, she said, May it please your Excellencies to give me leave to impart a thing to this Knight; for it behoves me to come out of a business, into which the boldness of a wicked Rascal hath thrust me.

The Duke said he gave her leave, and that she should impart what she would to Signior *Don Quixote*. She directing her voice and her gesture to *Don Quixote*, said, Some days since, valorous Knight, I related to you the wrong and treachery that a wicked Farmer hath done to my beloved Daughter, the unfortunate one here now present; and you promised me to undertake for her to right this wrong that hath been done her. And now it hath come to my notice, that you mean to part from this Castle, in quest of your Adventures (God send them) and therefore my request is, that before you scower the ways, you would defy this untamed Rustick, and make him marry my Daughter, according to the promise he gave her before he coupled with her. For to think that my Lord the Duke will do me justice, is to seek Pears from the Elm, for the reason that I have plainly told you; and so God give you much health, and forsake not us.

To these reasons, *Don Quixote* answered with great gravity and *Prosopopeia*:

Good Matron, temper your tears, and save your sighs, and I will engage myself to right your Daughter; for whom it had been much better, not to have been so easy of believing her Lover's promises, which for the most part are light in making, but heavy in accomplishing; and therefore, with my Lord the Duke's leave, I will presently part in search of this ungodly young man, and find and challenge him, and kill him, if he deny to accomplish his promise. For the chief aim of my profession is, to pardon the humble, and to chastise the proud: I mean, to succour the wretched, and to destroy the cruel.

You

You need not, quoth the Duke, be at the pains of seeking the Clown, of whom the good Matron complains; neither need you ask me leave to defy him, 'tis enough that I know you have done it, and let it be my charge to give him notice that he accept the challenge, and come to my Castle to answer for himself, where safe lifts shall be set up for you both, observing the conditions that in such Acts ought to be observed; and both your Justices equally, according as Princes are obliged to do, that grant single combat to those that fight within their Dominions. Why, with this Security, and your Greatness's license, quoth *Don Quixote*, here I say, that for this once I renounce my Gentry, and do equalize myself to the meanness of the Offender, and so qualify him to combat with me: and so, though he be absent, I challenge and defy him, for that he did ill to defraud this poor creature that was a Maid, and now, by his villainy is none, and that he shall either fulfil his word he gave her to marry her, or die in the demand.

And strait plucking off his Glove, he cast it into the midst of the Hall, and the Duke took it up, saying, That he (as had been said) in his Vassal's name accepted the challenge, and appointed the prefixt time six days after, and the Lifts to be in the Court of that Castle, and the usual Arms of Knights, as Lance and Shield, and laced Armour, with all other pieces, without deceit, advantage, or superstition, seen and allowed by the Judges of the Lifts. But first of all 'tis requisite, that this honest Matron, and this ill Maid commit the right of their cause into Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha's* hands; for otherwise there will be nothing done, neither will the said challenge be put in execution.

I do (quoth the Matron) and I too, (said the Daughter, all blubber'd and shamefac'd) and in ill taking.

This agreement being made, and the Dukes imagining what was to be done in the business, the mourners went their ways, and the Duchefs commanded

manded they should be used not as their servants, but like Lady-Adventurers, that came to their house to ask justice, and served as strangers, to the wonderment of other servants, that knew not what would become of the madness and levity of *Donna Rodriguez* and her Errant Daughter.

Whilst they were in this business, to add more mirth to the Feast, and to end the Comedy, behold where the Page comes in, that carried the Letter and Tokens to *Teresa Panfa*; whose arrival much pleased the Dukes, desirous to know what befel him in his voyage; and asking him, the Page answered, That he could not tell them in publick, nor in few words, but that their Excellencies would be pleased to reserve it for a private time, and that in the mean time they would entertain themselves with those Letters; and taking them out, he gave two to the Duchess; the superscription of the one was, To my Lady Duchess, I know not whence; and the other, To my Husband *Sancho Panfa*, Governor of the Island *Barataria*, whom God prosper longer than me.

The Duchess could not be quiet, till she had read her Letter; so opening it, and reading it to herself, and seeing that she might read it aloud, she did so, that the Duke and the By-standers might hear it, as followeth.

Teresa Panfa's Letter to the Duchess.

“ L A D Y mine, your Greatness's Letter you
 “ wrote to me, did much content me, for I
 “ did very much desire it. Your string of Corals
 “ was very good, and my Husband's hunting suit
 “ comes not short of it. That your Honour hath
 “ made my Confort Governor, all this Town re-
 “ joyceth at it, though there is none that will be-
 “ lieve it; especially the Vicar, Master *Nicholas* the
 “ Barber, and *Samson Carasco* the Bachellor; but all is
 “ one to me, so it be true, as it is, let each one say
 “ what

" what he will; but if you go to the truth, had it
 " not been for the Coral and the Suit I should not
 " have believed it neither; for all in this town hold
 " my Husband for a very Leak, and taking him
 " from his governing a Flock of Goats, they cannot
 " imagine for what Government else he should be
 " good; God make him so, and direct him as he sees
 " best, for his children have need of it. I, Lady of
 " my life, am determin'd with your Worship's good
 " leave, to make use of this good fortune in my
 " house, and to go to the Court to stretch my self
 " in a Coach, to make a thousand envious persons
 " blind that look after me. And therefore I request
 " your Excellency to command my Husband to send
 " me some stock of money to purpose, because I
 " hear, the Court-expences are great, that a loaf is
 " worth six pence, and a pound of Mutton five
 " pence, that 'tis wonderful; and that if he mean
 " not that I shall go, he let me know in time, for
 " my feet are dancing till I be jogging upon the
 " way; for my friends and neighbours tell me, that
 " if I and my daughter go glistring and pompously
 " in the Court, my Husband will be known by me
 " more than I by him; for that of necessity, many
 " will ask, What Gentlewomen are these in the
 " Coach? Then a servant of mine answers, The Wife
 " and Daughter of *Sancho Panza*, Governor of the
 " Island *Barataria*; and by this means *Sancho* shall be
 " known, and I shall be esteemed, * and to Rome
 " for all. I am as sorry, as sorrow my be, that
 " this year we have gathered no Acorns, for all
 " that I send your Highness, half a peck, which I
 " culled out, and went to the mountain on purpose,
 " and they were the biggest I could find. I could
 " have wished they had been as big as Eastritch Eggs.

* A Phrase used by her to no purpose, but 'tis a usual thing
 in *Spain*, among ill livers, to cry, *a Roma per todo*, there to get
 absolution for their villainies.

" Let

“ Let not your Pomposity forget to write to me;
 “ and I’ll have a care to answer and advise you of
 “ my health, and all that passeth here where I re-
 “ main, praying to God to preserve your Greatness,
 “ and forget not me; my Daughter *Sancha*, and my
 “ son, kiss your hands. She that desires more to see,
 “ than to write to your Honour,

Your Servant, Teresa Panfa.

Great was the content that all received to hear *Teresa Panfa’s* Letter, principally of the Duke’s; and the Duchess asked *Don Quixote’s* advice, if it were fit to open the Letter that came for the Governor, which she imagined was most exquisite. *Don Quixote* said, that to pleasure them, he would open it; which he did, and saw the Contents, which were these.

Teresa Panfa’s Letter to her Husband Sancho.

“ **I** Received thy Letter, my *Sancho* of my soul,
 “ and I promise and swear to thee, as I am a
 “ Catholick Christian, there wanted not two fingers
 “ breadth of making me mad for joy; look you, brother,
 “ when I came to hear that thou art a Governor, I
 “ thought I should have fallen down dead with glad-
 “ ness; for thou knowest that ’tis usually said, That
 “ sudden joy as soon kills as excessive grief. The
 “ water ran down thy daughter *Sanchica’s* eyes, with-
 “ out perceiving of it with pure content. The suit
 “ thou sentest me I had before me, and the Corals
 “ my Lady the Duchess sent, and the Letters in my
 “ hands, and the bearer of them present, and for all
 “ this, I believed and thought that all I saw or felt
 “ was a dream; for who could think that a Goat-
 “ herd should come to be a Governor of Islands?
 “ and thou knowest, friend, that my Mother was
 “ used to say, That ’twas needful to live long, to
 “ see

“ see much. This I say, because I think to see
 “ more, if I live longer; for I hope I shall not have
 “ done, ’till I see thee a Farmer or Customer, which
 “ are Offices, that though the Devil carry him a-
 “ way that dischargeth them badly, yet in the end
 “ good store of coin goes thorough their hands. My
 “ Lady the Duchess will let thee know what a de-
 “ sire I have to go to the Court, consider of it, and
 “ let me know thy mind, and I will do thee ho-
 “ nour there, going in my Coach. The Vicar, Bar-
 “ ber, Bachelor, nor Sexton, cannot believe that thou
 “ art a Governor, and say, that ’tis all juggling or En-
 “ chantment, as all thy Master *Don Quixote’s* affairs
 “ are; and *Sampson* says, he will find thee out, and
 “ put this Government out of thy noddle, and *Don*
 “ *Quixote’s* madness out of his Coxcomb. I do no-
 “ thing but laugh at them, and look upon my Co-
 “ ral chain, and contrive how to make my daughter a
 “ Gown of the suit thou sentest me. I sent my La-
 “ dy the Duchess some Acorns, I would they had
 “ been of gold; I prithee send me a string of Pearls,
 “ if they be used in that Island.

“ The news of this town is, that *Berneca* married
 “ her daughter to a scurvy Painter that came to this
 “ town to paint at random. The Burghers of the
 “ town willed him to paint the King’s Arms over
 “ the gate of the town-hall; he demanded two Du-
 “ cats, which they gave him before-hand; he wrought
 “ eight days, in the end painted nothing, and said;
 “ he could not hit upon painting such a deal of Ped-
 “ lary ware; so he returned them their money, and
 “ for all this, he married under the name of a good
 “ workman; true it is, that he hath left his Pencil,
 “ and taken the Spade, and goes to the field most
 “ Gentleman-like. *Pedro de Lobe’s* son hath taken Or-
 “ ders, and shaved his head, with purpose to be a
 “ Priest. *Mingimisa Mingo Silueños* ne’er knew of it,
 “ and she hath put a bill against him for pro-
 “ mising her marriage; malicious tongues will not
 “ stick to say, that she is great by him, but he denies
 “ it stiffly.

“ This

" This year we have had no Olives, neither is there
 " a drop of Vinegar to be had in all the town. A
 " Company of Soldiers passed by here, and by the
 " way they carried three wenches from this town
 " with them, I will not tell thee who they are, for
 " perhaps they will return, and there will not want
 " some that will marry them for better for worse.
 " *Sancho* makes bone-lace, and gets her three half-
 " pence a day clear, which she puts in a box with a
 " slit, to help to buy her household stuff; but now
 " that she is a Governor's daughter, thou wilt give
 " her a portion, that she needs not work for it. The
 " stone-fountain in the market-place is dried up, a
 " Thunder-bolt fell upon the Pillory, there may they
 " fall all. I expect an answer of this, and thy resolu-
 " tion touching my going to the Court; and so God
 " keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would
 " not leave thee in this world behind me.

Thy Wife, Teresa Panza,

These Letters were extolled, laugh'd at, esteemed
 and admired; and to mend the matter, the Post came
 that brought one from *Sancho* to *Don Quixote*, which
 was likewise read aloud, which brought the Gover-
 nor's madness in question. The Duchess retired with
 the Page, to know what had befallen him in *Sancho's*
 town, who told her at large, without omitting cir-
 cumstance; he gave her the Acorns, and a Cheese
 too which *Teresa* gave him for a very good one, much
 better than those of *Ironion*; the Duchess received it
 with great content, in which we will leave her, to
 tell the end that the Government of the Grand *San-
cho Panza* had, the flower and Mirror of all Islandish
 Governors.



C H A P. XII.

*Of the troublesome End and Up-shot that
Sancho Panfa's Government had.*



O think that the affairs of this life should last ever in one being, is needless; for it rather seems otherwise: the Summer follows the Spring, after the Summer, the Fall, and the Fall, the Winter, and so time goes on in a continued wheel. Only man's life runs to a speedy end, swifter than time, without hope of being renewed, except it be in another life, which hath no bounds to limit it.

This said *Cid Hamete*, a Mahometical Philosopher, for many without the light of Faith, only with a natural instinct have understood the swiftness and uncertainty of this life present, and the lasting of the eternal life which is expected. But here the Author speaks it, for the speediness with which *Sancho's* Government was ended, consumed and undone, and vanished into a shade and smoak, who being a-bed the seventh night after so many days of his Government, not cloy'd with bread or wine, but with judging and giving sentences, making Proclamations and Statutes, when sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, shut his eye-lids, he heard such a noise of bells and out-cries, as if the whole Island had been sunk; he sate up in his bed, and was very attentive, hearkning if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar, but he was so far from knowing it, that a noise of a world of Drums and Trumpets added to that of the bells and cries, made him more confused, and more full of fear and horror; and rising up, he put on a pair of slippers for the moistness of the ground,
and

and without any night-gown upon him, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber door, at such time as he saw at least twenty persons come running thorough the entries, with Torches in their hands lighted, and swords unsheathed, crying all out aloud, Arm, Arm, Sir Governor, Arm, for a world of enemies are entred the Island, and we are undone, if your skill and valour help us not.

With this fury, noise and uproar, they came where *Sancho* was, astonished and embezzled with what he heard and saw; and when they came to him, one of them said, Arm your self strait, Sir, if you mean not to be destroyed, and that all the Island be lost.

I arm my self, quoth *Sancho*? Know I any thing what belongs to Arms or Succours? 'twere better leave these things to my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he will dispatch and put them in safety in an instant; for I (sinner that I am) understand nothing of this quick service. Ha, Sir Governor, said another, what faint-heartedness is this? Arm your self, for here we bring you Arms offensive and defensive. March to the Market-place, and be our Guide and Captain, since you ought (being our Governor) to be so. Arm me on God's name, quoth *Sancho*, and strait they brought him two shields, of which they had good store, and they clapt them upon his shirt, without letting him take any other cloaths; one they put before, and the other behind, and they drew out his arms at certain holes they had made, and bound him very well with cords, so that he was walled and boarded up strait like a spindle, not able to bend his knees, or to move a step. In his hands they put a Lance, on which he leant to keep himself up. When they had him thus, they bade him march and guide them, and cheer them all, for that he being their Lanthorn, North, and Morning-star, their matters would be well ended. How should I (wretch that I am) march, quoth *Sancho*? for my knee-bones will not move, since these boards that are so sewed

to

to my flesh do hinder me; your only way is to carry me in your Arms, and to lay me athwart, or let me stand up at some Postern, which I will make good, either with my Lance or my body. Fy, Sir, said another, 'tis more your fear than the boards that hinder your pace; make an end for shame, and bestir your self, for it is late, and the enemies increase, the cries are augmented, and the danger waxeth more and more. At whose persuasions and vituperation, the poor Governor tried if he could move himself; so he fell to the ground, and had such a fall, that he thought he had broken himself to pieces, and now he lay like a Tortoise shut in, and covered with his shell, or like a Flitch of Bacon clapped between two boards, or like a Boat overturned upon a flat; and for all his fall, these scoffers had no compassion at all on him, but rather putting out their Torches, they began to reinforce their cries, and to reiterate their Arm, Arm, so fast, running over poor *Sancho*, giving him an infinite company of slashes upon his Shields, that if he had not withdrawn himself, and shrunk his head up into them, the poor Governor had been in woful plight, who being thus shrugged up in this strait, he was in a terrible sweat and bewrayed, and recommended himself heartily to God Almighty to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled upon him, others fell, and another would get upon him for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, governed the Army, and cried aloud, Here on our side, here the enemies are thickest; make this breach good, keep that gate shut, down with those ladders, wildfire-balls, pitch and rosin, and kettles of scalding Oil, trench the streets with beds; in fine, he named all manner of war instruments, and furniture of war for the defence of a City assaulted; and the bruised *Sancho*, that heard and suffered all, said to himself, Oh that it would please the Lord that this Island were once lost, or that I were dead or delivered from this strait! Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected, he

heard this Cry, Victory, Victory, the foes are vanquished. Ho, Sir Governor, rise, rise, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils that are taken from the enemies, by the valour of your invincible arm.

Raise me, quoth the grieved *Sancho*, with a pitiful voice. They help'd to raise him, and being up, he said, Every enemy that I have vanquished, nail him in my forehead; I divide no spoils of enemies, but desire some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, that may dry up this sweat, for I am all water. They wiped him, brought him wine, and unbound the Shields from him; he sate upon his bed, and with the very anguish of the sudden fright, and his toil, he fell into a swoon, and they that play'd that trick with him, were sorry it fell out so heavily; but *Sancho's* coming strait to himself, temper'd their sorrow.

He ask'd them what a-clock it was? They answered him, it grew to be day.

He held his peace, and without more words, began to cloath himself, all buried in silence, and all beheld him, expecting what would be the issue of his hasty dressing himself.

Thus by little and little, he made himself ready, for by reason of his weariness he could not do it very fast, and so went toward the stable (all they that were there following him) and coming to *Dapple*, he embraced and gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and not without tears in his eyes, said,

Come thou hither, companion of mine, and friend, fellow-partner of my labours and miseries, when I consoorted with you, no other cares troubled me, than to mend my furniture, and to sustain thy little corps; happy then were my hours, days, and years; but since I left thee, and mounted on the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, four thousand unquietnesses have entred my soul. And as he was thus discoursing, he fitted on the pack-saddle, no body saying aught unto him. *Dapple* being thus pack-saddled, with much ado he got upon him, and directing

directing his speeches and reasons to the Steward, the Doctor and many others there present, he said,

Give me room, Sirs, and leave to return to my former liberty; let me seek my ancient life, to rise from this present death; I was not born to be a Governor, nor to defend Islands nor Cities from enemies that would assault them; I can tell better how to plough, to dig, to prune, and plant vineyards, than to give Laws, or defend Provinces and Kingdoms; 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin; I mean, 'tis fit that every man should exercise the calling to which he was born; a Sickle is better in my hand, than a Governor's Scepter. I had rather fill my self with a good dish of *Gaspachos*, than be subject to the misery of an impertinent Physician, that would kill me with hunger; I had rather solace my self under the shade of an oak in Summer, and cover my self with a double sheep-skin in Winter quietly, than lay me down to the subjection of a Government in fine Holland sheets, and be clothed in Sables; fare you well, Sir, and tell my Lord the Duke, Naked was I born, naked I am, I neither win nor lose; I mean, I came without cross to this Government, and I go from it without a cross, contrary to what Governors of other Islands are used to do. Stand out of the way, and let me go, for I must fear-cloth my self, for I believe all my ribs are bruised, I thank the enemy that trampled over me all this night.

You shall not do so, Sir Governor, quoth Doctor *Rezio*, for I will give you a drink good against falls and bruises, that shall strait recover you; and touching your diet, I promise to make you amends, and you shall eat plentifully of what you list. 'Tis too late, quoth *Sancho*, I'll as soon tarry as turn Turk; these jests are not good the second time; you shall as soon get me to stay here, or admit of any other Government (though it were presented in two platters to me) as make me fly to heaven without wings. I am of the lineage of the *Pansa's*, and we are all head-strong, and if once we cry odd, odd it must be

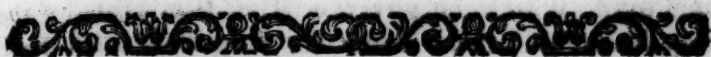
(though it be even) in spight of all the world. Here in this stable let my Ants wings remain that lifted me up in the air, to be devoured by Martlets and other birds, and now let's go a plain pace on the ground; and though we wear no pinked Spanish-leather shoes, yet we shall not want coarse pack-thread Sandals. Like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, and let every man cut his measure according to his cloth, and so let me go, for it is late.

To which, quoth the Steward, With a very good will you should go, though we shall be very sorry to lose you, for your judgment and Christian proceeding oblige us to desire your Company; but you know that all Governors are obliged, before they depart from the place which they have governed, to render first an account of their place, which you ought to do for the ten days you have governed; and so God's peace be with you.

No man can ask any account of me, said he, but he whom my Lord the Duke will appoint; to him I go, and to him I'll give a fitting account; besides, I going from hence so bare as I do, there can be no greater sign that I have governed like an Angel.

I protest, quoth Doctor *Rezia*, the grand *Sancho* hath a great deal of reason, and I am of opinion that we let him go, for the Duke will be infinitely glad to see him. So all agreed, and let him go, offering first to accompany him, and whatsoever he had need of for himself, or for the commodiousness of his Voyage.

Sancho told them, he desired nothing but a little barley for *Dapple*, and half a Cheese, and a loaf for himself; for that by reason of the shortness of the way, he needed no other provision. All of them embraced him, and he with tears embraced them, and left them astonished, as well at his discourse, as his most resolute and discreet determination.



C H A P. XIII.

That treats of matters concerning this History, and no other.

THE Duke and Duchess were resolved that *Don Quixote's* Challenge that he made against their Vassal for the aforesaid cause, should go forward; and though the young man were in *Flanders*, whither he fled, because he would not have *Donna Rodriguez* to his Mother-in-law, yet they purposed to put a *Gascoign* Lackey in his stead, which was called *Tosilos*, instructing him first very well in all that he had to do.

Some two days after, the Duke said to *Don Quixote*, that within four days his contrary would be present, and present himself in the field like an armed Knight, and maintain that the Damsel lied in her throat, if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. *Don Quixote* was much pleased with this news, and promised to himself to work miracles in this business, and he held it to be a special happiness to him that occasion was offered, wherein those Nobles might see how far the valour of his powerful arm extended; and so with great jocundness and content, he expected the four days, which in the reckoning of his desire seem'd to him to be four hundred Ages. Let we them pass (as we let pass divers other matters) and come to the grand *Sancho*, to accompany him, who betwixt mirth and mourning, upon *Dapple* went to seek out his Master, whose company pleased him more than to be Governor of all the Islands in the world.

It fell out so, that he having not gone very far from the Island of his Government (for he never

stood to aver whether it were Island, City, Village, or Town, which he governed) he saw that by the way he went, there came six Pilgrims with their walking-staves, your strangers that use to beg alms singing, who when they came near, beset him round, and raising their voices all together, began to sing in their language, what *Sancho* could not understand, except it were one word, which plainly signified Alms, which he perceived they begged in their song. And he (as saith *Cid Hamete*) being very charitable, took half a Loaf, and half a Cheese out of his wallet, of which he was provided, and gave it them, telling them by signs he had nothing else to give them; they received it very willingly, and said, *Guelte, Guelte*. I understand you not what you would have, good people, quoth *Sancho*. Then one of them took a Purse out of his bosom, and shewed it to *Sancho*, whereby he understood they asked him for money; but he putting his thumb to his throat, and his hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a Denier; and spurring *Dapple*, he broke thorough them; and passing by, one of them looking wishfully upon him, laid hold on him, and casting his arms about his middle, with a loud voice, and very good *Spanish*, said, God defend me, and what do I see? is it possible I have my dear friend in my arms, my honest neighbour *Sancho Panza*? Yes, sure I have, for I neither sleep, nor am drunk.

Sancho wondered to hear himself so called by his name, and to see himself embraced by a Pilgrim-stranger; and after he had beheld him a good while, without speaking a word, and with much attention, yet he could never call him to mind; but the Pilgrim seeing his suspension, said,

How now, is it possible, Brother *Sancho Panza*, thou knowest not thy neighbour *Ricote* the *Morisco* Grocer of thy town? Then *Sancho* beheld him more earnestly, and began to remember his favour, and finally knew him perfectly; and so without alighting from his Ass, he cast his arms about his neck, and said,

said, Who the Devil, *Ricote*, could know thee in this vizardly disguise? What's the matter? Who hath made such * *Franchote* of thee? And how darest thou return back again into *Spain*; where, if thou art catcht or known, woe be to thee? If thou reveal me not, *Sancho*, I am safe, quoth the Pilgrim, for in this disguise no body will know me. Come, let's go out of the High-way, into yonder Elm Grove, for there my companions mean to dine, and repose themselves, and thou shalt eat with them, for they are very good people, and there I shall have leisure to tell thee what hath befallen me, since I departed from our Town, to obey his Majesty's Edict, which so rigorously threatned those unfortunate ones of our Nation, as thou heard'st.

Sancho consented, and *Ricote* speaking to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went to the Elm Grove that appeared a pretty way distant from the High-way. They flung down their Staves, and cast off their Pilgrims weeds, and so remained in Hose and Doublet: and all of them were young and handsome fellows, except *Ricote*, who was well entred in years. All of them had Wallers, which were (all to see to) well provided at least with incitatives that provoked to drink two miles off.

They sate upon the ground, and making Table-cloths of the grass, they set upon it Bread, Salt, Knives, Walnuts, slices of Cheese, and clean Gammon of Bacon-bones; which tho' they would not let themselves be gnawed, yet they forbad not to be sucked.

They set down likewise a kind of black meat, called *Caviary*, made of Fishes Eggs a great Alarum to the bottle; there wanted no Olives, though they were dry without any Pickle, yet savoury, and made up a dish. But that which most flourished in the field of that banquet was, six bottles of Wine, which

* A word of disgrace the *Spaniard* useth to all strangers, but chiefly to the *French*.

each of them drew out of his Wallets: even honest *Ricote* too, who had transformed himself from a *Merisico* into a *German*, or *Dutch-man*, he drew out his, that for quantity might compare with the whole five.

Thus they began to eat with great content, and very leisurely, relishing every bit which they took upon a knife's point, and very little of every thing. And strait all of them together would lift their arms and bottles up into the air, putting their own mouths to the bottles mouths, their eyes nailed in heaven, as if they had shot at it. And in this fashion, moving their heads from one side to the other, signs of their good liking of the Wine, they remained a good while, straining the entrails of the Vessels in their stomachs.

Sancho marked all, and was grieved at nothing; rather to fulfil the Proverb, that he very well knew, * When thou goest to *Rome*, &c. He desired the bottle of *Ricote*, and so took his aim as well as the rest, and with no less delight than they. Thus the Bottles suffered themselves to be hoisted on end four times; but it was not possible the fifth, for they were now as soak'd and dry as a *Matteress*, which made their joy hitherto shewn, now very muddy. Now and then one of them would take *Sancho* by the right hand, and say, *Spaniard* and *Dutch-man*, all one, *bon compagno*. And *Sancho* answered, *bon compagno* †, *inro a di*; and with that dischargeth such a laughter as lasted a long hour, not remembring as when aught that had befallen him in his Government; for cares are wont to have little jurisdiction upon leisure and idleness, whilst men are eating and drinking.

Finally, the ending of their Wine, was the beginning of a drowsiness that seiz'd upon them all, so

* *Cum fueris Roma*, &c.

† Swears in a broken language.

they even fell to sleep where they set, only *Ricote* and *Sancho* watched it out, for they had eaten more, and drunk less. So *Ricote* taking *Sancho* apart, they sat at the foot of a Beech, leaving the Pilgrims buried in sweet sleep; and *Ricote*, without stumbling a jot, in his *Morisco* tongue, in pure *Castilian* language, uttered to him this ensuing Discourse.

Thou well knowest, O *Sancho Panza*, friend and neighbour of mine, how the Proclamation and Edict that his Majesty commanded to be published against those of my Nation, put us all into a fear and fright; at least me it did. And methought that before the time that was limited us for our departure from *Spain*, the very rigour of the penalty was executed upon me and my children.

I provided therefore (in my judgment wisely) as he which knows that by such a time the house he lives in shall be taken from him, and so provides himself another against he is to change: I provided, I say, to leave our town, all alone, without my Family, and to seek some place whither I might commodiously carry them, and not in such a hurry as the rest that went. For I well saw, and so did all our graver sort, that those Proclamations were not only threats, as some said, but true laws to be put in execution at their due time. And I was enforced to believe this truth, because I knew the villainous, but foolish attempts of our Nation: such, as methought it was a divine inspiration that moved his Majesty to put so brave a resolution in effect; not because we were all faulty, for some there were firm and true Christians; but they were so few, they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise. And it was not fit to nourish a Serpent in his bosom, and to have enemies within doors.

Finally, we were justly punished with the penalty of Banishment, which seemed to some soft and sweet, but to us the terriblest that could be inflicted. Wherefoever we are, we weep to think on *Spain*; for indeed here we were born, and it is our natural Country.

We no where find the entertainment that our misfortune desires. And in *Barbary*, and all parts of *Africa*, where we thought to have been received, entertained, and cherished, there it is where we are most offended and misused. We knew not our happiness till we lost it; and the desire we all have to return to *Spain* is so great, that the most part of such (which are many) who speak the language as I do, return hither again, and leave their Wives and Children there forsaken; so great is the love they bear their Country. And now I know, and find by experience, that the saying is true, Sweet is the love of ones Country.

I went (as I say) out of our town, and came into *France*, and though there we were well entertained, yet I would see it all, and so passed into *Italy*, and arrived in *Germany*, and there I found we might live with more freedom; for the inhabitants do not look much into niceties, every one lives as he pleaseth; for in the greatest part of it, there is liberty of conscience.

There I took a house in a Town near *Augusta*, and so joyned with these Pilgrims that usually come for *Spain*, many of them, every year, to visit the Devotions here, which are their *Indies*, and certain gain: They travel all the Kingdom over, and there is no town from whence they go not away with meat and drink (as you would say) at least, and six-pence in money. And when they have ended their Voyage, they go away with a hundred Crowns overplus, which changed into Gold, either in the hollows of their Staves, or the patches of their Weeds, or by some other slight they can, they carry out of the Kingdom, and pass into other Countries, in spite of the Searchers of the dry Ports, where the money ought to be registred. And now, *Sancho*, my purpose is to carry away the treasure that I left buried; for because it is without the town, I may do it without danger, and write from *Valencia*, to my Wife and Daughter that I know are in *Argiers*, and contrive how I may bring them to some Port of *France*,
and

and from thence carry them into *Germany*, where we will expect how God will please to dispose of us: for indeed, *Sancho*, I know certainly, that *Ricote* my Daughter, and *Francisca Ricote* my Wife are Catholic Christians. And though I be not altogether so, yet I am more Christian than Moor; and my desire to God always is, to open the eyes of my understanding, and to let me know how I may serve him.

And all I admire is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather go into *Barbary* than into *France*, where they might have lived as Christians.

To which *Sancho* said, Look you, *Ricote*, perhaps they could not do withal; for *John Tyopeio*, your Wife's Brother, carried them: and he (belike) as he was a rank Moor, would go where he thought best. And I can tell you more, I think 'tis in vain for you to seek what you left hidden, for we had news that your Brother-in-law and your Wife had many Pearls taken from them, and a great deal of gold which was not registred.

That may very well be, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*; but I know they touched not my treasure. For I would not tell them where it was hidden, as fearing some mis-hap; and therefore if thou wilt come with me, *Sancho*, and help me to take it out, and conceal it, I'll give thee two hundred Crowns to the relief of thy necessities, for thou knowest, I know thou hast many.

Were I covetous, quoth *Sancho*, I would yield to this; and were I so, this morning I left an Office, which had I kept, I might have made my house-walls of gold, and within one six months have eaten in silver dishes. So that partly for this, and partly not to be a Traytor to my King, in favouring his enemies, I will not go with thee, tho' thou wouldst give me four hundred Crowns.

And what Office was that thou leftest *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*?

I left to be Governor of an Island, quoth *Sancho*, and such a one, that ifaith in three Bow-shots again you shall scarce meet with such another,

And where is this Island, said he? Where, quoth *Sancho*? Why, two Leagues off, and it is called the Island *Barataria*.

Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*, for your Islands are out in the Sea, you have no Islands in the *Terra Firma*.

No, quoth *Sancho*, I tell you, friend *Ricote*, this morning I left it, and yesterday I governed in it at my pleasure, like a *Sagittarius*; but yet I left it, as thinking the Governor's Office to be dangerous.

And what have you gotten by it, quoth *Ricote*? I have gotten, said he, this experience, that I am not fit to govern aught but a Herd of Cattel, and that in those kind of Governments there is no wealth gotten, but with labour, toil, loss of sleep, and sustenance: for in your Islands your Governors fare very ill, especially if they have Physicians that look to their health.

I understand thee not, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*; but methinks thou talkest without sense: for who would give thee Islands to govern? Want there in the World more able men than thou to be Governors? Peace, *Sancho*, and return to thy wits, and see if thou wilt go with me, as I have said, and help me take out the treasure that I have hidden, for it may very well be called a Treasure, and I will give thee sufficient to maintain thee.

I have told thee, *Ricote*, quoth *Sancho*, that I will not: let it suffice, I will not discover thee, and go on thy way, on God's name, and leave me to mine: for I know that what is well gotten, is lost, but what is ill gotten, it and the Owner too.

I will not be too earnest with thee, said he; but tell me, Wast thou in our town, when my Wife, my Daughter, and my Brother-in-law departed? Marry was I, quoth *Sancho*, and I can tell you, your Daughter shewed so beautiful, that all the Town went out to see her, and every one said she was the fairest creature

creature in the world. She went weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances, and as many as came to see her, and intreated all to recommend her to God, and this so feelingly, that she made me weep, that am no Bel-weather: and ifaith, many had a good mind to have concealed her, and to take her away upon the way, but fear of resisting the King's commandment made them abstain. He that shewed himself most enamoured, was *Don Pedro Gregorio*, that Youth, the rich Heir that you know very well. He, they say, loved her very much, and since she went, was never seen more in our town, and we all thought he followed to steal her away; but hitherto there is nothing known.

I always suspected, quoth *Ricote*, that this Gentleman loved my Daughter; but being confident in *Ricote's* worth, it never troubled me, to know that he loved her well: for I am sure, *Sancho*, thou hast heard say, that *Morisca* women seldom or never for love married with old Christians. And so my Daughter, who, as I believe, rather tended her Soul's health, than to be enamoured, cared little for this rich Heir's soliciting.

God grant it, quoth *Sancho*, for it would be very ill for them both. And now, *Ricote*, let me go from hence, for I mean this night to see my Master *Don Quixote*.

God be with thee, Brother *Sancho*, for now my companions are stirring, and it is time to be on our way. And strait both of them took leave, and *Sancho* gat upon Dapple, and *Ricote* leant on his Pilgrim's Staff, and so both departed.





C H A P. XIV.

*Of Matters that befel Sancho by the way,
and others the best in the World.*



Sancho's long stay with *Ricote* was the cause that he reached not that day to the Duke's Castle, though he came within half a League of it, where the night took him, somewhat dark and close; but being Summer-time, it troubled him not much, and therefore he went out of the way, purposing to rest till the morning; but as ill-luck would have it, seeking a place where he might best accommodate himself, he and Dapple fell into a most dark and deep pit, which was amongst certain ruinous buildings: and as he was falling, he recommended himself with all his heart to God, thinking he should not stop till he came to Hell; but it fell out otherwise, for with'n a little more than three fathoms length, Dapple felt ground, and he sat still upon him without any hurt or damage received.

He felt all his body over, and held in his breath, to see if he were sound, or pierced any where; but seeing himself well and whole, and in Catholic health, he thought he could never praise God sufficiently for the favour he had done him, for he thought verily he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He went likewise groping with his hands about the walls of the pit, to see if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all smooth, without any place to lay hold on, which grieved him very much, especially when he heard Dapple cry out tenderly and dolefully; and no marvel, for it was not for wantonness, he saw himself in a pitiful taking.

Alas!

Alas! quoth *Sancho* then, and what sudden and unthought of accidents befall men that live in this miserable World? Who would have supposed that he, who yesterday saw himself inthronized Governor of an Island, commanding Servants and Vassals, should to day be buried in a Pit, without any body's help, without servant or Vassal coming to succour him?

Here I and my As's are like to perish with hunger, if so be that first we die not, he with his bruise, and I with grief and anguish: At least, I shall not be so happy as my Master *Don Quixote* was, when he descended and went down into that enchanted Cave of *Montesino's*, where he found better welcome than if he had been at his own house. And it seemed he found the cloth ready laid, and his bed made: there saw he goodly and pleasant Visions; and here (I believe) I shall see nothing but Toads and Snakes. Unfortunate that I am! what is my madness and folly come to? My bones will be fetcht out from hence (when it shall please Heaven that I am found) white and smooth, the flesh pickt off, and my trusty Dapple's with them; whereupon, peradventure it shall be known who we are, at least by those that shall take notice, that *Sancho* and the As's never parted, nor the As's from *Sancho*. Again, I say, Unhappy we! our ill fortune would not, that we should die in our Country, and amongst our friends, where though our misfortune had found no redress, yet we should not have wanted pity, and at last gasp we should have had our eyes closed. Oh Companion of mine, and friend, how ill have I rewarded thy honest service? Pardon me, and desire Fortune in the best manner thou canst, to deliver us from this miserable toyl in which we are both put; and I here promise to set a crown of Lawrel on thy head, that thou shalt look like a Poet Lawreat, and I will double thy Provender-allowance.

Thus *Sancho* lamented, and his As's hearkened to him, without answering a word: such was the strait and anguish in which the poor Scab found himself.

Finally, having passed over the whole night in complaints and lamentations, the day came on, with whose clearness and splendor *Sancho* saw that there was no manner of possibility to get out of that Well without help, and he began to lament and make a noise, to see if any body heard him; but all his crying out was as in a Desert, for in all the Country round about there was none to hearken to him. And then Dapple lay with his mouth open, and *Sancho* thought he had been dead; yet he so handled the matter, that he set him upon his legs, and taking a piece of bread out of his Wallets (which had run the same fortune with them) he gave it his Ass, which came not amiss to him: and *Sancho* said to him, as if he had understood it, Sorrows great, are lessened with meat.

By this he discovered on the one side of the Pit a great hole, whereat a man might pass thorough, crooking and stooping a little. *Sancho* drew to it, and squatting down, entred in, and saw that within it was large and spacious, and he might well discern it; for by a place that you might call the roof, the Sun-beam entred in, that discovered it all. He saw likewise that it was enlarged by another spacious concavity, which when he saw, he turned back again to his Ass, and with a stone began to pull down the earth of the Hole, and in a little while made way for his Ass to go out, which he did; and *Sancho* leading him by the Halter, went forward along the Cave, to see if he could find any egress on the other side: sometimes he went darklong, and without light, but never without fear. Lord God, said he, this, that to me is a misfortune, were to my Master *Don Quixote* a famous Adventure. He would think these profundities and dungeons were flowry Gardens, and *Galiana's* Palaces, and he would hope to get out of this straightness and darkness into some flow'ry field; but I unfortunate, ill-advised, and faint-hearted, think that every moment I shall fall into a deeper profundity than this former, that will swallow me downright.

Tis

'Tis a good ill that comes alone. In this manner, and in this imagination, he thought he had gone somewhat more than half a League, and at last he discovered a kind of Twilight, as if it had been day, and came in at some open place, which seemed to open an entrance to another World.

Here *Cid Hamete Benengeli* leaves him, and turns again to treat of *Don Quixote*, who, jocund and contented, expected the prefixed time for the Combat he was to perform with the dishonour of *Donna Rodriguez* Daughter, and thought to rectify the wrong and uncouth turn she had done her.

It fell out then, that going out one morning to exercise and practise against the trance in which e'er long he was to see himself; fetching up *Rosinante* with a full Career, he came close to a Cave's mouth that had he not reined him in hard, it had been impossible but he must have fallen into it.

Well, he stopt him, and fell not in: and coming somewhat nearer, without alighting, lookt into that depth, and beholding of it, heard a great noise within, and hearkening attentively, he might perceive and understand, that he that made it, cryed out, Ho, above there, is there any Christian that hears me? or any charitable Gentleman that will take pity of a sinner buried alive? of an unhappy ungovern'd Governor?

Don Quixote thought he heard *Sancho Pansa's* voice, at which he was in suspense and affrighted; but raising his voice as high as he could, he said, Who is below there? Who is it that cries out? Who should be here? or who should cry out, they answered, but the weather-beaten *Sancho Pansa*, Governor with a Pox to him, for his ill errantry of the Island *Barataria*, Squire sometime to the famous Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*?

When *Don Quixote* heard this, his admiration was doubled, and his astonishment increased, as thinking *Sancho Pansa* might be dead, and that his soul was there doing penance. And carried with this imagination,

nation, he said, I conjure thee by all I may, as I am a Catholic Christian, that thou tell me who thou art? and if thou be'st a soul in penalty, tell me what thou wilt have me do for thee: for since my profession is to succour and help the needy of this World, it shall always be so to help and aid the needy in another World, that cannot help themselves.

Then said they below, Belike, you that speak to me are my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and by the Organ of your voice can be no other.

Don Quixote I am, quoth he, that both aid the living and dead in their necessities, therefore tell me who thou art, for thou amazest me. For if thou be *Sancho Panza* my Squire, and that being dead, the Devil hath not seized on thee, and by God's mercy thou be in Purgatory, our holy Mother the Catholic Roman Church hath sufficient suffrages, to deliver thee from the pain thou endurest; and I with my wealth will solícite all that I can, and therefore make an end, and tell me who thou art?

Gods me, by whose birth soever you will, Signior *Don Quixote*, I swear I am your Squire *Sancho Panza*, and I never died in all my life, but that having left my Government for matters and causes that must be told more at leisure, over-night I fell into this Pit, where I lye and Dapple too, who will prove me to be no lyar, for he is here with me. Will you any more? And it seemed, the Ases understood what *Sancho* said, for at the instant he began to bray so loud, that all the Cave resounded.

A famous witness, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know this Bray, as if I had brought it forth, and I hear thy voice, my *Sancho*. Stay, and I'll go to the Duke's Castle that is here hard by, and I will get some to help thee out of this Pit, into which thy sins have cast thee.

Go Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for God's love, and return quickly, for I can no longer endure to be buried here alive, and I die for fear. *Don Quixote* left him, and went to the Castle to let the Dukes know *Sancho's* mis-hap;

mis-hap; at which they marvelled not a little, though they knew well enough how he might fall in for the knowledge they had, time out of mind, of that Vault; but they could not imagine how he had left his Government, they knowing nothing of his coming. Finally, they caused Ropes and Cables to be sent, and with much cost and labour of people, *Sancho* and *Dapple* were drawn out of that dismalness to the sun's light. A Scholar saw him, and said, Thus should all bad Governors come out of their Governments, as this sinner doth out of this profound Abism, pale dead for hunger, and, as I believe, without a cross to bless him with.

Sancho heard him, and said, 'Tis eight or ten days, Goodman Murmurer, since I began to govern the Island, in all which I never eat bread that kept me from hunger one hour; in all that time Physicians have persecuted me, and enemies have bruised my bones; neither have I had leisure to take bribes, or to recover my due, which being so, I deserved not (in my opinion) to come out in this manner; but man purposeth, and God disposeth, and God best knows what each man needeth; and let every man fit himself to the times, and no man say, I'll drink no more of such a drink; for where we think to fare well, there is oft ill usage. God Almighty knows my mind, 'tis enough, and I say no more, though I could. Be not angry, *Sancho*, nor vex'd with what thou hearest, for so thou shalt never be in quiet; come with a good conscience, let 'em say what they will, for to bridle malicious tongues, is as much as to set gates in the High-way.

If a Governor come rich from his Government, they say he hath play'd the Thief; and if poor, that he hath been a weak unable Coxcomb.

I warrant you, quoth *Sancho*, this bout, they shall rather hold me to be a Coxcomb than a Thief. With this discourse they went toward the Castle hemmed in with many boys, and other people, where the Duke and Duchess were in certain running Galleries,

leries, expecting *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*; who, before he would go up to see the Duke, would first accommodate *Dapple* in the Stable; for he said he had had a marvellous ill night on't at their lodging; and so strait he went up to see his Lords, before whom upon his knees, he said, I, my Lords, because your Greatnesses would needs have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your Island *Barataria*; into which, naked I entred, and naked come I out, I neither win nor lose, whether I governed well or ill, here be witnesses present to say what they please; I have resolved doubts, sentenced Causes, and have been ready to be starved, because Master Doctor *Pedro Rezio*, born at *Tirtea fuera*, would have it so, that Island and Governorish Physician; enemies set upon us by night, and having put us in great danger, they of the Island say, that they were freed, and got the victory by the valour of my arm; such health God send them, as they tell truth herein.

In fine, I have summed up all the burdens and the cares that this governing brings with it, and find by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them; neither are they a weight for my ribs, nor Arrows for my quiver; and therefore, lest I should be cast away in my Government, I have cast it away, and since yesterday morning I left the Island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs that it had when I came into it.

I have borrowed nothing of no body, nor hoarded up any thing; and though I thought to have made some profitable Ordinances, yet I did not, as fearing they would not be kept, which is as much as if they had never been made.

I left the Island, as I say, without any bodies accompanying me, but *Dapple*; I fell into a Pit, went forward in it, until this morning by the Sun's light I got out; but not so easily, for if heaven had not provided me my Master *Don Quixote*, there I had stuck till the end of the world.

So that my Lords, Duke and Duchess, here is *Sancho Panza* your Governor, that hath only learnt to know in these ten days that he hath governed, that he cares not for governing, not an Island, nay were it the whole world; this pre-supposed, kissing your Honour's hands, imitating * boys play, that cry, Leap thou, and then let me leap; so I leap from the Government, and pass again to my Master *Don Quixote's* service; for in fine, though with him I eat my victuals sometimes in fear, yet I have my belly full, and so that be, all's one to me, that it be with Carrets, or with Partridge. With this, *Sancho* ended his tedious discourse; *Don Quixote* fearing always that he would blunder out a thousand fopperies, but seeing him end with so few, he thank'd Heaven in his heart, and the Duke embraced *Sancho*, and said, He was sorry in his soul that he left the Government so quickly; but that he would cause some Office of less trouble, and more profit in his estate to be given him; the Duchess likewise embraced him, and commanded he should be made much of, for he seemed to be much wearied, and to be worse entreated.

* Like our Truss or Fail.





C H A P. XV.

Of the unmerciful and never seen Battel that passed betwixt Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, in defence of the Matron Donna Rodriguez Daughter.



HE Dukes repented them not of the jest that was put upon *Sancho* in the Government which they gave him, especially, because that very day their Steward came, and told them very punctually all the words and actions that *Sancho* both did and said in that time; and finally, so describ'd the assault of the Island, and so set out *Sancho's* fear, and his folly, that they received no small delight.

After this, the History tells us, that the day of the prefixed battel came, and the Duke having oft instructed his Lackey *Tosilos* how he should behave himself with *Don Quixote* to overcome him, without killing or wounding him; he gave order that their Pikes should be taken from their Lances, telling *Don Quixote*, that Christianity (which he preferred) permitted not, that that battel should be with so much hazard and danger of their lives; and that it was enough that he granted him free Lists in his Country, though it were against the Decree of the holy Council, that prohibits such challenges, yet he would not put that matter so strictly in execution.

Don Quixote bade his Excellency dispose of that business as he pleased, and that he would obey him in all.

The fearful day being come, the Duke commanded that there should be a spacious Scaffold set up in

in the place where the Judges of the Lifts might stand, and the Matron and her daughter the Plaintiffs.

There repaired a world of people from all the towns, and neighbouring villages, to see the novelty of that battel, who never saw, nor ever heard tell of the like in that Country, neither the living, nor those that were dead. The first that entred the field and Lifts, was, the Master of the Ceremonies, who measured out the ground, and passed all over it, that there might be no deceit, nor any hidden thing to make them stumble or fall; by and by the women entred, and sat down in their seats, with their mantles over their eyes and breasts, with shews of no small resenting, *Don Quixote* present in the Lifts.

A while after, the grand Lackey *Tosilos* appeared on one side of the large place, accompanied with many Trumpets, and upon a lusty Courser, sinking the very ground under him; his Vizor was drawn, and he was all arrayed in strong and shining Armour, his horse was Frizeland, well spread, or Colour flea-bitten, each fet-lock having nine and twenty pound of wooll upon it. The valiant Combatant came, well instructed by his Master, how he should demean himself with the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, advertised that he should by no means kill him, but that he should strive to shun the first encounter, to excuse the danger of his death which was certain, if he met him full butt. He paced over the place, and coming where the Matron was, he stay'd a while to behold her that demanded him for her husband. The Master of the Lifts called *Don Quixote*, that had now presented himself in the place, and together with *Tosilos*, he spoke to the women, asking them, if they agreed that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* should undertake their cause. They said, I, and that they allowed of all he should in that case perform, for firm and available.

By this the Duke and Duchess were set in a Gallery, which look'd just to the Lifts, all which was covered

covered with abundance of people, that expected to see the rigorous trance never seen.

The conditions of the Combatant was, That if *Don Quixote* overcame his Contrary, he should marry with *Donna Rodriguez* daughter; and that if he were overcome, his Contender was freed from his promise given, and not ty'd to any satisfaction. The Master of the Ceremonies divided the Sun between them, and set each of them in their places. The Drums struck up, and the sound of Trumpets filled the air, the earth shook under them, and the hearts of the spectator troop were in suspense, some fearing, others expecting the good or ill success of this matter.

Finally, *Don Quixote* recommending himself heartily to God and his Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, stood looking when the precise sign of the encounter should be given; but our Lackey was in another mind, he thought upon what now I will tell you. It seems, that as he stood looking upon his enemy, she seem'd to him to be the fairest woman in the world, and the little blind boy, whom up and down the streets folk call *Love*, would not lose the occasion offered, to triumph upon a Lackyan soul, and to put it in the list of his Trophies; and so coming to him fair and softly, without any body perceiving him, he clapped a flight two yards long into his left side, and struck his heart thorough and thorough, and he might safely do it, for love is invisible, and goes in and out where he list, no body asking him any account of his actions. Let me tell you then, that when the sign of the on-set was given, our Lackey was transported, thinking on the beauty of her that he had made mistress of his liberty, and so he took no notice of the Trumpets sound, as did *Don Quixote*, who scarce heard it, when he set spurs, and with as full speed as *Rosinante* would permit, went against his enemy, and his good Squire *Sancho Pansa*, seeing him depart cried out aloud, God guide thee, Cream and Flower of Knights Errant, God give thee the Victory, seeing

ing thou hast right on thy side; and though *Tosilos* saw *Don Quixote* come toward him, yet he moved not a whit from his place, but rather aloud called the Master of the Lists, who coming to see what he would have, *Tosilos* said,

Sir, doth not this battel consist in my marrying, or not marrying with that Gentlewoman? Yes, it was answered him. Well then, quoth the Lackey, I am scrupulous of Conscience, which would much be burthened, if this battel should proceed; and therefore I say, I yield my self vanquished, and will marry this Gentlewoman presently.

The Master of the Lists wondered at *Tosilos's* reasons; and as he was one of those that knew of the contriving that business, could not answer him a word.

Don Quixote stopp'd in the midst of his Career, seeing his enemy met not.

The Duke knew nothing why the Combat should not go forward, but the Master of the Lists went to tell him what *Tosilos* said, at which he was in suspense, and extremely cholerick.

Whilst this happened, *Tosilos* came where *Donna Rodriguez* was, and cried aloud, Mistress, I'll marry your daughter, and therefore will never strive for that with suits and contentions, which I may have peaceably, and without danger of death.

The valorous *Don Quixote* heard this, and said, Seeing 'tis so, and that I am loosed and free from my promise, let them marry on God's name, and since God hath given her him, *St. Peter* bless her.

The Duke now came down into the Place, and coming to *Tosilos*, said, Is it true, Knight, that you yield your self vanquished, and that instigated by your timorous Conscience, you will marry that maid? I, Sir, quoth *Tosilos*.

He doth very well, quoth *Sancho* then, for that thou wouldst give the Mouse, give the Cat, and he will free thee from trouble.

Tosilos began now to unlace his Helmet, and desired them to help him apace, for his spirits and his breath failed him, and he could not endure to see himself so long shut up in that narrow chamber. They undid it apace, and now the Lackey's face was plainly discovered. Which when *Donna Rodriguez* and her Daughter saw, they cried out, saying, This is couzenage, this is couzenage; they have put *Tosilos* my Lord the Duke's Lackey instead of our true husband; Justice from God and the King, for such malice, not to say villany.

Grieve not your selves, Ladies, quoth *Don Quixote*, for this is neither malice nor villany, and if it be, the Duke is not in fault, but wild Enchanters that persecute me; who envying that I should get the glory of this conquest, have converted the face of your Husband into this, which you say is the Duke's Lackey; take my counsel, and in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him, for doubtless 'tis he that you desire to have to husband.

The Duke that heard this, was ready to burst all his choler into laughter, and said, The things that happen to Signior *Don Quixote* are so extraordinary, that it makes me believe this is not my Lackey; but let us use this slight and device, let us defer the marriage only one fifteen days, and keep this personage that holds us in doubt, lock'd up, in which perhaps he will return to his pristine shape; for the rancour that Enchanters bear, Signior *Don Quixote*, will not last so long, they gaining so little by these couzenages and transformations they use.

O, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, these wicked Elves do usually change one thing into another in my Master's affairs; not long since they changed a Knight he conquer'd, called, *The Knight of the Looking-glasses*, into the shape of the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, born in our town, and our special friend, and they turned my Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso* into a rustick clown; and so I imagine this Lackey will live and die so, all days of his life.

The

To which, quoth *Rodriguez* daughter, Let him be who he will that demands me to wife (I thank him) I had rather be lawful wife to a Lackey, than a Paramour to be mocked by a Gentleman, though besides he that abused me is none.

The upshot of all was, that *Tosilos* should be kept up, till they saw what became of his transformation. All cried, *Don Quixote's* was the victory, and the most were sad and melancholy, to see that the expected Combatants had not beaten one another to pieces; as boys are sad, when the party they look for comes not out to be hang'd, when either the contrary, or the Justice pardons him.

The people departed, and the Duke and the Duchess returned, and *Don Quixote* with them to the Castle; *Tosilos* was shut up, *Donna Rodriguez* and her daughter were most happy, to see that one way or other, that business should end in marriage, and *Tosilos* hoped no less.



CHAP. XVI.

How Don Quixote took his leave of the Duke, and what befel him with the witty and wanton Altisidora, the Duchess's Damsel.



OW it seemed good to *Don Quixote*, to leave the idle Li'e he had in the Castle, thinking it a great wrong to his person, to be shut up, and lazy amongst so many delights and dainties as were offered to him as a Knight Errant by those Nobles, and he thought he was to give a strict account to Heaven for that idleness and retirement, and so asked license one day of the Dukes

to depart, which they gave him, but seemed to be very sorrowful that he would leave them. The Duchess gave *Sancho Panza* his wife's Letters, who wept in them, and said, Who would have thought that such great hopes as the news of my Government engendred in my Wife *Teresa Panza's* breast, should stop in this, that I must return to my Master *Don Quixote's* dragged Adventures? For all that, I am glad to see that my *Teresa* was like her self, by sending the Acorns to the Duchess, which if she had not sent, I being sorry she had shewed her self ungrateful; my comfort is, that this kind of Present could not be called a bribe, for I had my Government before she sent it, and 'tis very fit that they who receive a benefit, though it be but in trifles, shew themselves thankful. In effect, naked I came into the Government, and naked I go out of it, and therefore I may say (which is no small matter) with a safe Conscience, Naked was I born, naked I am, I neither win nor lose. This *Sancho* discoursed with himself at the time when he was to depart, and *Don Quixote* going out (having taken his leave the night before of the Dukes) one morning, he presented himself all armed in the Castle Court, all the people of the house beheld him from the Galleries, and the Dukes too went out to see him. *Sancho* was upon his *Dapple*, with his Wallets, his Cloak-bag, and his Sumpter-provision most frolick; for the Duke's Steward, he that had been *Trifaldi's*, gave him a purse with two hundred crowns of Gold, to supply his wants by the way, and yet *Don Quixote* knew nothing of this.

Whilst all were thus beholding him, unlook'd for, amongst other Matrons and Damsels of the Duchess's, the witty and wanton *Alcisidora* beheld him, and with a woful voice said,

Hearken, O thou wicked Knight,
Hold a little back thy reins;
Do not so bestir the flank
Of thy most ungovern'd beast.

Fal'se,

False, behold, thou fliest not
From a Serpent that is fierce,
No ; but from a little Lamb,
Lacks not much of being a Sheep.
Horrid Monster, thou hast abused
The most beauteous Damsel,
That Diana in hills hath seen,
Or Venus in woods beheld.
Cruel Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never may'st thou thrive.

Thou carriest (Oh ill carrying)
In thy wicked clutching paws,
The entrails of an humble one,
Tender and enamoured.
Three nightcaps hast thou born hence,
And a pair of garters too,
That do equal Marble pure,
For their smoothness, white and black.
Two thousand sighs thou bearest away,
Which were they but fire, they might
Set on fire two thousand Troys,
(If two thousand Troys there were.)
Cruel Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never may'st thou thrive.

Of thy Squire that Sancho he,
May his entrails be so tough,
And so hard that Dulcine—
a may nor disenchant be.
For the fault that thou hast made,
Let poor she the burden bear,
For the just, for wrongers do,
Sometimes in my Country pay.
Let thy best Adventures all,
Into mis-adventures turn :
All thy pleasure to a dream,
Firmness to forgetfulness.
Cruel Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never may'st thou thrive.

May'st thou false accounted be,
 From Sevil to Marchena,
 From Granada unto Loia,
 From * London to England.
 Whenſoe'er thou play'st at Trump,
 At Primera, or at Saint,
 Never may'st thou ſee a King,
 Aces, ſevens fly from thee.
 If thou chance to cut thy Corns,
 May'st thou wound 'till blood do come:
 Alſo let the ſtumps remain,
 If thou pluck out hollow teeth.
 Cruel Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
 Barabbas take thee, never may'st thou thrive.

Whilſt the grieved *Altifidora* thus lamented, *Don Quixote* beheld her, and without answering a word, turning to *Sancho*, he ſaid, By thy fore-fathers lives, I conjure thee, my *Sancho*, that thou tell me one truth: tell me happily, haſt thou the three Night-Caps, and the Garters that this enamoured Damſel ſpeaks of? To which, quoth *Sancho*, the three Caps I have; but for your Garters, as ſure as the Sea burns.

The Duchefs wondred at *Altifidora*'s looſeneſs: for though ſhe held her to be bold, witty, and wanton, yet ſhe never thought ſhe would have proceeded ſo far: and knowing nothing of this jeſt, her admiration was the greater.

The Duke meant to ſecond the ſport, and therefore ſaid, I do not like it well, Sir Knight, that having received this good entertainment that hath been made you in my Caſtle, you ſhould preſume to carry away three Night-caps at leaſt: if it were but only my Damſel's Garters, 'tis a ſign of a falſe heart,

* Though theſe Verſes were made on purpoſe, to be abſurd; yet ſure the author here fell into the common abſurdity, that I have known many of his Countrymen do, which is, that *England* is in *London*, and not *Vice Verſa*.

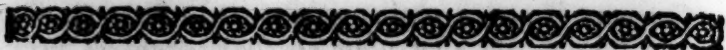
not suitable to your Honour, and therefore restore her Garters; if not, I challenge you to a mortal Combat, and I'll not fear that your elvish Enchanters will truck or change my face, as they have done my Lackey *Tosilos*, that was to have fought with you.

God forbid, quoth *Don Quixote*, that I should unsheath my Sword against your most illustrious Person, from whom I have received so many favours. The Night-caps I will restore, for *Sancho* says he hath them; the Garters 'tis impossible, for neither I nor I received them; and if this your Damsel will look into her corners, I warrant her she finds them. I, my Lord, was never Thief, nor never think I shall as long as I live, if God forsake me not. This Damsel speaks (as she pleaseth) as being enamoured on what I am not faulty of: and therefore I have no reason to ask forgiveness neither of her, nor your Excellency; whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me: and again, I desire your Licence to be upon my way.

God send you, Signior *Don Quixote*, quoth the Duchess, so good a journey, that we may always hear happy news of your brave exploits, and so God be with you, for the longer you stay, the more you increase the flames in the Damsels hearts that behold you. And for mine, I'll punish her so, that henceforward she shall neither misbehave herself in look or action. Hear me then but a Word, oh valorous *Don Quixote*, quoth *Altisidora*, which is, that I cry thee mercy for the theft of my Garters; for in my soul and conscience I have them on, and I have fallen into the same carelessness of his, that looked for his Ass when he rode upon him.

Did not I tell you, quoth *Sancho*, I am a fit Youth to conceal thefts? for had I been so, I had in two bouts fit occasions in my Government.

Don Quixote inclined his head, and made an obedience to the Dukes and By-standers, and turning *Rosinante's* reins, *Sancho* following him on Dapple, he went out of the Castle, taking his way towards *Saragossa*.



C H A P. XVII.

Of Adventures that came so thick and threefold on Don Quixote, that they gave no respite one to the other.



W H E N Don Quixote saw himself in open field, free and uncumbred from *Altisidora's* wooing, he thought himself in his Center, and that his spirits were renewed, to prosecute his new project of Chivalry; and turning to *Sancho*, said,

Liberty, *Sancho*, is one of the preciousst gifts that heaven hath given men; the treasure that the earth encloseth, and the sea hides, cannot be equaliz'd to it. Life ought to be hazarded, as well for liberty, as for a man's honour; and by the contrary, Captivity is the greatest evil that can befall men. This I tell thee, *Sancho*, because thou hast well observed the chear and plenty we have had in the Castle we left. Well, in the midst of those savoury banquets, and those drinks cooled with snow, methought I was straitned with hunger; for I enjoyed nothing with the liberty I should have done, had it been mine own; for the obligations of recompensing benefits and favours received, are ties that curb a free mind. Happy that man, to whom heaven hath given a piece of bread, without obligation to thank any else, but heaven alone.

For all that, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis not fit for us to be unthankful for two hundred Crowns that we have received in gold, which the Duke's Steward gave me in a purse, which I carry as a comforting Cordial next my heart for what may fall out; for we shall not always find Castles where we shall be much made

made on: sometimes we shall meet with Inns where we shall be cudgelled.

In these and such like discourses went the Errants on, Knight and Squire, when they saw (having gone about half a League) upon the grass of a green meadow, some dozen men, with their cloaks spread at dinner, clad like Husbandmen. Somewhat near them, they had, as it were, white sheets, with which they covered something underneath: they were set upright, and stretch'd at length, and put a pretty distance one from another.

Don *Quixote* came to those that were eating, and saluting them first courteously, he asked them what was under that linen? One of them answered him, Sir, under this linen there be certain images of imbossed work in wood, which must serve in a shew we make in our village. We carry them covered that they may not be sullied, and on our shoulders, that they be not broken. If you please, quoth Don *Quixote*, I should be glad to see them; for Images carried so charily, doubtless are good ones. Good, quoth one, if they be not, let their price speak; for there is none of them but cost fifty Ducats; and that you may see 'tis true, pray stay, and you shall see it with your eyes: and rising, he left his dinner, and went to uncover the first image, which shewed to be St. *George* on horseback, with a winding serpent at his feet, and his Lance run through the throat of it, with the fierceness he useth to be painted with. All the images seemed to be of pure gold, and Don *Quixote* seeing it, said, This Knight was one of the best Errants that the divine Warfare had, his name was St. *George*, and he was a wonderful Defender of Damsels. Let's see this next: the man discovered it, and it seemed to be Saint *Martin* on horseback, that divided his cloak with the poor man; and Don *Quixote* no sooner saw it, but he said, This Knight also was one of our Christian Adventurers, and I believe he was more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest see, *Sancho*, by his dividing his cloak, and giving

ing the poor man half; and doubtless it was then Winter, for had it been Summer, he would have given him all, he was so charitable.

Not so, quoth *Sancho*, but he stuck to the Proverb, To give and to have, doth a brain crave.

Don Quixote laughed, and desired them to take away another piece of linen, under which was the Image of the Patron of *Spain* on Horseback, his sword bloodied, trampling on Moors, and treading on heads: and *Don Quixote* seeing it, said, I marry, Sir, here's a Knight indeed, one of Christ's squadrons. This is called *Don Saint Diego*, Moor-killer, one of the valiantest Saints and Knights in the World then, or in Heaven now. Then they discovered another piece, which shewed *St. Paul* his falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually painted in the Table of his Conversion. When he saw him so lively, as if you would say, Christ were then speaking to him, and *Paul* answering; he said, This was the greatest enemy that the Church of God had in a long time, and the greatest Defender that ever it shall have; a Knight Errant in his life-time, and a quiet Saint in his death, a restless labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord, a Doctor of Nations, whose school was Heaven, and Christ himself his Reader and Instructor. Now there were no more Images; and so *Don Quixote* commanded them to cover them again, and said to those that carried them, I hold it for a propitious sign, Brethren, to have seen what I have seen; for those Saints and Knights were of my profession, which is, to exercise Arms; only the difference between them and me is, that they were Saints, and fought divinely; I am a sinner, and fight humanly. They conquer'd heaven by the force of their Arms (for Heaven suffers force) and hitherto I know not what I conquer by the force of my sufferings. But if my *Dulcinea del Toboso* be once free from hers, my Fortune bettering itself, and my judgment repaired, perhaps I might take a better course than I do.

God grant, and Sin be deaf, quoth *Sancho*, strain

The

The men wondred as well at *Don Quixote's* shape, as his discourse, and understood not one half what it meant. They ended their dinner, and got up their Images, and taking leave of *Don Quixote*, went on their way. *Sancho* admired afresh, as if he had never known his Master, at his knowledge, thinking there was no History in the World, or Accident, that he had not cyphered upon his nail, and nailed in his memory, and said, Truly, Master of mine, if this that hath befallen us to day may be called an Adventure, it hath been one of the most delicious, sweetest, that in all our peregrination hath befallen us; for we are come out of it without blows or affrightment, or laying hands to our swords, or without beating the earth with our bodies, or being hungry. God be thanked that he hath let me see this with these eyes of mine.

Thou sayest well, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, but thou must know, the times are not always alike, nor run on in one fashion, and that which the vulgar commonly calls Bodings, which are not grounded upon any natural reason, ought to be held, and reputed, and judged by a wise man for good luck. One of your Wizards riseth in a morning, goes out of his house, meets with a Fryar of the blessed Order of *St. Francis*, as if he had met with a Griffin, turns his back, and runs home again. 'Tother *Mendoza*, he spills the salt on the Table, and strait hath a Melancholy sprinkled all over his heart, as if Nature were bound to shew signs of ensuing mischances, with things of so small moment as the aforesaid. The discreet Christians ought not to stand upon points, or to look into the doings of Heaven. *Scipio* comes into *Africa*, and leaping on shore, he stumbles; his Soldiers hold it for an ill sign, but he embracing the ground, said, Thou canst not fly from me, *Africa*, for I have fast hold on thee in mine Arms. So that, *Sancho*, the meeting with these Images hath been a most happy success to me.

I believe you, quoth *Sancho*, and pray tell me the cause why we *Spaniards* cry, Saint *Faques*, and shut *Spain*? Is *Spain* open trow, so that it needed be shut? or what ceremony is this?

Thou art most simple, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and look, This Grand Knight with the red Cross, God hath given him to *Spain* for a Patron and Protector, especially in the hard Conflicts that the Moors and we had together, and therefore they invoke and call on him as their Protector in all their battels they give, and many times they have visibly seen him in them, overthrowing, trampling, destroying and killing *Agareh* Squadrons. Many examples could I produce to confirm this, out of the true *Spanish* Histories.

Sancho changed his discourse, and said to his Master, Sir, I do wonder at the looseness of *Altisidora*, the Duchess's Damsel, that same fellow, called Love, hath bravely wounded and run her thorow: they say, he is a little blind boy, that though he be blear-eyed, or to say truer, blind, takes the least heart for his mark, and hits it, and pierceth it with his sight from one side to the other. I have also heard say, that in the modesty and wariness of Damsels, his amorous arrows are headless and dull; but in this *Altisidora*, it seems they are rather whetted, than dull. Look you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, Love hath no respect or limit in his dealing, and hath the same condition with Death, that as well sits upon the high Palaces of Kings, as the low Cottages of Shepherds; and when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is to banish shame, without which, *Altisidora* declared her desires, that rather engendred in my breast confusion than pity.

Notable cruelty, quoth *Sancho*, unheard of thanklessness! I know for my part, that the least amorous reason of hers, would have humbled and made me her vassal: ah whore-son, what a heart of marble, entrails of brass, and soul of rough-cast had you! but I cannot imagine what this Damsel saw in you, that
should

should so vanquish her? what gallantry? what courage? what conceit? what countenance? which of these alone, or all-together enamoured her? for truly, truly, I behold you many times from head to foot, and I see more in you to affright, than to enamour. And having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principal part that doth enamour, you having none, I know not on what the poor soul was enamoured.

Mark, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, there be two kinds of beauty, one of the mind, the other of the body; that of the mind doth march, and is seen in the understanding, in honesty, in good proceeding, in liberality, in being well bred; and all these qualities are untamed, and may be in an ill-favoured man; and when the choice is set upon this beauty, and not upon that of the body, it causeth love with more force and advantage. I see, *Sancho*, that I am not lovely, and yet I know too I am not deformed; and it is enough for an honest man, if he be not a monster, to be beloved, so I have the portions of the mind I have told thee of.

In these reasons and discourses they went, entring in at a Wood that was out of the way, and suddenly, before they were aware, *Don Quixote* found himself entangled in nets of green thread, that were set from one tree to another; and not imagining what it might be, he said to *Sancho*, Methinks, *Sancho*, this Adventure of these Nets is one of the strangest that may be imagined: Hang me, if the Enchanters that persecute me, mean not to entangle me in them, and to stop my way, in revenge of the rigour I have used toward *Alsidora*. Well, let them know that these Nets, were they of hardest Diamonds, as they are of green thread, or stronger than that the jealous God of the Black-smiths entangled *Venus* and *Mars* with, I would break it, as if it were bull-rushes or yarn: and striving to get forward, suddenly two most beautiful Shepherdesses coming from out the Thicket, appeared before him; two at least attired like Shepherdesses,

desses, only their loose Jackets and Coats were of fine cloth of gold. I say, their Kirtles were of Tissue, their hairs hung loose over their shoulders, that for golden, might compare with the Sun-beams. They were crowned with two Garlands woven with green Bays, and red-flower gentle; their ages seemed to be not under fifteen, nor past eighteen.

This was a sight that astonished *Sancho*, suspended *Don Quixote*, made the Sun stop in his Career to behold them, and held all the four in marvellous silence. In fine, the first that spake, was one of the Shepherdesses, that said to *Don Quixote*, Hold, Gentlemen, and break not our Nets, that are spread there not to your hurt, but for our recreation; and because I know you will ask us why they are so put, and who we are, I will tell you briefly.

In a village some two leagues from hence, where there are many Gentlemen of quality, and rich; amongst many acquaintances and kindred it was agreed, that the wives, sons, and daughters, neighbours, friends, and kindfolk, should joyn to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest here round about, forming as it were amongst us, a new and pastoral Arcadia, clothing the maids like Shepherdesses, and the young men like Shepherds. Two Eclogues we have studied, one of the famous Poet *Garsilasso*, and the other of that most excellent Poet *Camoës*, in his own Mother *Portugal* tongue, which hitherto we have not repeated. Yesterday was the first day we came hither. We have our Tents, called Field-Tents, pitched amongst these trees, close by the brink of a goodly running brook, which fructifies all these meadows. Last night we did spread our nets on these trees to catch the poor birds, that being allured with our call, should fall into them. If you please, Sir, to be our guest, you shall be entertained liberally and courteously; for now into this place comes neither sorrow nor melancholy. With this she was silent, and said no more.

To which *Don Quixote* answered, Truly, fairest Lady, *Aceon* was not more astonish'd or in suspence, when on the sudden he saw *Diana* bathing herself in the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty. I commend the manner of your pastime; and thank you for your kind offers, and if I may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me; for my profession is this, to shew myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shews you to be. And if those Nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole World, I would seek out new Worlds to pass thro' rather than break them. And that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold, at least he that promiseth you this, is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.

Ah sweet friend, quoth the other Shepherdes, what good luck is this? Seest thou this Gentleman before us? Well, let me tell thee, he is the valiantest, the most enamoured, and the most courteous in the World, if the History lye not, and deceive us, which is in print, of his famous exploits which I have read. I hold a wager this honest fellow here with him is, what call ye him, *Sancho Pansa* his Squire, that hath no fellow for his mirth.

'Tis true, quoth *Sancho*, I am that merry fellow, and that Squire you speak of, and this Gentleman is my Master, the very self-same *Don Quixote* aforesaid, and historified.

Ah, quoth the other, let us intreat him, friend, to stay with us, for our friends and kindred will be infinitely glad of it; and I have heard tell, as well as thou, of his Worth and Wit, and above all, they say of him, that he is the firmest and loyallest Amourist that is known, and that his Mistress is one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, that bears the prize from all the beauties in Spain.

With just reason she doth, quoth *Don Quixote*, if so be your matchless beauties put it not in controversy.

versy. Weary not yourselves, Ladies, in detaining me, for the precise ties of my profession will let me rest no where.

By this there came a brother of one of the Shepherdesses, where the four were as brave and gallant as they. They told him, that he which was with them, was the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the other, *Sancho* his Squire, of whom he had notice, as having read his History.

The gallant Shepherd saluted him, desiring him to come with them to their Tents. *Don Quixote* was forced to consent, which he did. And now the Nets were drawn, and filled with divers little birds, who deceived with the colour of them, fell into the danger they shunn'd. There met in that place above thirty persons, all gallantly clad like Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and instantly they were made to know who *Don Quixote* was, and his Squire; at which they were not a little contented, for they had notice of him by his History. They came to the Tents, and found the Tables covered, rich, abundant, and neat. They honour'd *Don Quixote* with the chief seat: All of them beheld him, and admired to see him.

Finally, the cloth being taken away, *Don Quixote* very gravely lifted up his voice, and said, Amongst the greatest sins that are committed (though some say pride) yet I say, ingratitude is one, holding myself to the usual saying, That Hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin, as much as possible I could, I have sought to avoid ever since I had reason: and if I cannot repay one good turn with another, instead of that, my desires are not wanting, and when they suffice not, I publish them: for he that acknowledgeth and publisheth good turns received, would also recompence them with others if he could: for, for the most part, they that receive, are inferior to those that give; and so God is above all, because he is giver above all, and the gifts of men cannot be equal to God's, for the infinite difference betwixt them; and this straitness and barrenness, doth in some measure supply

ply a thankfulness. I therefore being thankful for the kindness I have here received, and not able to correspond in the same proportion, containing myself in the narrow limits of my ability, offer what I may, and what I have from my Harvest, and therefore I say, that I will for two long days maintain, in midst of the King's high-way toward *Saragossa*, that these Ladies, counterfeit Shepherdesses here present, are the fairest and most courteous Damsels in the World, excepting only the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sole Mistress of my thoughts, with peace be it spoken to as many both hees and shees as hear me.

Which when *Sancho* heard, that had attentively listned, crying out, he said, Is it possible there can be any body in the World, that dares say or swear that this Master of mine is mad? Pray speak, you Gentlemen Shepherds, is there any Country Vicar, be he never so wise, or never so good a Scholar, that can say what my Master hath said? Or is there any Knight Errant, let him be never so much fam'd for his valour, that can offer what my Master hath here offered?

Don Quixote turned to *Sancho*, and all enflamed and cholerick, said, Is it possible, O *Sancho*, that there is any body in the World that will say, Thou art not a Coxcomb, lined with the same, and hemmed with I know not what malice or knavery? Who bids thee meddle with my matters, in listning out, whether I be wise or a jolt-head? Peace, and not a word, but saddle *Rosinante*, if he be unsaddled, and let's put my offer in execution; for with the justice that I have on my side, thou mayest presume, as many as I meet withal are vanquished. And so with great fury, and in a terrible huff, he rose from his chair, leaving all the by-standers in admiration, and in doubt whether they should hold him mad or wise. Finally, they persuaded him, he should not thrust himself into such an engagement, for they acknowledged his thankful good will, and that there needed no new demonstrations

tions to know his valorous mind, for his exploits mentioned in his History were sufficient.

For all that, *Don Quixote* proceeded in his purpose, and mounted on *Rosinante*, buckling his shield to him, and taking his Lance, he got to the Highway, not far from the green Meadow. *Sancho* followed him upon Dapple, with all the pastoral flock, desirous to see what might be the issue of that arrogant, and never-seen offer.

Don Quixote being (as I have said) upon the way, he wounded the Air with these Words, Oh you Passengers, and way-faring Knights, Squires on foot, or on horseback, that either now pass this way, or are to pass in these two ensuing days, know, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight Errant, is here ready to maintain, that setting the beauty of the Mistress of my soul aside, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Nymphs that inhabit these Meadows and Groves, are the fairest that may be: And he that is of a contrary opinion, let him come, for here I expect him.

Twice he repeated these self same words, and twice they were not heard by any Adventurer. But his good luck that directed his Affairs better and better, so ordained, that a pretty while after, they might see a troop of horse-men upon the way, and many of them with Lances in their hands, all of them going in a heap together, and apace. They that were with *Don Quixote*, as soon as ever they saw them, turned their backs, and got far enough out of the way; for they knew if they stayed, they might be in some danger: only *Don Quixote* with an undaunted heart stood still, and *Sancho Pansa* warded himself with *Rosinante's* buttocks.

The troop of the Lances came on, and one that was formost cried out aloud to *Don Quixote*, saying, Out of the way, madman; for these Bulls will beat thee to pieces.

Go to, ye scoundrels, quoth *Don Quixote*, your Bulls shall not prevail with me, though they were the fiercest that *Xarama* hath feeding on his Banks:

Confess,

Confess, ye Elves, all in one, that what I have proclaimed here, is a truth, or else come and combat with me.

The Herdsman had no leisure to answer, nor *Don Quixote* to get out of the way, though he would; and so the troop of wild Bulls, together with the tame Kine, and the multitude of Herdsmen, and others, that carried them to be kept up in a town, where they were the next day to be baited, trampled over *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, *Rosinante*, and *Dapple*, tumbling them all down upon the ground.

Sancho was bruised, *Don Quixote* astonish'd, *Dapple* banged, and *Rosinante* not very Catholick; but in fine, all of them got up, and *Don Quixote* in all haste, sometimes stumbling, otherwhiles falling, began to run after the whole Herd, crying aloud, Hold, Stay, ye Elvish crew, for one only Knight expects you, who is not of that mind or opinion of those that say, To a flying enemy a silver bridge. But the hasty runners stay'd never a whit the more for this, nor made any reckoning of his threats more than of last year's clouds.

Don Quixote being weary stay'd him. So, fuller of anger than revenge, he sate in the way, expecting when *Sancho*, *Rosinante*, and *Dapple* should arrive. At length they came, and Master and man gat up, and without leave taking of the feigned or counterfeit *Arcadia*, with more shame than delight, they went onward their way.





C H A P. XVIII.

Of an extraordinary accident that befel Don Quixote, which may be held for an Adventure.

THE dust and weariness that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* received from the unmannerly Bulls, was recompensed with a clear and running Fountain, which they found in a cool Grove, on whose Margin leaving *Rosinante* and *Dapple* loose without a bridle or Halter, the two way-beaten, Master and Man, sate down. *Sancho* repaired to the Cupboard of his Wallets, and took out of them that which he called his sauce, and rinsed his mouth: *Don Quixote* wash'd his face, with which refreshing his faint spirits, recovered breath.

Don Quixote eat nothing for pure grief, neither durst *Sancho* touch any meat before him for pure mannerliness, and expected his Master should first be his Taster: but seeing him carried on with his imaginations, not remembring to put a bit in his mouth, he never asked him; and over-running all kind of manners, he began to barrel up all the Bread and Cheefe that was before him in his stomach.

Eat, friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, hold life together, for thou hast more need than I, and leave me to die by the hands of my sorrows, and the force of my misfortunes. I was born, *Sancho*, to live dying, and thou, to die eating; and that thou may'st see I tell thee true, consider me printed in Histories, famous in Arms, well-nurtur'd in my Actions, respected by Princes, courted by Damsels; now at the end of all, when I hoped for Bays, Triumphs and Crowns laid up and merited by my famous exploits:

this

this morning I have seen my self trampled on and kick'd, and bruised with the feet of base unclean Beasts; the consideration of this dulls my teeth, makes slow my grinders, and benums my hands, and altogether bereaves me of my appetite; so that I think I shall die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths.

So that, quoth *Sancho* (not leaving his fast chewing) you will not allow of that Proverb, that says, *Let Martha die, so she die not empty*; at least, I will not be the cause of my death. I mean rather to do as the Shoe-maker doth, that stretcheth the Leather with his teeth, till he makes it reach as he list; I'll draw out my life by eating, till it come to the end that Heaven hath allotted it; and know, Sir, there is no greater madness in the world, than to despair as you do; and believe me, and after you have eaten, rest your self a little upon the Down-beds of this green grass, and you shall see, that when you wake, you shall find your self somewhat lightned.

Don Quixote took his Counsel, taking his reasons to be rather Philosophical, than senseless, and said, If thou, O *Sancho*, wouldst do, what shall I now tell thee for me, my lightsomeness would be certain, and my sorrows not so great; which is, that whilst I (obeying thy counsel) sleep, thou go out of the way a little, and with *Rosinante's* reins, turning thy flesh to the air, give thy self three or four hundred lashes upon account of the three thousand, and so many that thou art to give for the dis-enchanting *Dulcinea*, which is no small pity, that that poor Lady should be enchanted by thy carelessness and negligence.

There is much to be said in this business, quoth *Sancho*, let's both sleep now, and God will provide afterward: Know, Sir, that this whipping in cold blood, is a cruel thing, especially if it light upon a weak body and worse fed; let my Lady *Dulcinea* have patience, for when she least thinks of it, she shall see me a very Cieve with lashes, and till death all is life, I mean, I live with a desire to fulfil my promise.

Don Quixote giving him thanks, eat something, and *Sancho* a great deal, leaving the two continual friends and companions, *Rosinante* and *Dapple* to their *liberum arbitrium*, disorderly feeding upon the pasture that was plentiful in that Meadow.

They awaked somewhat late, and up they got again, and went on their way, making haste to come to an Inn, which seemed to be about a League off: I say an Inn, for *Don Quixote* called it so, contrary to his ordinary custom of calling all Inns, Castles. Well, to it they come, they ask'd mine Host, if there were any lodging. He answered, Yes, with all the commodiousness and provision that they might have in the Town of *Saragossa*.

They alighted, and *Sancho* retired with his Sumptry into a Chamber of which the Host gave him the Key; the Beasts he carried to the Stable, and gave them their stint, and so went to see what *Don Quixote* (who sat by upon a Bench) would command him, giving God particular thanks, that that Inn had not appeared to him a Castle.

Supper-time came on, so to their resting place they got.

Sancho ask'd mine Host what he had for Supper? To which, quoth he, Your mouth shall have measure, ask what you will? * for from the birds of the air, to the Poultry of the earth, and the fishes of the Sea, that Inn was provided.

Not so much, quoth *Sancho*, for so we may have a couple of roasted Chickens, 'twill be enough; for my Master is weak stomach'd, and eats little, and I am no very greedy-gut.

Mine Host answered him, he had no Chickens, for the Kites had devoured them. Why then let's have a tender Pullet roasted, quoth he. A Pullet? My father as soon; trust me, trust me, I sent above fifty

* A good Character of a lying, beggarly, vain-glorious Spanish Host in general.

yesterday to the City to sell; saving Pullets, ask what you will.

Why then, quoth *Sancho*, you want no Veal, or Kid? We have none in the house now, said my Host, for it is all spent; but by next week we shall have to spare.

The matter is mended, quoth *Sancho*, I hold a wager all these wants are supply'd with Eggs and Bacon.

Assuredly, quoth mine Host, here's fine doings with my guest; I have told him, we have neither Pullet nor Hens, and yet he would have Eggs. Run, if you will, to other dainties, and leave these gluttonies.

Resolve us (Body of me, quoth *Sancho*) and tell me what we shall have, and leave you your running, mine Host. The Host said, The very truth is, I have two Neat's-feet, like Calve's-feet; or two Calve's-feet, like Neat's-feet, they are sod with their Pease, Bacon, and Onions; and just at this instant, cry, Come eat me, Come eat me.

For mine I mark them henceforward, quoth *Sancho*, and let no man touch them, for I'll pay more for them than any body else, and there could have been no better meat for me in the world.

No man shall touch them, said mine Host, for other guests I have out of pure Gentility, bring their Cook, Caterer, and Butler with them. If it go by gentle, quoth *Sancho*, none more gentle than my Master, but his Calling permits no Larders or Butteries; we clap us down in the midst of a field, and fill our selves with Acorns and Medlars.

This discourse passed between *Sancho* and the Host, without *Sancho's* answering him, who asked what Calling his Master was of. Supper was ready, *Don Quixote* went to his Chamber, mine Host brought the pot of meat just as it was, and sate him fair and well down to supper; it seem'd that in another Chamber next *Don Quixote's*, divided only by a thin Lath-wall, he might hear one say, By your life, Signior *Don Feronimo*, whilst supper is to come in, let us
read

read another Chapter in the second Part of *Don Quixote*.

Don Quixote scarce heard himself named, when up he stood, and watchfully gave ear to their discourse concerning him, and he heard that the aforesaid *Don Feronimo* answered, Signior *Don John*, why should we read these fopperies? he that hath read the first part of *Don Quixote*, it is impossible he should take any pleasure in reading the second.

For all that, quoth *Don John*, 'twere good reading it; for there is no book so ill, that hath not some good thing in it.

That which most displeaseth me in this, is, that he makes *Don Quixote* dis-enamour'd of *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

Which when *Don Quixote* heard, full of wrath and despite, he lifted up his voice, saying, Whosoever saith *Don Quixote de la Mancha* hath forgotten, or can forget *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I will make him know with equal Arms, that he is far from the truth; for the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* cannot be forgotten, neither can forgetfulness be contained in *Don Quixote*, his Escutcheon is Loyalty, his profession sweetly to keep it, without doing it any violence.

Who is that answers us, said they in the next room? Who should it be, quoth *Sancho*, but *Don Quixote* himself, that will make good all he hath said, or as much as he shall say? for a good Pay-master cares not for his pawns.

Scarce had *Sancho* said this, when the two Gentlemen came in at the Chamber-door; for they seem'd no less to them; and one of them casting his Arms about *Don Quixote's* neck, said, neither can your presence bely your name, or your name credit your presence. Doubtless you, Sir, are the right *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, North-star, and Morning-star of Knight Errantry, in spite of him that hath usurped your name, and annihilated your exploits, as the Author of this book, I here deliver, hath done; and giving him the book that his companion had, *Don Quixote* took it,

it, and without answering a word, began to turn the leaves, and a while after returned it, saying, In this little that I have seen, I have found three things in this * Author worthy of reprehension.

The first is, some words I have read in his Prologue.

The second, that his language is *Arragonian*; for sometimes he writes without Articles; and the third which doth most confirm his ignorance, is, That he errs and strays from the truth in the chiefest of the History; for here he says, that *Sancho Panza* my Squire's wife's name was *Mary Gutierrez*, which is not so; but she is called *Teresa Panza*; and therefore he that errs in so main a matter, it may well be feared, he will err in all the rest of the History.

To this *Sancho* said, prettily done indeed of the Historian; he knows very well sure what belongs to our affairs, since he calls my wife *Teresa Panza*, *Mary Gutierrez*. Pray take the book again, Sir, and see whether I be there, and whether he have changed my name. By your speech, friend, quoth *Don Ferrnimo*, you should be *Sancho Panza*, Signior *Don Quixote's* Squire. I am, quoth *Sancho*, and I am proud of it.

Well, in faith, said the Gentleman, this modern Author doth not treat of you so neatly, as your Person makes shew for; he paints you out for a Glutton, an Ideot, and nothing witty, and far different from the *Sancho* that is described in the first part of your Master's History.

God forgive him, said *Sancho*, he should have left me in my corner, and not remembred me; for, every man in his ability, and 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin.

* This the Author of this Book brings in by way of invective against an *Arragonian* Scholar, that wrote a second part of *Don Quixote*, before this was published.

The two Gentlemen entreated *Don Quixote* to go to their chamber, and sup with them; for they knew well, that in that Inn he found not things fitting to his person.

Don Quixote, who was ever courteous, condescended to their request, and supped with them; *Sancho* remained with his flesh-pot, sole Lord and Governor. *Sancho* sat at the upper end of the Table, and with him, the Inn-keeper, that was no less affectioned to his Neats-feet than *Sancho*.

In the midst of supper, *Don John* asked *Don Quixote*, what news he had of his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whether she were married, or brought a-bed, or great with child, or being entire, whether (respecting her honesty and good *decorum*) she were mindful of *Signior Don Quixote's* amorous desires? To which, he answered,

Dulcinea is as entire, and my desires as firm as ever, our correspondency in the ancient barrenness, her beauty transformed into the complexion of a base milk-wench; and strait he recounted unto them every tittle of her Enchantment, and what had befallen him in *Montesino's* Cave, with the order that the sage *Merlin* had given for her dis-enchanting, which was by *Sancho's* stripes.

Great was the delight the two Gentlemen received to hear *Don Quixote* tell the strange Passages of his History, and so they wondered at his fopperies, as also his elegant manner of delivering them; here they held him to be wise, there he slipped from them by the fool; so they knew not what *medium* to give him, betwixt wisdom and folly.

Sancho ended his Supper, and leaving the Inn-keeper, passed to the chamber where his Master was, and entering, said, Hang me, Sirs, if the Author of this book that your worships have, would that we should eat a good meal together; pray God, as he calls me Glutton, he say not that I am a drunkard too.

Yes marry doth he, said *Don Feronimo*, but I know not how directly, though I know his reasons do not hang

hang together; and are very erroneous; as I see by *Sancho's* Physiognomy here present. Believe me, quoth *Sancho*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote* are differing in this History, from what they are in that *Cid Hamete Benengeli* composed; for we are, my Master valiant, discreet, and amorous; I simple and conceited; but neither Glutton nor Drunkard.

I believe it, said *Don John*, and were it possible it should be commanded, that none should dare to treat of the Grand *Don Quixote's* affairs, but *Cid Hamete*, his first Author; as *Alexander* commanded that none but *Apelles* should dare to draw him.

Let whose will draw me, quoth *Don Quixote*, but let him not abuse me; for oft times patience fails, when injuries overload. None, quoth *Don John*, can be done Signior *Don Quixote*, that he will not be revenged of, if he ward it not with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great.

In these and other discourses, they passed a great part of the night, and though *Don John* would, that *Don Quixote* should have read more in the book, to see what it did descant on, yet he could not prevail with him, saying, He made account he had read it, and concluded it to be but an idle Pamphlet, and that he would not (if it should come to the Author's knowledge, that he had meddled with it) he should make himself merry to think he had read it; for our thoughts must not be busied in filthy and obscene things, much less our eyes.

They asked him, whither he purposed his voyage? He answered, to *Saragossa*, to be at the Jests in Harness, that use to be there yearly.

Don John told him, that there was one thing in that new History, which was, that he should be at a Running at the Ring in that City, as short of Invention, as poor in Matter, but most poor in Lives, and rich in nothing but simplicities.

For this matter only, quoth *Don Quixote*, I will not set foot in *Saragossa*, and therefore the world

shall see what a liar this modern Historiographer is; and people shall perceive, I am not the *Don Quixote* he speaks of.

You shall do very well, quoth *Don Feronimo*, for there be other Justs in *Barcelona*, where Signior *Don Quixote* may shew his valour. So I mean to do, quoth *Don Quixote*, and therefore let me take leave of you (for it is time) to go to bed, and so hold me in the rank of your greatest friends, and Servitors. And me too, quoth *Sancho*, for it may be I shall be good for somewhat.

With this they took leave, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* retired to their chamber, leaving *Don John* and *Don Feronimo* in admiration, to see what a medly he had made with his discretion and madness; and they verily believed, that these were the right *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, and not they whom the *Arragonian* Author described.

Don Quixote rose early, and knocking upon the thin wall of the other chamber, he took leave of those Guests; *Sancho* pay'd the Host royally, but advised him, he should either less praise the provision of his Inn, or have it better provided.



CHAP. XIX.

What happened to Don Quixote, going to Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and the day promised no less, when *Don Quixote* left the Inn, informing himself first, which was the ready way to *Barcelona*, without coming to *Saragossa*; such was the desire he had to prove the new Historian a liar, who they said, dispraised him so much. It fell out so, that in six days there

fell out nothing worth writing to him; at the end of which, he was be-nighted, going out of his way, in a Thicket of Oaks or Cork-trees; for in this *Cil Hamete* is not so punctual, as in other matters he useth to be.

The Master and man alighted from their beasts, and setting themselves at the trees roots; *Sancho* that had had his beaver that day, entred roundly the gates of sleep, but *Don Quixote*, whom imagination kept awake much more than hunger, could not join his eyes; but rather was busying his thoughts in a thousand several places; sometimes he thought he found himself in *Montesino's* Cave, and that he saw *Dulcinea*, converted into a Country-wench, leap upon her Ass-Colt: Now the sage *Merlin's* words rang in his ears, repeating unto him the conditions that were to be observed for her dis-enchanting; he was stark mad to see *Sancho's* laziness, and want of Charity; for, as he thought, he had only given himself five stripes, a poor and unequal number to those behind, and he was so griev'd and enraged with this, that he framed this discourse to himself.

If *Alexander the Great* did cut the *Gordian Knot*, saying, Cutting and undoing is all one, and yet for all that, was Lord of all *Asia*; no otherwise may it happen in the dis-enchanting of *Dulcinea*, if I should whip *Sancho*, *volens volens*; for if the condition of this remedy be, that *Sancho* receive three thousand and so many jerks, what care I whether he givethem, or that another do, since the substance is in him that gives them, come they by what means they will?

With this imagination he came to *Sancho*, having first taken *Rosinante's* reins, and so fitted them, that he might lash him with them, he began to untruss his points: The opinion is, that he had but one before, which held up his Gally-Gascoins. But he was no sooner approached, when *Sancho* awaked and came to himself, and said, Who is that? Who is it toucheth and untrusseth me? 'Tis I, quoth *Don Quixote*.

etc, that come to supply thy defects, and to remedy my troubles; I come to whip thee, *Sancho*, and to discharge the debt in part thou standest obliged in. *Dulcinea* perisheth, thou livest carelessly, I die desiring; and therefore untruss thy self willingly, for I have a mind in these Desarts to give thee at least two thousand lashes.

Not so, quoth *Sancho*, pray be quiet; and if not, I protest, deaf men shall hear us; the stripes in which I engaged my self must be voluntary, and not enforced, and at this time I have no mind to whip my self; 'tis enough that I give you my word to beat my self, and fly-flappy me when I have a disposition to it.

There's no leaving of it to thy courtesy, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for thou art hard-heated, and though a Clown, yet tender of flesh, and so he contended and strove to unlace him; which when *Sancho Panza* saw, he stood to it, and setting upon his Master, closed with him, and tripping up his heels, cast him upon his back on the ground, he put his right knee upon his breast, and with his hands held his, so that he neither let him stir nor breath.

Don Quixote cry'd out, How now, Traitor, rebellest thou against thy natural Lord and Master? presumest thou against him that feeds thee? I neither make King, nor depose King, quoth *Sancho*, I only help my self that am mine own Lord; promise me you, Sir, that you will be quiet, and not meddle with whipping of me now, and I'll set you loose and free; and if not, here thou diest, Traitor, enemy to *Donna Sancha*. *Don Quixote* promised him, and swore by the life of his thoughts, he would not touch so much as a hair of his head, and that he would leave his whipping himself, to his own free-will and choice when he would.

Sancho gat up, and went a pretty way from him, and going to lean to another tree, he perceived something touch him upon the head, and lifting up his hands, he lighted on two feet of a man, with hose

hose and shoes on: he quak'd for fear, and went to another tree, and the like besel him; so he cried out, calling to *Don Quixote* to help him. *Don Quixote* did so, and asking him what had befallen him? and why he was afraid? *Sancho* answered, That all those Trees were full of mens feet and legs. *Don Quixote* felt them, and fell strait into the account of what they might be, and said to *Sancho*, Thou needest not fear, for these feet and legs thou seelest, and seelest not, doubtless are of some free-booters and robbers in troops, that are hanged in these trees; for here the Justice hangs them by twenty and thirty at a clap; by which I understand that I am near *Barcelona*; and true it was as he supposed. They lifted up their eyes, and to see to, the free-booters bodies hung as if they had been clusters upon those trees, and by this it waxed day. And if the dead men feared them, no less were they in tribulation with the sight of at least forty live *Sbanditi*, who hemmed them in upon a sudden, bidding them in the *Catalan* tongue, they should be quiet, and stand till their Captain came.

Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance set up against a tree, finally, void of all defence, and therefore he deemed it best to cross his hands, and hold down his head, reserving himself for a better occasion and conjuncture.

The thieves came to flea Dapple, and began to leave him nothing he had, either in his Wallets, or Cloak-bag; and it fell out well for *Sancho*, for the Duke's Crowns were in a hollow girdle girt to him, and those likewise that he brought from home with him; and for all that, those good fellows would have weeded and searched him to the very entrails, if their Captain had not come in the *Interim*, who seemed to be about thirty years of age, strongly made, and somewhat of a tall stature, his look was solemn, and his complexion swarthy. He was mounted upon a powerful horse, with his steel coat on, and four Petronels (called in that Country *Pedromales*) which he wore two at each side. And now his Squires (for

So they call those that are in that vocation) came to make spoil of *Sancho*. He commanded them they should not, and he was strait obeyed, and so the girdle escaped. He wondred to see a Lance reared up on a tree, a shield on the ground, and *Don Quixote* armed and pensative, with the saddest melancholiest visage, that sadness itself could frame. He came to him, saying, Be not sad, honest man, for you have not fallen into the hands of any cruel *Osiris*, but into *Rogue Guinart's*, that have more compassion than cruelty in them.

My sadness is not, quoth *Don Quixote*, to have fallen into thy power, oh valorous *Rogue* (whose Fame is boundless) but that my carelessness was such, that thy Soldiers have caught me without bridle, I being obliged, according to the Order of Knight Errantry, which I profess, to keep watch and ward, and at all hours to be my own Centinel; for let me tell thee, Grand *Rogue*. if they had taken me on Horseback, with my Lance and Shield, they should not easily have made me yield; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he, of whose exploits all the World is full. Strait *Rogue Guinart* perceived, that *Don Quixote's* infirmity proceeded rather of madness than valour, and though he had sometimes heard tell of him, yet he never could believe his deeds to be true, neither could he be persuaded that such a humour should reign in any man's heart; and he was wonderfully glad to have met with him, to see by experience what he had heard say of him, and therefore he said, Valorous Knight, vex not yourself, neither take this fortune of yours to be sinister, for it may be, that in these stumbling-blocks your crooked lot may be straitned, for heaven doth usually raise up those that fall, and enrich the poor by strange and unseen ways, by men not imagined.

Don Quixote was about to have rendred him thanks, when as they perceived a noise behind them, as if there had been some troop of horse, but there was but one only, upon which there came with full speed, a Youth, to see to, about some twenty years of age,
clad

clad in green damask, his Hose and loose Jerkin were laid on with gold Lace, with a hat turned up from his band, with close fit boots, sword and dagger gilt, and a little birding-piece in his hand, and two Pistols at his sides. *Roque* turned his head to the noise, and saw this beautiful shape, who coming near him, said, In quest of thee I came, oh valorous *Roque*, to find in thee, if not redress, at least some lightness in this my misfortune. And to hold thee no longer in suspense, because I know thou knowest me not, I will tell thee who I am; that is, *Claudia Feronima*, daughter to *Simon Forte*, thy singular friend, and only enemy to *Clanquel Torellas*, who is also thine, as being one of thy contrary faction. And thou knowest that this *Torellas* hath a Son, called *Don Vincente Torellas*, or at least was so called, not two hours since. He then, to shorten my unfortunate tale, I will tell thee in few words what hath befallen me. He saw me, courted me, I gave ear to him, and my Father unwitting of it, I affectionated myself to him; for there is no woman, be she never so retired or looked to, but she hath time enough to put in execution and effect her hasty longing.

Finally, he promised me marriage, and I gave him my word to be his; so no more passed really. Yesterday I came to know, that, forgetful of his obligation, he contracted to another, and that this morning he went to be married; a news that troubled my brain, and made an end of my patience. And by reason my Father was not at home, I had opportunity to put myself in this apparel thou seest, and making speed with this Horse, I overtook *Don Vincente* about a league from hence, and without making any complaint, or hearing his discharge, I discharged this Piece, and to boot, these Pistols, and I believe I sent two bullets into his body, making way, through which my honour enwrapped in his blood, might fall out: therefore I left him to his servants, who nor durst, nor could put themselves in his defence. I came to seek thee, that thou mightest help to pass.

me into France, where I have kindred, with whom I may live, and withal to desire thee to defend my Father, that the number of *Don Vincense's* friends take not a cruel revenge upon him.

Rogue wondring at the gallantry, bravery, handfomness and success of the fair *Claudia*, said, Come, Gentlewoman, and let us go see if your enemy be dead, and afterward, what shall be most fitting to be done.

Don Quixote, that hearkened attentively to all that *Claudia* said, and *Rogue Guinart* answered, said, No man need take pains to defend this Lady; let it be my charge. Give me my horse and my Arms, and expect me here, and I will go seek this Knight, and alive or dead, will make him accomplish his promise to so great a beauty.

No man doubt it, quoth *Sancho*, for my Master hath a very good hand to be a Marriage-maker; and not long since he forced another to marry, that deuided his promise to a maid, and had it not been that Enchanters persecuted him, and changed the true shape into the shape of a Lackey, by this time the said maid had been none.

Rogue, that attended more to *Claudia's* success, than the reasons of Master or Man, understood them not, and so commanding his Squires, they should restore to *Sancho* all they had taken from *Dapple*; and commanding them likewise to retire where he lodged the night before, he went strait with all speed with *Claudia*, to find the wounded or dead *Don Vincense*.

To the place they came, where *Claudia* met him, where they found nothing but late shed blood; but looking round about them, they discovered some people upon the side of a Hill, and they thought, as true it was, that that was *Don Vincense*, whom his servants carried alive or dead, to cure, or give him burial. They hasted to overtake them, which they easily might do, the others going but softly. They found *Don Vincense* in his servant's Arms, whom he entreated

entreated with a weak and weary voice to let him die there, for the grief of his Wounds would not suffer him to go any farther.

Claudia and *Roque* flung themselves from their Horses, to him they came; the servants feared *Roque's* presence, and *Claudia* was troubled to see *Don Vincente*; and so betwixt mild and merciless she came to him, and laying hold of his hands, she said, If thou hadst given me these, according to our agreement, thou hadst never come to this extremity. The wounded Gentleman opened his half-shut eyes, and knowing *Claudia*, said, I well perceive, fair and deceived Mistress, that thou art she that hast slain me; a punishment not deserved, nor due to my desires; in which, nor in any action of mine, I never knew how to offend thee.

Then belike, 'tis false, that thou went'st this morning to be married to *Leonora*, the rich *Balusafo's* daughter.

No verily, said *Don Vincente*, my ill fortune brought thee that news, that being jealous, thou shouldest bereave me of my life; which since I leave it in thy hands, and embrace thee, I think myself most happy. And to assure thee that this is true, take my hand, and if thou wilt, receive me for thy husband, for I have no other satisfaction to give thee for the wrong thou thinkest I have done thee.

Claudia wrung his hand, and herself was wrung to the very heart; so that upon *Don Vincente's* blood and breast she fell into a swoon, and he into a mortal Paroxysm. *Roque* was in amaze, and knew not what to do. The servants went to fetch Water to fling in their faces, and brought it, with which they bathed them.

Claudia revived again, but *Don Vincente* never from his Paroxysm, with which he ended his life.

Which when *Claudia* saw, out of doubt, that her Husband was dead, she burst the Air with her sighs, and wounded Heaven with her complaints, she tore her hair, and gave it to the Wind: with her own

hands she disfigured her face, with all the shews of dolour and feeling, that might be imagined from a grieved heart.

Oh cruel and inconsiderate Woman! said she, how easily wast thou moved to put so cruel a design in execution? Oh raving force of jealousy, to what desperate ends dost thou bring those that harbour thee in their breasts? Oh my Spouse, whose unhappy fortune, for being my Pledge, hath brought from bed to burial.

Such and so sad were the complaints of *Claudia*, that even from *Roque's* eyes drew tears, not used to shed them upon any occasion. The servants howled, and *Claudia* every stitch-while swooned, and the whole circuit lookt like a field of sorrow, and a place of misfortune.

Finally, *Roque Guinart* gave order to *Don Vincente's* servants, to carry his body to his Father's town, that was near there, to give him burial. *Claudia* told *Roque*, she would go to a Monastery, where an Aunt of hers was *Abbesse*, where she meant to end her days, accompanied with a better and an eternal Spouse.

Roque commended her good intention, and offered to accompany her whither she would, and to defend her Father from her kindred, and from all the World that would hurt him.

Claudia would by no means accept of his company, and thanking him the best she could for his offer, she took leave of him weeping. *Don Vincente's* servants bore away his body, and *Roque* returned to his people. And this was the end of *Claudia Feronima's* love; but no marvel if jealousy contrived the plot of her lamentable story.

Roque Guinart found his Squires where he had willed them to be; and *Don Quixote* amongst them upon *Rosinante*, making a large discourse to them; in which he persuaded them to leave that kind of life, dangerous as well for their souls as bodies; but the most of them being *Gascoignes*, a wild and unruly people,

ple, *Don Quixote's* discourse prevailed nothing with them.

When *Roque* was come, he asked *Sancho*, if they had restored his implements to him, and the Prize which his soldiers had taken from *Dapple*. *Sancho* answered, Yes, only that he wanted three Night-caps, that were worth three Cities. What say you, fellow? quoth one of them: I have them, and they were not worth eighteen pence.

'Tis true, said *Don Quixote*, but my Squire esteems them in what he hath said, for the party's sake that gave them me.

Roque Guinart strait commanded they should be restored; and commanding his people to stand round, he willed them to set before them all the apparel, jewels, and money, and all that since their last sharing they had robbed: and casting up the account briefly, returning that that was not to be reparted, reducing it into money, he divided it amongst all his company so legally and wisely, that he neither added nor diminished from an equal distributive justice.

* This done, and all contented, satisfied, and paid, *Roque* said to *Don Quixote*, If I should not be thus punctual with these fellows, there were no living with them. To which, said *Sancho*, by what I have here seen, Justice is so good, that it is fit and necessary even amongst thieves themselves.

One of the Squires heard him, and lifted up the snap-haunce of his Piece, with which he had opened his *Mazer*, if *Roque Guinart* had not cryed out to bid him hold.

Sancho was amazed, and purposed not to unsow his lips, as long as he was in that company.

Now there came one or more of the Squires, that were put in Centinel upon the ways, to see who passed by, and to give notice to their Chief, what passed, who said, Sir, not far hence, by the way that goes to *Barcelona*, there comes a great troop of people. To which, quoth *Roque*, Hast thou markt whether they be of those that seek us, or those we seek? Of the latter, said the Squire. Well,

Well, get you out all, quoth *Roque*, and bring 'em me hither strait, and let not a man escape. They did so, and *Don Quixote*, and *Roque*, and *Sancho* stay'd, and expected to see what the Squires brought; and in the *Interim*, *Roque* said to *Don Quixote*, Our life will seem to be a strange kind of one to Signior *Don Quixote's* strange Adventures, strange successes, and dangerous all; and I should not wonder that it appear so: For I can confess truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of fears than ours. I have fallen into it by I know not what desires of revenge, that have power to trouble the most quiet hearts.

I am naturally compassionate, and well-minded; but as I have said, the desire of revenging a Wrong done me, doth so dash this good inclination in me, that I persevere in this estate, maugre my best judgment; and as one horror brings on another, and one sin, so my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only undergo mine own, but also other mens. But God is pleased, that though I see myself in the midst of this Labyrinth of confusions, I despair not to come to a safe harbour.

Don Quixote admired to hear from *Roque* such good and sound reasons; for he thought, that amongst those of this profession of robbing, killing, and highway-laying, there could be none so well spoken, and answered him:

Signior *Roque*, the beginning of health consists, in knowing the infirmity, and that the sick man be willing to take the medicines that the Physician ordains. You are sick, you know your grief, and Heaven, or (to say truer) God who is our Physician, will apply medicines that may cure you, which do heal by degrees, but not suddenly, and by miracle. Besides, sinners that have knowledge, are nearer amendment than those that are without it; and since you by your discourse have shewed your discretion, there is no more to be done, but be of good courage, and despair not of recovering your sick conscience;

science; and if you will save a labour, and facilitate the way of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a Knight Errant, and how you shall undergo so many labours, and mis-adventures, that taking them by way of penance, you shall climb Heaven in an instant.

Roque laughed at *Don Quixote's* counsel, to whom (changing their discourse) he recounted the tragical success of *Claudia Feronima*; at which *Sancho* wept exceedingly, for the beauty, spirit, and bucksomness of the Wench misliked him not.

By this the Squires returned with their prize, bringing with them two Gentlemen on horseback, and two Pilgrims on foot, and a Coach full of Women, and some half dozen of servants, that on horseback and on foot, waited on them, with two Mulemen that belonged to the two Gentlemen. The Squires brought them in triumph; the conquerors and conquered being all silent, and expecting what the Grand *Roque* should determine: who asked the Gentlemen who they were, whither they would, and what money they carried? One of them answered him, Sir, We two are Captains of *Spanish* foot, and have Companies in *Naples*, and are going to imbark ourselves in four Gallies, that we hear are bound for *Silicia*. We carry with us two or three hundred crowns, which we think is sufficient, as being the largest treasure incident to the ordinary penury of soldiers.

Roque asked the Pilgrims the same questions, who answered him likewise, that they were to be imbarked towards *Rome*, and that they carried a matter of thirty shillings between them both. The same he likewise desired to know of those that went in the Coach, and one of them on horseback answered,

My Lady *Donna Guiomar de Quinones*, Wife to a Judge of *Naples*, with a little Girl and her Maids, are they that go in the Coach, and some six servants of us wait on her, and we carry six hundred Pistolets in gold. So that, said *Roque Guinarte*, we have here

in

in all nine hundred Crowns, and sixty Ryals, my soldiers are about sixty; let us see what comes to each man's share, for I am a bad Arithmetician.

When the Thieves heard this, they cryed aloud, Long live *Roque Guinart*, in spite of the *Cullions* that seek to destroy him.

The Captains were afflicted, the Lady was sorrowful, and the Pilgrims were never a whit glad, to see their goods thus confiscated. *Roque* a while held them in this suspense; but he would no longer detain them in this sadness, which he might see a gunshot off in their faces: and turning to the Captains said, Captains, you shall do me the kindness as to lend me threescore ducats, and you, Madam, fourscore, to content my squadron that follows me; for herein consists my revenue. And so you may pass on freely, only with a safe conduct that I shall give you, that if you meet with any other squadrons of mine, which are divided upon these Downs, they do you no hurt: for my intent is not to wrong soldiers, or any woman, especially Noble.

The Captains infinitely extolled *Roque's* courteous liberality for leaving them their money. The Lady would have cast herself out of the Coach, to kiss the Grand *Roque's* feet and hands; but he would by no means yield to it, rather asked pardon that he had presumed so far, which was only to comply with the obligation of his ill employment.

The Lady commanded a servant of hers, to give him strait fourscore ducats, which were allotted him. The Captains too disbursed their sixty, and the Pilgrims tendered their poverty; but *Roque* bad them be still: and turning to his people said, Out of these Crowns, there are to each man two due, and there remain twenty: let the poor Pilgrims have ten of them, and the other ten this honest Squire, that he may speak well of this Adventure. And so bringing him necessaries to write, of which he ever went provided, he gave them a safe conduct to the heads of his squadrons, and taking leave of them, let them pass

pass free: And wondring at the nobleness of his brave and strange condition, holding him rather for a great *Alexander*, than an open Robber. One of the Thieves said, in his *Catalan* language, This Captain of ours were fitter to be a Frier than a Robber; and if he mean henceforward to be so liberal, let it be with his own goods, and not with ours.

This the Wretch spoke not so softly, but *Rogue* might over-hear him; who catching his sword in his hand, almost clove his pate in two, saying, This is the punishment I use to saucy knaves. All the rest were amazed, and durst not reply a Word; such was the awe in which they stood of him. *Rogue* then retired aside, and wrote a Letter to a friend of his to *Barcelona*, advising him how the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was with him, that Knight Errant so notorious. And he gave him to understand, that he was the most conceited understanding fellow in the World, and that about some four days after, which was Mid-summer-day, he should have him upon the City-Wharf, armed at all points upon his horse *Rosinante*, and his Squire likewise upon his Ass; and that he should let the *Niarros* his friends know so much, that they might solace themselves with him: But he could wish the *Cadels* his Adversaries, might want the pastime that the madness of *Don Quixote*, and his conceited Squire would make. He delivered the Letter to one of his Squires, who changing his Thieve's habit for a Country-man's, went to the City, and delivered it to whom it was directed.





C H A P. XX.

What happened to Don Quixote at his Entrance into Barcelona, with other Events, more true than witty.



THREE Days and three nights was Don Quixote with Roque, and had he been so three hundred years, he should not have wanted matter to make him see and admire his kind of life. One while here they lye; another, there they dine. Sometimes they fly from they know not whom, other while, they wait for they know not whom.

They sleep standing, a broken sleep, changing from place to place; all was setting of Spies, listening of Centinels, blowing Musket-matches, though of such shot they had but few; most of them carrying Petronels. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, not letting them know where he lodg'd; because the many Proclamations which the Vice-Roy of Barcelona had caused to be made to take him, made him unquiet and fearful, and so he durst trust no body, fearing his own People would either kill or deliver him to the Justice; a life indeed wretched and irksome; at length by by-ways and cross paths Roque and Don Quixote got to the Wharf of Barcelona, where Roque gave Sancho the ten crowns he promised him, and so they parted with many compliments on both parts.

Roque returned, and Don Quixote stayed there, expecting the day just as he was on horseback: and a while after, the face of the white Aurora began to peep thorough the Bay-windows of the East, chearing the Herbs and Flowers, instead of delighting the
ear,

ear, and yet at the same instant, a noise of Hautboys and Drums delighted their ears, and a noise of Morris-bells, with a Pat a pat of Horse-men running, to see to, out of the city.

Aurora now gave the Sun leave to rise out of the lowest part of the East, with his face as big as a Buckler.

Don Quixote and *Sancho* spread their eyes round about, and they might see the Sea, which till that time they had never seen; it seemed unto them most large and spacious, more by far than the Lake of *Ruydera*, which they saw in the *Mancha*; they beheld the Gallies in the Wharf, who clapping down their tilts, discovered themselves full of Flags and Streamers, that wav'd in the wind, and kissed and swept the water; within, the Clarines, Trumpets, and Hautboys sounded, that far and near filled the Air with sweet and warlike accents; they began to move, and to make shew of skirmish upon the gentle water; a world of Gallants answering them on Land, which came out of the City upon goodly Horses, and brave in their Liveries.

The Soldiers of the Gallies discharged an infinite of shot, which were answered from the walls and forts of the City, and the great shot with fearful noise cut the Air, which were answered with the Gallies fore-Castle Canons; the Sea was chearful, the Land jocund, the sky clear, only somewhat dimmed with the smoak of the Artillery, it seemed to infuse and ingender a sudden delight in all men. *Sancho* could not imagine how those Bulks that moved upon the Sea could have so many feet. By this, they ashore in the rich Liveries began to run on with their *Moorish* out-cries, even to the very place where *Don Quixote* was wondring and amazed; and one of them, he who had the Letter from *Roque*, said to *Don Quixote* thus aloud, Welcome to our City is the Looking-glass, the Lanthorn, and North star of all Knight-Errantry, where it is most in practice. Welcome, I say, is the Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; not the

the false, fictitious, or Apocryphal, that hath been demonstrated to us of late in false Histories; but the true, legal, and faithful He, which *Cid Hamete* the flower of Historians describes unto us. *Don Quixote* answered not a word, neither did the Gentlemen expect he should; but turning in and out with the rest, they wheel'd about *Don Quixote*; who turning to *Sancho*, said, These men know us well; I lay a wager they have read our History, and that too of the *Aragonian's* lately printed. The Gentleman that spoke to *Don Quixote*, came back again, and said to him, Signior *Don Quixote*, come with us, I beseech you, for we are all your servants, and *Roque Guinarte's* dear friends. To which *Don Quixote* replied, If courtesies engender courtesies, then yours, Sir Knight, is daughter, or near kindred to *Roque's*; carry me whither you will, for I am wholly yours, and at your service, if you please to command me. In the like Courtly strain, the Gentleman answered him, and so locking him in the midst of them, with sound of Drums and Hautboys, they carried him towards the City, where at his entrance, as ill luck would have it, and the boys that are the worst of all ill, two of them, bold Crackropes, came among the thrust, and one of them lifting up *Dapple's* tail, and the other *Rosinante's*, they fastned each their handful of Nettles. The poor beasts felt the new spurs, and clapping their tails close, augmented their pains; so that after a thousand wincings, they cast down their Masters.

Don Quixote all abashed and disgraced, went to take this Plummage from his Courser's tail, and *Sancho* from *Dapple's*. Those that guided *Don Quixote*, would have punished the boys for their sauciness, but it was not possible, for they got themselves into the thickest of a thousand others that followed. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* returned to their seats, and with the same applause and Musick, they came to their Guide's house, which was fair and large, indeed as was fit for a Gentleman of means, where we will leave him for the present, because *Cid Hamete* will have it so.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXI.

*The Adventure of the Enchanted head,
with other flim-flams that must be re-
counted.*



ON *Quixote's* Host's name was *Don Antonio Morino*, a rich Gentleman and a discreet, and one that loved to be honestly and affably merry, who having *Don Quixote* now at home, began to invent, how, without prejudice to him, he might divulge his madness; for jests ought not to be too bitter, nor pastimes in detriment of a third person.

The first thing he did then, was to cause *Don Quixote* to be unarmed, and to make him appear in that straight Chamois apparel of his (as heretofore we have painted and described him) so he brought him to a Bay window which looked toward one of the chiefest streets in the City, to be publickly seen by all comers, and the boys that beheld him as if he had been a Monkey. They in the Liveries began a-fresh to fetch Careers before him, as if for him only, (and not to solemnize that festival day) their Liveries had been put on; and *Sancho* was most jocund, as thinking he had found out, he knew not how, nor which way, a new *Camacho's* marriage, or another house like *Don Diego* and *Miranda's*, or the Duke's Castle.

That day some of *Don Antonio's* friends dined with him, all honouring *Don Quixote*, and observing him as a Knight-Errant; with which, being most vain-glorious, he could scarce contain himself in his happiness. *Sancho's* conceits were such, and so many,
that

that all the servants of the house hung upon his lips, and as many also as heard him.

Being at Table, *Don Antonio* said to *Sancho*, We have heard here, honest *Sancho*, that thou lovest Leech and roasted Olives so well, that when thou canst eat no more, thou keepest the rest in thy bosom till another time. No, Sir, 'tis not so, said *Sancho*, for I am more cleanly than so, and my Master *Don Quixote* here present knows well, that we are wont both of us to live eight days with a handful of Acorns or Walnuts; true it is, that now and then I look not a given horse in the mouth, I mean, I eat what is given me, and make use of the time present, and whosoever hath said that I am an extraordinary eater, and not cleanly, let him know he doth me wrong; and I should proceed farther, were it not for the company here at Table.

Truly, said *Don Quixote*, the parsimony and cleanliness with which *Sancho* feeds, may be written and graved in sheets of brass, that it may be eternally remembered by ensuing Ages; true it is, that when he is hungry, he is somewhat ravenous, eats apace, and chews on both sides, but for cleanliness, that he hath punctually observed; and when he was a Governor, learn'd to eat most neatly, for he would eat you Grapes, nay, Pomgranate seeds with his fork. How, quoth *Don Antonio*, hath *Sancho* been a Governor? I, said *Sancho*, and of an Island called *Barataria*; ten days I governed to my will, in them I lost my rest, and learnt to condemn all the Governments in the world. From thence I came flying, and fell into a pit, where I thought I should have died, from whence I escaped miraculously.

Don Quixote recounted all the particulars of *Sancho's* Government, with which the hearers were much delighted. The cloth now taken away, and *Don Antonio* taking *Don Quixote* by the hand, carried him into a private chamber, in which there was no other kind of furniture, but a Table that seemed to be of jasper, borne up with feet of the same, upon which

which there were set a Head, as if it been of brass, just as your *Roman* Emperors are used to be, from the breast upward. *Don Antonio* walked with *Don Quixote* up and down the chamber, and having gone a good many turns about the Table, at last he said, Signior *Don Quixote*, now that I am fully persuaded no body hears us, and that the door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest Adventures, or rather Novelties, that can be imagined, provided, that what I tell you, shall be deposited in the uttermost privy Chambers of secrecy.

That I vow, said *Don Quixote*; and for more safety, I will clap a Tomb-stone over it; for let me tell you, Signior *Don Antonio* (for now he knew his name) you converse with one, that though he have ears to hear, yet he hath no tongue to tell; so that what is in your breast you may freely translate it into mine, and rest assured, that you have flung it into the *Abissus* of silence.

In confidence of this promise, answered *Don Antonio*, I will make you admire at what you shall hear and see, and so you shall somewhat ease me of the trouble I am in, in not finding one that I may communicate my secrets with; with which, every one is not to be trusted.

Don Quixote was in great suspense, expecting what would be the issue of all these circumstances; so *Don Antonio* taking him by the hand, he made him feel all over the brazen Head and the Table, and Jasper feet, and then said, This head, Signior, was made by one of the greatest Enchanters or Magicians that hath been in the world, and I believe, by Nation he was a *Polander*, and one of that famous *Scotus* his disciples, of whom so many wonders are related, who was here in my house, and for a thousand Crowns I gave him, framed me this head, that hath the property and quality to answer to any thing that it is asked in your ear; he had his tricks and devices, his painting of Characters, his observing of Stars, look to every tittle, and finally, brought this head to the perfection that

that to-morrow you shall see, for on the *Fridays* still it is mute, which being this day, we must expect till to-morrow; and so in the mean time you may bethink you what you will demand; for I know by experience, this head answers truly to all that is asked.

Don Quixote admired at the vertue and property of the head, and could scarce believe *Don Antonio*, but seeing how short a time there was to the trial, he would not gain-say him, but thanked him for discovering so great a secret; so out of the room they went: *Don Antonio* lock'd the door after him, and they came into a Hall where the rest of the Gentlemen were; in this interim, *Sancho* had related to them many of the Adventures and successes that befel his Master. That afternoon they carried *Don Quixote* abroad, not armed, but clad in the City garb, with a loose coat of tawny cloth, that in that season might have made frost itself sweat; they gave order to their servants to entertain *Sancho*, and not to let him stir out of doors. *Don Quixote* rode not upon *Rosinante*, but on a goodly trotting Mule, with good furniture, they put his coat upon him, and at his back (he not perceiving it) they sowed a piece of Parchment, wherein was written in text letters, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*; as they began their walk, the scrole drew all mens eyes to look on it, and as they read, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he admired to see what a number beheld and named him, and knew him; and turning to *Don Antonio* that went by him, said, Great is the Prerogative due to Knight Errantry, since over all the world, it makes its Professors known and renowned; for loo! you, Signior *Don Antonio*, even the very boys of this City having never seen me before, know me. 'Tis true, Signior, quoth *Don Antonio*; for as fire cannot be hidden nor bounded. no more can vertue, but it must be known; and that which is gotten by the profession of Arms, doth most flourish and triumph above the rest.

It

It happened, that *Don Quixote* riding with this applause, a *Castilian* that read the scroll at his back, raised his voice, saying, The Devil take thee for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and art thou gotten hither without being killed with those infinite bastings thou hast born upon thy shoulders? Thou art a madman, and wert thou so in private, and within thine house, 'twere less evil; but thy property is, to make all that converse or treat with thee, madmen and Coxcombs, as may appear by these that accompany thee; get thee home, Ideot, and look to thy Estate, Wife, and Children, and leave these vanities that wormeat thy brains, and defile thy intellect. Brother, said *Don Antonio*, follow your way, and give no counsel to those that need it not; Signior *Don Quixote* is wise, and we that do accompany him, are no fools; vertue is worthy to be honoured wheresoever she is, and so be gone with a pox to you, and meddle not where you have nothing to do. I vow, quoth the *Castilian*, you have reason; for to give counsel to this man, is to strive against the stream; but for all that, it pities me very much, that the good understanding they say this blockhead hath in all things else, should be let out at the pipe of his Knight Errantry; and a pox light on me, as you wish, Sir, and all my Posterity, if from henceforward, though I should live to the years of *Methusalem*, I give counsel to any, tho' it be desired.

Thus the Counsellor went by, and the shew went on; but the boys, and all manner of people pressed so thick to read the scroll, that *Don Antonio* was forced to take it off from him, as if he had done something else.

The night came on, and they returned home, where was a Revels of women; for *Don Antonio's* wife, that was well-bred, mirthful, fair, and discreet, invited other she-friends of hers, to come to welcome her new guest, and to make merry with his strange madness. Some of them came, and they had a royal Supper, and the revels began about ten a-clock at

night. Among these Dames, there were two of a notable waggish disposition, and great Scoffers; and though honest, yet they strained their carriage, that their tricks might the better delight without irksomness; these were so eager to take *Don Quixote* out to dance, that they wearied not only his body, but his mind likewise: 'twas a goodly sight to see his shape, long, lank, lean, his visage pale, the whole man shut up in his apparel, ungraceful, and unwieldy. The Damsels woo'd him as it were by stealth, and he by stealth disdained them as fast; but seeing himself much pressed by their courtings, he lifted up his voice, and said, *Fugite partes adversæ*, and leave me, oh unwelcome imaginations, to my quiet: Get you further off with your wishes, Ladies, for she that is the Lady of mine, the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, will have none but hers subject and conquer me; and so saying, he sat him down in the midst of the Hall upon the ground, bruised and broken with his dancing exercise. *Don Antonio* made him be taken up in mens arms, and carried to bed; the first that laid hold on him was *Sancho*, saying, In the name of God, what meant you, Master mine, to dance? Think you that all that are valiant, must be dancers? and all Knights Errant, skipjacks? I say, if you think so, you are deceived; you have some that would rather kill Giants than fetch a caper; if you were to frisk, I would save you that labour, for I can do it like a Jer-Falcon; but in your dancing I cannot work a stitch.

With this and such like discourse, *Sancho* made the Revellers laugh, and laid his Master to bed, laying cloaths enough on him, that he might sweat out the cold he had taken by dancing.

The next day, *Don Antonio* thought fit to try the Enchanted head, and so, with *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and others his friends, and the two Gentlewomen that had so laboured *Don Quixote* in the dance, that stay'd all night with *Don Antonio's* wife, he locked himself in the room where the head was; he told them

them its property, enjoyning them to silence; and he said to them, That this was the first time in which he meant to make proof of the vertue of the Enchanted head, and except his two friends, no living creature else knew the trick of that Enchantment; and if *Don Antonio* had not discovered it to them, they also would have fallen into the same admiration that the rest did; for it was not otherwise possible, the fabrick of it being so curious and cunning.

The first that came to the Head's hearing, was *Don Antonio* himself, who spoke softly, but so, that he might be heard by all: Tell me, Head, by the virtue that is contained in thee, What think I of now? And the head answered (not moving the lips, with a loud and distinct voice, that all the by-standers might hear this reason) I judge not of thoughts. Which when they all heard, they were astonished, and the more, seeing neither in all the room, nor any where about the Table, there was not any human creature to answer. How many here be there of us? quoth *Don Antonio* again. And answer was made him in the same tenor voice; There are thou and thy wife, with two of thy friends, and two of her friends, and a famous Knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and a Squire of his that hight *Sancho Panza*. I marry, Sir, here was the wondring afresh, here was every one's hair standing on end with pure horror. And *Don Antonio* getting him aside from the head, said, 'Tis enough now for me to know that I was not deceived by him that sold thee me, Sage Head, Talking Head, Answering Head, Admired Head! Come another now, and ask what he will; and as your women for the most part are hastiest, and most inquisitive, the first that came, was one of *Don Antonio's* wife's friends, and her demand was this, Tell me, Head, What shall I do to make my self fair? The answer was, Be honest. I have done, said she. Strait came her other companion, and said, I would fain know, Head, whether my

Husband love me or no; and the answer was, Thou shalt know by his usage. The married woman stood by, saying, The question might have been spared; for good usage is the best sign of affection. Then came one of *Don Antonio's* friends, and ask'd, Who am I? The answer was, Thou knowest. I ask thee not that, said the Gentleman, but whether thou know me? I do, it was answered; Thou art *Don Pedro Noris*. No more, O Head, let this suffice, to make me know thou knowest all. And so stepping aside, the other friend came and asked, Tell me, Head, What desires hath my eldest son? I have told you, it was answered, that I judge not of thoughts; yet let me tell you, your son desires to bury you; That, quoth the Gentleman, I know well, and daily perceive, but I have done. *Don Antonio's* wife came next, and said, Head, I know not what to ask thee, I would only fain know of thee, if I shall long enjoy my dear Husband; and the answer was, Thou shalt, for his health and spare diet promise him many years, which many shorten by distempers.

Now came *Don Quixote*, and said, Tell me, thou that answerest, Was it true, or a dream, that (as I recount) besel me in *Montesino's* Cave? shall *Sancho* my Squire's whipping be accomplish'd? shall *Dulcinea* be dis-enchant'd? For that of the Cave, quoth the Answerer, there is much to be said, it partakes of all; *Sancho's* whipping shall be prolong'd; but *Dulcinea's* dis-enchanting shall come to a real end. I desire no more, said *Don Quixote*, for so *Dulcinea* be dis-enchant'd, I make account, all my good fortunes come upon me at a clap.

Sancho was the last Demander, and his question was this; Head, shall I happily have another Government? shall I be free from this penurious Squire's life? shall I see my Wife and Children again? To which it was answered him: In thy house shalt thou govern, whither if thou return, thou shalt see thy Wife and Children, and leaving thy service, thou shalt leave being a Squire. Wery good, quoth *Sancho*,
this

this I could have told before my self, and my father's horse could have said no more. Beasts, quoth *Don Quixote*, what answer wouldst thou have? Is it not enough, that the answers this head gives thee, are correspondent to thy questions? 'Tis true, said *Sancho*, but I would have known more.

And now the questions and answers were ended; but not the admiration, in which all remained, but *Don Antonio's* friends that knew the conceit. Which *Cid Hamete Benengeli* would forthwith declare, not to hold the World in suspense, to think that some Witch, or extraordinary mystery was inclosed in the said head; and thus saith he, that *Don Antonio Moreno*, in imitation of another head, which he saw in *Madrid*, framed by a Carver, caused this to be made in his house, to entertain the simple, and make them wonder at it, and the Fabrick was in this manner;

The table it self was of Wood, painted and varnish'd over like Jasper, and the foot on which it stood was of the same, with four Eagles claws standing out to uphold it the better.

The head that shewed like the Medal, or picture of a *Roman* Emperor, and of brass colour, was all hollow, and so was the Table too; to which, it was so cunningly joined, that there was no appearance of it; the foot of the Table was likewise hollow, that answered to the breast and neck of the head; and all this answered to another Chamber, that was under the room where the head was; and thorough all this hollowness of the foot, the table, breast and neck of the Medal, there went a Tin pipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceived.

He that was to answer, set his mouth to the Pipe in the Chamber underneath, answering to this upper room, so that the voice ascended and descended, as thorough a trunk, clearly and distinctly, and it was not possible to find the juggling out.

A Nephew of *Don Antonio's*, a Scholar, a good witty and discreet Youth, was the answerer; who

having notice from his Uncle, of those that were to enter the Room, it was easie for him to answer suddenly and punctually, to their first questions, and to the rest he answered by discreet conjectures.

Moreover, *Cid Hamete* says, that this marvellous Engine lasted for ten or twelve days; but when it was divulged up and down the City, that *Don Antonio* had an Enchanted head in his house, that answered to all questions, fearing lest it should come to the notice of the waking Centinels of our Faith; having acquainted those Inquisitors with the business, they commanded him to make away with it, lest it should scandalize the ignorant Vulgar; but yet in *Don Quixote* and *Sancho's* opinion the head was still enchanted, and answering; but indeed not altogether so much to *Sancho's* satisfaction.

The Gallants of the City, to please *Don Antonio*, and for *Don Quixote's* better hospitality, and on purpose that his madness might make the more general sport, appointed a running at the Ring, about a six days after, which was broken off upon an occasion that after hapned.

Don Quixote had a mind to walk round about the City on foot, fearing, that if he went on horseback, the boys would persecute him; so he and *Sancho*, with two servants of *Don Antonio's* went a walking. It hapned, that as they passed thorough one street, *Don Quixote* looked up, and saw written upon a door, in great Letters, *Here are Books printed*, which pleased him wonderously; for till then he had never seen any Press, and he desired to know the manner of it.

In he went with all his retinue, where he saw in one place drawing of sheets, in another Correcting, in this Composing, in that mending; finally, all the Machine that is usual in great Presses.

Don Quixote came to one of the Boxes, and asked what they had in hand there? The Workmen told him; he wondred and passed further. To another he came, and asked one that was in it, what he was doing?

doing? The workman answered, Sir, This Gentleman, you see (and he shewed him a good comely proper man, and somewhat antient) hath translated an *Italian* Book into *Spanish*; and I am composing of it here to be printed.

What is the name of it, quoth *Don Quixote*? To which (said the Author) Sir, it is called *Le Bagatele*, to wit, in *Spanish*, *The Trifle*: and though it bear but a mean name, yet it contains in it many great and substantial matters.

I understand a little *Italian*, said *Don Quixote*, and dare venture upon a *Stanzo* of *Ariosto's*: but tell me, Signior mine (not that I would examine your skill, but only for curiosity) have you ever found set down in all your Writing, the Word *Pinnata*? Yes, often, quoth the Author; and how translate you it, said *Don Quixote*?

How should I translate it, said the Author, but in saying, *Potage-Pot*? Body of me, said *Don Quixote*, and how forward are you in the *Italian* Idiom? I'll lay a good Wager that where the *Italian* says, *Piaccie*, you translate it, *Please*; and where *Piu*, you say *more*, and *Su*, is *above*; and *Giu*, *beneath*.

Yes indeed do I, said the Author; for these be their proper significations.

I dare swear, quoth *Don Quixote*, you are not known to the World, which is always backward in rewarding flourishing Wits, and laudable Industry. Oh what a company of rare abilities are lost in the World! What Wits cubbed, what Vertues contemned; but for all that, methinks this translating from one language into another (except it be out of the Queens of tongues, Greek and Latin) is just like looking upon the wrong side of Arras-Hangings: that altho' the pictures be seen, yet they are full of thread ends, that darken them, and they are not seen with the plainness and smoothness, as on the other side. And the translating out of easy languages, argues neither Wit nor Elocution, no more than doth the copying from out of one paper into another. Yet I infer

not from this, that translating is not a laudable exercise; for a man may be far worse employed, and in things less profitable.

I except amongst Translators our two famous ones: the one, Doctor *Christoval de Figueron* in his *Paster fido*, and the other, *Don John de Xaurigni*, in his *Amyntas*, where they haply leave it doubtful, which is the Translation or Original. But tell me, Sir, Print you this book upon your own charge, or sell you your licence to some Book-binder? Upon mine own, said the Author, and I think to get a thousand Crowns by it, at least with this first impression; for there will be two thousand Copies, and and they will vent at three shillings a-piece roundly.

You understand the matter well, said *Don Quixote*. It seems, you know not the passages of Printers, and the correspondencies they have betwixt one and the other. I promise you, that when you have two thousand Copies lying by you, you'll be so troubled, as passeth; and the rather, if the book be but a little dull, and not conceited all thorough.

Why, would you have me, quoth the Author, let a Book-seller have my licence, that would give me but a half-peny a sheet, and that thinks he doth me a kindness in it too? I print not my Works to get fame in the World, for I am by them well known in it. I must have profit, for without that, fame is not worth a rush.

God send you good luck, said *Don Quixote*, so he passed to another Box, where he saw some correcting a sheet of a book entitled, *The Light of the Soul*; and in seeing it, he said, Such books as these, though there be many of them, ought to be imprinted; for there be many sinners, and many lights are needful, for so many be darkned.

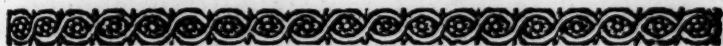
He went on, and saw them correcting another Book, and enquiring the Title, they answered him, that it was called, The second Part of the ingenious Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, made by such a one, an inhabitant of *Tordesillas*.

I have

I have notice of this Book, said *Don Quixote*, and in my conscience, I thought before now it had been burnt, and turned to ashes for an idle Pamphlet; but it will not, like Hogs *, want its Saint *Martin*; for your feigned Histories are so much the more good and delightful, by how much they come near the truth, or the likeness of it; and the true ones are so much the better, by how much the truer: And saying thus, with some shews of distaste, he left the Press; and that very day *Don Antonio* purposed to carry him to the Gallies that were in the Wharf; at which *Sancho* much rejoiced, for he had never in his life seen any.

Don Antonio gave notice to the General of the Gallies, that in the afternoon he would bring his guest, the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* to see them; of whom all the City by this time had notice. And in the next Chapter, what happened to him shall be declared.

* Against that Saints day is Hogs fearing,



C H A P. XXII.

Of the ill Chance that befel Sancho at his seeing the Gallies, with the strange Adventures of Morisca.



REAT were the Discourses that *Don Quixote* framed to himself, touching the answers of the enchanted head, but none of them fell into the Imposture; and all concluded in the promise, which he held for certain, of the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*. There his blood flow'd within him, and he rejoiced with-

in himself, believing he should soon see the accomplishment of it. And *Sancho*, though (as hath been said) he abhorred to be a Governor, yet he desired to bear sway again, and to be obeyed; for such is the desire of rule, though it be but in jest.

In conclusion, that afternoon *Don Antonio Moreno* their Oast, with his two friends, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went to the Gallies. The General, who had notice of their coming, as soon as they were come near the Sea-side, made all the Gallies strike their Tilt-sails, and the Hautboys sounded, and they launched a Cock-boat to the Water, which was all covered with rich cloaths, and cushions of crimson Velvet; and just as *Don Quixote* entered into it, the Admiral Galley discharged her Fore-castle-piece, and the rest of the Gallies likewise did the same: and as *Don Quixote* mounted at the right-side Ladder, all the fry of the slaves, as the custom is when any man of quality enters the Gally, cryed, *Hu, Hu, Hu*, thrice a-row.

The General, who was a man of quality, a *Valencian* Gentleman, gave him his hand; and being entered, embrac'd him, saying, This day will I mark with a white stone, for one of the best that shall have befallen me in all my life-time; having seen Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the time and signs that appear in him, shewing that all the worth of a Knight Errant, is contained and summed up in him. With the like courteous phrase reply'd *Don Quixote*, jocund above measure, to see himself so Lord-like treated withal.

They all went a-stern, which was very well drest up, and they fate upon the Rails. The Boatswain got him to the Fore-castle, and gave warning with his Whistle to the slaves, to disrobe themselves, which was done in an instant.

Sancho that saw so many naked men was astonished, and the more, when he saw them hoist up their Tilt so speedily, that he thought all the Devils in Hell laboured there. *Sancho* fate upon the Pilot's seat, near
the

the hindermost Rower, on the right hand; who being instructed what he should do, laid hold on *Sancho*; and so lifting him up, passed him to another, and the second to a third; so the whole rabble of the slaves, beginning from the right side, passed and made him vault from one seat to another so violently, that poor *Sancho* lost his sight, and undoubtedly believed, that the Fiends of Hell carried him: And they gave him not over, till they had passed him over all the left side too, and then set him again on the stern; so the poor soul was sore bruised and bemauled, and scarce imagined what had happened to him.

Don Quixote, that saw this flight of *Sancho's* without Wings, asked the General if those were Ceremonies, that were used to such as came newly into the Gallies? for if they were, that he who intended not to profess in them, liked no such pastime; and he vowed to God, that if any came to lay hold on him, to make him tumble, he would kick out his soul; and in so saying, he stood up, and grasped his sword.

At this instant they let down the Tilt again, and with a terrible noise let fall the Main-yard, so that *Sancho* thought Heaven was off the Hinges, and fell upon his head, which he crouched together, and clapt it for fear betwixt his legs. *Don Quixote* was not altogether as he should be; for he began to quake, and shrink up his shoulders, and grew pale. The slaves hoisted the Main-yard with the same fury and noise that they had formerly strook it with; and all with such silence, as if they had had neither voice nor breath. The Boatswain made signs to them, to weigh Anchor; and leaping toward the Forecastle, in the midst of them, with his Whip, or Bulls-Pizzle, he began to fly-flap their shoulders.

When *Sancho* saw such a company of red feet move at once; for such he guessed the oars to be, he said to himself, I marry, here be things truly enchanted, and not those my Master speaks of. What have these unhappy souls committed, that they are thus lashed? And how dares this fellow that goes whistling up

and down alone, whip so many? Well, I say, This is Hell, or Purgatory at least.

Don Quixote, that saw with what attention *Sancho* beheld all that passed, said, Ah friend *Sancho*, how speedily, and with how little cost might you, if you would, take off your doublet, and clap yourself amongst these fellows, and make an end of disenchanting *Dulcinea*? For having so many companions in misery, you would not be so sensible of pain; and besides, it might be, that the sage *Merlin* might take every one of these lashes, being well laid on, for ten.

The General would have asked what lashes those were, and what disenchantment of *Dulcinea's*, when a Mariner cryed out, *Momiri*, makes signs that there is a Vessel, with Oars towards the West-side of the Coast. Which said, the General leapt upon the Fore-castle, and cryed out, Go to, my Hearts, let her not escape. This Boat, that our Watch-tower discovers, is some Frigate of *Argiers* Pirates.

And now the three other Gallies came to their Admiral, to know what they should do. The General commanded that two of them should launch to the Sea; and he with the other would go betwixt Land and Land, that so the vessel might not escape them.

The slaves rowed hard, and so furiously drove on the Gallies, as if they had flown. And those that launched first into the sea, about a two miles off discovered a vessel, which in sight they marked to have about a fourteen or fifteen Oars, as it fell out to be true; which Vessel, when she discovered the Gallies, she put herself in chase, hoping by her swiftness to escape; but it prevailed nothing; for the Admiral Galley was one of the swiftest vessels that sailed in the Sea, and so got of the other so much, that they in the Frigate plainly saw that they could not escape; and so the Master of her would have had them forsaken their Oars, and yielded, for fear of offending our General. But Fate that would have it otherwise, so disposed the matter, that as the Admiral came on

so nigh, that they in the Bark might hear a cry from the Galley that they should yield; two *Teraquis*, that is, two drunken Turks, that were in the Frigate, with twelve others, discharged two Calievers, with which they killed two soldiers that stood abaft our Galley; which when our General saw, he vowed not to leave a man alive in the Vessel; and coming in great fury to grapple with her, she escaped under the Gally's Oars. The Galley passed forward a pretty way; they in the Vessel saw themselves gone, and began to set sail, and to fly afresh, as they saw the Galley coming on them; but their industry did them not so much good, as their presumption hurt; for the Admiral overtaking them within one half mile, clapped his Oars on the Vessel, and so took her, and every man alive in her.

By this the two other Gallies came; and all four returned to the Wharf with their prize, where a World of people expected them, desirous to see what they brought. The General cast anchor near Land, and perceived that the Viceroy of the City was on the shore; he commanded that a Cock-boat should be launched to bring him, and that they should strike the Main-yard to hang presently the Master of the Frigate, and the rest of the Turks that they had taken in her, which were about six and thirty persons; all goodly men, and most of them *Turkish* shot.

The General asked, who was Master of the Bark? and answer was made him by one of the Captives in *Spanish* (who appeared after to be a renegade *Spaniard*;) This Youth you see here is our Master; and he shewed him one of the goodliest comely Youths that could be decyphered by humane imagination.

He was not, to see to, above twenty years of age. The General asked, Tell me, ill-advised dog, what moved thee to kill my soldiers, since thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is this the respect due to Admirals? Knowest not thou that rashness is not valour? Doubtful hopes may make men bold, but not desperate.

The

The Master would have replied, but the General could not as yet give him the hearing, by reason of his going to welcome the Viceroy aboard, who entered now the Galley with some servants of his, and others of the city.

You have had a pretty chase on't, my Lord General, said the Viceroy. So pretty, said the General, that your Excellency shall see it hanged up at the Main-yard. How so, quoth the Viceroy? Why, they have killed me, said he, against all Law of Arms, reason, or custom of Wars, two of the best soldiers I had in my Gallies, and I have sworn to hang them all, especially this Youth, the Master of the Frigate; and he shewed him one that had his hands bound, and the halter about his neck, expecting his death. The Viceroy beheld him, and seeing him so comely, handsome, and so humble withal, his beauty giving him in that instant, as it were, a Letter of recommendation, the Viceroy had a mind to save him, and therefore asked;

Tell me, Master, art thou a Turk born, or a Moor, or a Renegade?

To which the Youth answered him in his own language, neither of all. Why, what art thou, quoth the Viceroy? A Christian Woman, said the young man. A Woman, and a Christian in this habit, in these employments; a thing rather to be wondered at, than believed. My Lords, I beseech you, quoth the Youth, let my execution be a little deferred, whilst I recount my life. What heart so hard that would not be softened with that reason, at least to hear the sad and grieved Youth to tell his story? The General bad him proceed; but that there was no hope for him of pardon for his notorious offence. So the Youth began in this manner: Of that lineage, more unhappy than wise, on which a Sea of misfortunes in these latter times have rained, am I, born of *Moriscan* Parents, and in the current of their misery, was carried by two of my Uncles into *Barbary*; it nothing availing me to say I was a Christian, as I am indeed, and

not seeming so, as many of us, but truly Catholic; but this truth prevailed nothing with the Officers that had charge given them to look to our banishment; neither would my Uncles believe I was a Christian, but that it was a trick of mine to stay in my native Country: and so rather forcibly, than by my consent, they carried me with them. My Mother was a Christian, and my Father discreet; and so likewise I sucked the Catholic faith in my milk. I was well brought up, and neither in my language or fashion, made shew to be a *Morisca*. With these Vertues, my beauty (if so be I have any) increased also; and tho' my restraint and retirement was great, yet it was not such, but that a young Gentleman, called *Don Gaspar Gregorio* had gotten a sight of me. This Gentleman was Son and Heir to a Knight that lived near to our town; he saw me, and we had some speech; and seeing himself lost to me, but I not won by him, 'twere large to tell, especially fearing that as I am speaking, this halter must throttle me; yet I say, that *Don Gregorio* would needs accompany me in my banishment, and so mingling himself with *Moriscos* that came out of other places (for he understood the language well) in our voyage he got acquainted with my two Uncles that went with me; for my Father, wisely, when he heard the Edict of our banishment, went out of our town, and went to seek some place in a foreign Country, where we might be entertained; and he left many pearls, precious stones, and some money in double Pistolets hidden in a secret place (which I only knew of) but he commanded me, by no means to meddle with it, if we were banished before his return. I did so, and with my Uncles and others of our kindred, passed into *Barbary*, and our resting-place was *Argiers*; I might have said, Hell. The King there, had notice of my beauty, and likewise that I was rich, which partly fell out to be my happiness. He sent for me, and asked me of what part of *Spain* I was, and what money and jewels I brought? I told him the place, but

but that my jewels and monies were buried; but that they might easily be had, if I might but go thither for them. All this I said, hoping his own covetousness would more blind him than my beauty.

Whilst we were in this discourse, they told him there came one of the goodliest fair Youths with me that could be imagined. I thought presently it was *Don Gregorio* they meant, whose comeliness is not to be parallel'd. It troubled me to think in what danger he would be; for those barbarous *Turks* do more esteem a handsome boy, than a woman, be she never so fair. The King commanded strait, that he should be brought before him, that he might see him; and asked me if it were true they said of the Youth. I told him, yes (and it seemed Heaven put it into my head) but that he was no man, but a woman as I was, and I desired him he would give me leave to cloath her in her natural habit, that her beauty might appear to the full, and that otherwise too, she would be too shamefac'd before him. He bad me do so, and that on the morrow he would give order for my return to *Spain* to seek the hidden Treasure. I spoke with *Don Gaspar*, and told him what danger he had been in by being a Man; so I clad him like a *Moorish* Woman, and that afternoon brought him to the King's presence; who seeing him, admired at her beauty, and thought to reserve him, and to send him for a Present to the *Grand Signior*; and so to avoid the danger in his *Seraglio* of Women, if he put her there, he commanded her to be kept in a house of certain *Moorish* Gentlewomen, whither he was carried. How this troubled us both (for I cannot deny that I love him) let them consider that have been absent from their Loves. The King gave order then, that I should come for *Spain* in this Frigate, and that these two *Turks* that killed your Soldiers, should accompany me; and this Renegade *Spaniard*, pointing to him that had first spoken, who I know is in his heart a Christian, and hath a greater desire to remain here, than to return into *Barbary*; the rest are *Moors*
and

and *Turks* that only serve for Rowers. The two covetous and insolent *Turks*, not respecting the order we had, that they should set me and this Renegade *Spaniard* on the first shore, in the habits of Christians (of which we were provided) would needs first scour the Coast, and take some prize, if they could, fearing that if they should set us on land by some mischance we might discover the Frigate to be upon the coast, so that they might be taken by the Gallies; and overnight we descried this wharf, and not knowing of these four Gallies, we were discovered, and this hath befallen us that you have seen. In fine, *Don Gregorio* remains in his woman's habit amongst women, in manifest danger of his destruction, and I am here prisoner, expecting, or to say truer, fearing the losing of my life, which notwithstanding wearies me. This, Sirs, is the conclusion of my lamentable History, as true as unfortunate; my request is, that I may die a Christian, since (as I have said) I am not guilty of that crime into which the rest of my Nation have fallen; and with this she broke off, her eyes pregnant with tears, which were accompanied with many from the standers by also.

The Viceroy, all tender and compassionate, came to her, and undid the Cord that bound the *Moor's* fair hands. In the mean time, whilst this Christian *Morisca* related her Story, an ancient Pilgrim that entered the Gally, had his eyes fastned upon her, and she had no sooner ended her discourse, when he cast himself at her feet, and embracing them with interrupted words, sighs, and sobs, said, Oh my unfortunate daughter *Anna Felix*, I am *Ricote* thy Father, that have returned to seek thee, as not being able to live without thee, for thou art my very soul. At these words *Sancho* opened his eyes, and lifted up his head (which he held down, thinking upon his ill-favour'd tossing in the Gally) and beholding the Pilgrim, knew him to be the same *Ricote* that he met the same day he left his Government, and it appeared she was his daughter; when being unbound, she embraced her Father,

Father, mingling her tears with his. Then said he to the General and Viceroy, This, my Lords, is my daughter, more unhappy in her success, than in her name, as famous for beauty, as I for wealth. I left my Country to find a resting-place in some strange Country, and having found one in *Germany*, returned in this Pilgrim's weed in company of other *Germans* to seek my daughter, and to dig out my hidden treasure, but found not her, and the treasure I bring with me, and now by strange chance have lighted on my greatest treasure, that is, my beloved daughter; if so be our small offence, and her tears and mine together, with the integrity of your Justice, may open the gates of mercy, shew it us, that never had so much as a thought once to offend you, nor conspired with those of our own lineage, who were justly banished. Then said *Sancho*, I know *Ricote* well, and know all is true he saith, concerning that *Anna Felix* is his daughter, but for other flim-flams, whether he had a good or bad intention, I intermeddle not.

The by-standers wondring all at this accident, the General said, Well, your tears will not let me accomplish my vow; live, fair *Anna Felix*, as long as Heaven will give thee leave, and let those rash slaves die that committed the fault; so he commanded that the two *Turks* that had killed his two Soldiers, should presently be hanged upon the main Yard; but the Viceroy desired him earnestly not to hang them, since they had shewed more madness than valour. The General condescended, for revenge is not good in cold blood; and strait they contrived how to get *Don Gregorio* free. *Ricote* offered two thousand Ducats he had in Pearls and Jewels towards it; Many means were thought on, but none so good, as that of the Renegado *Spaniard* that was mentioned, who offered to return to *Argiers* in some small Bark, only with some six Christian Oars, for he knew where, how, and when he might disembark himself, and the house also where *Don Gaspar* was. The General
and

and Viceroy were in some doubt of him, or to trust him with the Christians that should row with him. But *Anna Felix* undertook for him, and *Ricote* offered to ransom the Christians if they were taken. And being agreed, the Viceroy went ashore, and *Don Antonio Moreno* carried the *Morisca* and her Father with him, the Viceroy enjoying him to use them as well as possibly he might, and offered him the command of any thing in his house toward it. Such was the charity and benevolence that the beauty of *Anna Felix* hath infused into his breast.



C H A P. XXIII.

Of an Adventure that most perplex'd Don Quixote, of any that hitherto beset him.

THE History says, that *Don Antonio Moreno's* wife took great delight to see *Anna Felix* in her house; she welcomed her most kindly, enamoured as well on her good-nets, as beauty and discretion; for in all, the *Morisca* was exquisite, and all the City came (as if by a warning-bell) to see her. *Don Quixote* told *Don Antonio*, that they took a wrong course for the freeing of *Don Gregorio*, which was more dangerous than convenient, and that it had been better that he were set on shore in *Barbary* with his horse and Arms, for that he would deliver him in spite of the whole Moorism there, as *Don Gayferos* had done his Spouse *Melisandra*.

Look you, Sir, said *Sancho*, when he heard this, *Don Cayferos* brought his Spouse through firm Land, and so carried her into *France*, but here, though we should deliver *Don Gregorio*, we have no means to bring

bring him into *Spain*, the Sea being betwixt us and home.

There is a remedy for every thing but Death, said *Don Quixote*, for 'tis but having a Bark ready at the Sea side, and in spite of all the world we may embark our selves.

You do prettily facilitate the matter, said *Sancho*; but 'tis one thing to say, and another to do; and I like the Renegade, for methinks he is a good honest plain fellow. *Don Antonio* said, that if the Renegade performed not the business, that then the Grand *Don Quixote* should pass over into *Barbary*. Some two days after, the Renegade embark'd in a little boat with six oars on a side, mann'd with lusty tall fellows, and two days after that, the Gallies were Eastward bound, the General having requested the Viceroy, that he would be pleased to let him know the success of *Don Gregorio's* liberty, and likewise of *Anna Felix*. The Viceroy promised to fulfil his request.

And *Don Quixote* going out one morning to take the air upon the wharf, armed at all points; for as he often used to say, his Arms were his ornaments, and to skirmish his delight, and so he was never without them; he saw a Knight come toward him, armed from top to toe, carrying upon his shield a bright shining Moon painted, who coming within distance of hearing, directing his voice to *Don Quixote* aloud, said, Famous Knight, and never sufficiently extolled, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the white Moon, whose renowned deeds perhaps thou hast heard of; I am come to combat with thee, and by force of Arms to make thee know and confess, that my Mistress, be she whom she will, is without comparison fairer than thy *Dulcinea del Toboso*, which truth if thou plainly confess, thou shalt save thy life, and me a labour in taking it; and if thou fight, and that I vanquish thee, all the satisfaction I will have, is, that thou forsake thy Arms, and leave seeking Adventures, and retire thy self to thy home for the space
of

of one whole year, where thou shalt live peaceable and quietly, without laying hand to thy sword, which befits thy estate, and also thy soul's health; and if thou vanquish me, my head shall be at thy mercy, and the spoils of my Horse and Armor shall be thine, and also the fame of my exploits shall pass from me to thee; Consider what is best to be done, and answer me quickly, for I have only this day's respite to dispatch this business.

Don Quixote was astonish'd and in suspense, as well at the *Knight of the white Moon's* arrogance, as the cause of it, for which he challenged him, and so with a quiet and staid demeanour answered him.

Knight of the white Moon, whose exploits hitherto I have not heard of, I dare swear thou never sawest the famous *Dulcinea*, for if thou hadst, I know thou wouldst not have entred into this demand; for her sight would have confirmed, that there neither hath been, nor can be a beauty to be compared with hers; and therefore not to say you lie, but that you err in your proposition; I accept of your challenge, with the afore said conditions, and strait, because your limited day shall not pass, and I only except against one of your conditions, which is, that the fame of your exploits pass to me, for I know not what kind of ones yours be, and I am content with mine own, such as they be; begin you then your Career when you will, and I will do the like, and God and St. George.

The Viceroy had notice of this, and thought it had been some new Adventure plotted by *Don Antonio Moreno*, or some other Gentleman; and so out of the City he went with *Don Antonio*, and many other Gentlemen that accompanied him to the wharf, just as *Don Quixote* was turning *Rosinante's* reins to take up as much ground as was fit for him. When the Viceroy saw in both of them signs to encounter, he put himself betwixt them, and ask'd what was the cause of their single combat. The *Knight of the white Moon* answered him, that it was about a precedency in

in beauty, and briefly repeated what he had formerly done to *Don Quixote*, together with the conditions accepted by both parties.

The Viceroy came to *Don Antonio*, and asked him in his ear, if he knew that *Knight of the white Moon*, or if it were some trick they meant to put upon *Don Quixote*?

Don Antonio made answer, that he neither knew the Knight, or whether the Combat were in jest or earnest.

This answer made the Viceroy doubt whether he should let them proceed to the Combat; but being persuaded that it could not be but a jest, he removed, saying, Sir Knights, if there be no remedy but to confess or die, and that Signior *Don Quixote* be obstinate, and you, *Knight of the white Moon*, more so than he, God have mercy on you, and to't.

The *Knight of the white Moon* most courteously thank'd the Viceroy for the license he gave them, and *Don Quixote* too did the like; who heartily recommending himself to heaven, and his Mistress *Dulcinea* (as he used upon all such occasions) he turned about to begin his Career, as his enemy had done, and without Trumpets sound, or of any other warlike instrument that might give them signal for the onset, they both of them set spurs to their Horses, and the *Knight of the white Moon's* being the swifter, met *Don Quixote* e'er he had ran a quarter of his Career, so forcibly (without touching him with his Lance, for it seemed he carried it aloft on purpose) that he tumbled horse and man both to the ground, and *Don Quixote* had a terrible fall; so he got straight on the top of him; and clapping his Lance's point upon his Visor, said, You are vanquished, Knight, and a dead man, if you confess not, according to the conditions of our combat. *Don Quixote* all bruised and amazed, without heaving up his Visor, as if he had spoken out of a tomb, with a faint and weak voice, said, *Dulcinea del Toboso* is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unfortunatest Knight on earth,

earth, and it is not fit that my weakness defraud this truth; thrust your Lance into me, Knight, and kill me, since you have bereaved me of my honour. Not so truly, quoth he of the white Moon, let the fame of my Lady *Dulcinea's* beauty live in her entirety; I am only contented that the grand *Don Quixote* retire home for a year, or till such time as I please, as we agreed, before we began the battel.

All this, the Viceroy, with *Don Antonio* and many others standing by heard; and *Don Quixote* answered, that so nothing were required of him in prejudice of his Lady *Dulcinea*, he would accomplish all the rest, like a true and punctual Knight.

This Confession ended, the *Knight of the white Moon* turned his horse, and making a low obeysance on horseback to the Viceroy, he rode a false Gallop into the City. The Viceroy willed *Don Antonio* to follow him, and to know by all means who he was.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and they discovered his face, and found him discoloured, and in a cold sweat. *Rosinante* out of pure hard handling, could not as yet stir.

Sancho all sad and sorrowful knew not what to do or say, and all that had happened to him, seemed but a dream; and all that Machine a matter of Enchantment; he saw his Master was vanquished, and bound not to take Arms for a year. Now he thought the light of his glory was eclipsed, the hopes of his late promises were undone, and parted as smok with wind, he feared lest *Rosinante's* bones were broken, and his Master's out of joint; Finally, in a Chair, which the Viceroy commanded to be brought, he was carried to the City, whither the Viceroy too returned, desirous to know who the *Knight of the white Moon* was, that had left *Don Quixote* in so bad a taking.



C H A P. XXIV.

*Who the Knight of the white Moon was,
with Don Gregorio's liberty, and other
Passages.*

DON Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, and many Boys too followed and persecuted him, till he got him to his Inn into the City. Don Antonio entered, desirous to know him, and he had his Squire to unarm him; he shut himself in a lower room, and Don Antonio with him, who stood upon Thorns, till he knew who he was.

He of the *White Moon*, seeing then that the Gentleman would not leave him, said, I well know, Sir, wherefore you come, and to know who I am, and since there is no reason to deny you this, I will tell you, whilst my man is unarming me, the truth without erring a jot. Know, Sir, that I am stiled the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and am one of Don Quixote's town; whose wild madness hath moved as many of us as know him to compassion, and me amongst the rest most; and believing that the best means to procure his health, is to keep him quiet, and so to have him in his own house: I thought upon this device; and so about a three months since, I met him upon the way, calling my self by the name of the Knight of the Looking-glasses, with a purpose to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him any hurt; and making this the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be left to the discretion of the vanquisher; and that which I would enjoin him (for I held him already conquered) was, that he should return home, and not abroad again

in

in a whole year, in which time he might happily have been cured: but Fortune would have it otherwise; for he vanquished me, and unhorsed me, and so my project took no effect; he went on his way, and I returned, conquered, ashamed, and bruised with my fall, that was very dangerous; but for all that, I had still a desire to find him again, and to conquer him, as now you have seen.

And he being so punctual, in observing the orders of Knight Errantry, will doubtless keep his promise made to me.

This, Sir, is all I can tell you, and I beseech you conceal me from *Don Quixote*, that my desires may take effect, and that the man who hath otherwise a good understanding, may recover it if his madness leave him.

Oh, Sir, said *Don Antonio*, God forgive you the wrong you do the whole world, in seeking to recover the pleasantest mad man in the world.

Perceive you not, that this recovery cannot be so much worth, as the delight that his fopperies cause? but I imagine, Sir Bachelor, that all your Art will not make a man so irrecoverably mad, wise again; and if it were not uncharitable, I would say, Never may he recover; for in his health we lose not only his own conceits, but *Sancho Panza* his Squire's too, each of which would turn melancholy it self into mirth; for all that, I will hold my peace, I will say nothing, and see whether I guess right, that Signior *Carraasco's* pains will be to no purpose. Who answered, that as yet the business was brought to a good pass, and he hoped for a happy success; and so, offering *Don Antonio* his service, he took leave of him. And causing his Armour to be pack'd upon a great he Mule, at the instant he got himself upon the Horse, with which he entred the Lists; and the same day he went out of the City homeward, where, by the way nothing happened to him, worth the relating in this true History.

Don Antonio told the Viceroy all that *Carasco* said; at which he received not much content, for in *Don Quixote's* retirement, was theirs also that ever had notice of his mad pranks.

Six days was *Don Quixote* in his bed, all muddy, sad and sorrowful, and wayward, descanting in his thoughts upon his ill fortune to be vanquished. *Sancho* comforted him, and amongst other reasons, told him, Signior mine, chear up, be lively, if you can, give Heaven thanks, that though you came with a tumbling cast to the ground, yet you have never a rib broken; and since you know that sweet meat must have four sauce, and that there is not always good chear, where there is a smoaking Chimney, cry, A fig for the Physician, since you need not his help in this disease. Let's home to our houses, and leave looking after these Adventures thorough Countries and places we know not; and if you consider it well, I am here the greatest loser, though you be in the worst pickle.

I, though when I left to be a Governor, left also my desires that way; yet left not my desire of being an Earl, which will never be effected, if you leave to be a King, by leaving the exercise of Chivalry, and so my hopes are like to vanish into smoke.

Peace, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, my retirement shall be but for a year, and then I'll strait to my honourable profession again, and I shall not want a Kingdom for my self, and some Earldom for thee.

God grant it, said *Sancho*, and let sin be deaf; for I have always heard, that a good hope is better than a bad possession. In this discourse they were, when as *Don Antonio* entred, with shews of great content, saying, My reward, Signior *Don Quixote*, for the news I bring; for *Don Gregorio* and the renegade *Spaniard* with him, are upon the Wharf; the Wharf, quoth I? In the Viceroy's house, and will be here presently.

Don Quixote was somewhat revived, and said, Truly I was about to have said, I would it had been otherwise,

otherwise, that I might have gone into *Barbary*, and with the strength and vigour of this Arm, not only have given liberty to *Don Gregorio*, but to all the Christian captives in *Barbary*.

But what say I, wretch that I am? Am not I vanquished? Am not I overthrown? Am not I he that must not touch Arms this twelve months? What then do I promise? Why do I praise my self, since it were fitter for me to use a distaff than a sword? No more of that, Sir, said *Sancho*; a man is a man, though he have but a hose on his head. To day for thee, and to morrow for me; and for these thumps and encounters there is no heed to be taken; for he that falls to day, may rise to morrow, except it be that he mean to lie a bed; I mean, to dismay, and not take heart to fresh skirmishes; and therefore raise you your self now, to welcome *Don Gregorio*; for methinks, the people of the house are in an uproar, and by this he is come; and he said true, for *Don Gregorio* having given the Viceroy account of his going and coming, desirous to see *Anna Felix*, he came with the renegade to *Don Antonio's* house; and tho' *Don Gregorio*, when they brought him out of *Argiers*, were in a woman's habit; yet by the way in the Boat he changed it with a Captive, that came with him; but in whatsoever habit he had been in, he would have seemed a personage, worthy to be coveted, sought after, and served; for he was extraordinary comely, and about some seventeen or eighteen years of age. *Ricote* and his daughter went out to welcome him, the Father with tears, and the Daughter with honesty.

They did not embrace each other; for where there is love, there is never much looseness.

The two joint beauties of *Don Gregorio*, and *Anna Felix*, astonished all the by standers.

Silence there spoke for the two Lovers, and their eyes were tongues, that discovered their joyful, but honest thoughts; the renegade told them the means and flight he had used to get *Don Gregorio* away. *Don*

Gregorio told his dangers and straits he was put to, amongst the women with whom he remained, not in tedious manner, but with much brevity; where he shewed that his discretion was above his years.

Finally, *Ricote* paid and royally satisfied, as well the renegade, as those that had rowed with him. The renegade was reduc'd, and re-incorporated with the Church, and of a rotten member, became clean and sound, by penance and repentance.

Some two days after, the Viceroy treated with *Don Antonio* about means, that *Ricote* and his Daughter might remain in *Spain*, thinking it to be no inconvenience, that so Christianly a Father and Daughter should remain, and, to see to, so well intentionated.

Don Antonio offered to negotiate it amongst other business, for which he was to go to the Court of necessity, letting them know, that there by favour and bribes many difficult matters are ended.

There is no trust in favours or bribes, said *Ricote* then present; for with the *Grand Don Bernardino de Velasco*, Count *Salazar*, to whom his Majesty hath given in charge our expulsion, neither entreaties, promises, bribes, or compassion can prevail; for though true it be, that he mixeth his justice with mercy, yet because he sees, that the whole body of our Nation is putrid and contaminated, he useth rather Cauterizing that burns it, than ointment that softens it; and so with prudence, skill, diligence, and terror, he hath born upon his strong shoulders, and brought to due execution, the weight of this great Machine, our industries, tricks, flights and frauds, not being able to blind his watchful eyes of *Argos*, which wake continually; to the end, that none of ours may remain, that like a hidden root, may in time sprout up, and scatter venomous fruit throughout all *Spain*, now cleansed, and free from the fear, into which their multitude put her; a heroick resolution of the *Grand Philip* the third, and unheard of wisdom, to have committed it to *Don Bernardino* and *Velasco*.

Well,

Well, when I come thither, said *Don Antonio*, I will use the best means I can, and let heaven dispose what shall be fittest. *Don Gregorio* shall go with me, to comfort the affliction of his parents for his absence; *Anna Felix* shall stay with my wife here, or in a Monastery; and I know the Viceroy will be glad to have honest *Ricote* stay with him, till he sees how I can negotiate.

The Viceroy yielded to all that was proposed; but *Don Gregorio* knowing what passed, said, that by no means he could, or would leave *Anna Felix*; but intending to see his friends, and to contrive how he might return for her, at length he agreed. *Anna Felix* remained with *Don Antonio*'s wife, and *Ricote* in the Viceroy's house.

The time came that *Don Antonio* was to depart, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, which was some two days after, for *Don Quixote*'s fall would not suffer him to travel sooner. When *Don Gregorio* parted from *Anna Felix*, all was tears, swooning, sighs and sobs, *Ricote* offered *Don Gregorio* a thousand Crowns; but he refused them, and borrowed only five of *Don Antonio*, to pay him at the Court again; with this they both departed, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* next (as hath been said) *Don Quixote* dis-armed, and *Sancho* on foot, because *Dapple* was laden with the Armour.





C H A P. XXV.

*That treats of what the Reader shall see,
and he that hearkens hear.*

AS they went out of *Barcelona*, *Don Quixote* beheld the place where he had his fall, and said, *Hic Troja fuit*, here was my ill fortune, and not my cowardise, that bereaved me of my former gotten glory; here Fortune used her turns and returns with me; here my exploits were darkned, and finally, my fortune fell, never to rise again. Which *Sancho* hearing, said, Signior mine, 'Tis as proper to great spirits to be patient in adversity, as jocund in prosperity, and this I take from my self; for if when I my self being a Governor was merry, now that I am a poor Squire on foot, I am not sad. For I have heard say, that she you call up and down Fortune, is a drunken longing woman, and withal blind, and so she sees not what she doth, neither knows whom she casts down, or whom she raiseth up.

Sancho, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art very Philosophical, thou speakest marvellous wisely, I know not who hath taught thee. All I can tell thee, is, that in the world there is no such thing as fortune; neither do things that happen in it, good or evil, fall out by chance, but by the particuar providence of heaven; hence 'tis said, That every man is the Artificer of his own Fortune, which I have been of mine, but not with the discretion that might have been fitting, and so my rashness hath been requited; for I might have thought that it was not possible for *Rosinante's* weakness, to have resisted the powerful greatnes

greatness of the Knight of the white Moon's horse. In fine, I was hardy, I did what I could: down I came, and though I lost my honour, yet I lost not nor can lose my virtue, to accomplish my promise. When I was a Knight Errant, bold and valiant, with my Works and Hands I ennobled my deeds; and now that I am a foot Squire, I will credit my Works with the accomplishment of my promise. Jog on then, *Sancho*, and let us get home, there to pass the year of our Probationership; in which retiredness we will recover new virtue, to return to the never-forgotten exercise of Arms.

Sir, said *Sancho*, 'tis no great pleasure to travel great journeys on foot; let us leave your Armour hanged up upon some tree, instead of a hanged man; and then I may get upon *Dapple*, and ride as fast as you will; for to think that I will walk great journeys on foot, is but a folly.

Thou hast said well, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; hang up my Arms for a Trophy; and at the bottom, or about them, we will carve in the trees, that which in the Trophy of *Roldan's* was written,

*Let none these move,
That his Valour will not
With Roldan prove.*

All this, methinks, said *Sancho*, is precious; and if it were not that we should want *Rosinante* by the way, 'twere excellent good hanging him up.

Well, neither he, nor the Armour, quoth *Don Quixote*, shall be hanged up, that it may not be said, So a good servant, an ungrateful Master.

You say marvellous well, quoth *Sancho*; for according to the opinion of wise men, the fault of the Ass must not be laid upon the pack-saddle. And since in this last business you yourself were in fault, punish yourself, and let not your fury burst upon the hacked and bloody Armour, or the mildness of *Rosinante*, or the tenderness of my feet, making me walk more than is fitting.

All that day and four more they passed in these reasons and discourses; and the fifth after, as they entered a town, they saw a great many of people at an Inn door, that by reason of the heat were there shading themselves.

When *Don Quixote* approached, a Husbandman cried aloud, Some of these Gentlemen, that know not the parties, shall decide the business of our Wager. That will I, said *Don Quixote*, with all uprightness, if I may understand it. Well, good Sir, said the Husbandman, this is the matter; Here's one dwells in this town so fat, that he weighs eleven Arrobes*, and he challenged another to run with him that weighs but five; the Wager was to run one hundred paces with equal weight, and the Challenger being asked how they should make equal weight, said, That the other that weighed but five Arrobes, should carry six of Iron, and so they should both weigh equally.

No, no, said *Sancho*, before *Don Quixote* could answer, It concerns me (that not long since left being a Governor and a Judge, as all the World knows) to decide doubts, and to sentence this business. Answer on God's name, friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for I am not in the humour to play at boys-play, since I am so troubled and tormented in mind.

With this license, *Sancho* said to the Husbandmen that were gaping round about him, expecting his sentence, Brothers, the fat man's demand is unreasonable, and hath no appearance of equity; for if he that is challenged may choose his Weapons, the other ought not to chuse such as may make his contrary unwieldy and unable to be Victor; and therefore my opinion is, that the fat Challenger do pick, and cleanse, and withdraw, and polish, and nibble, and pull away six Arrobes of his flesh, somewhere or other from his body, (as he thinks best) and so having but

* *Arroba*, measure of twenty five pound weight.

five remaining, he will be made equal with his opposite, and so they may run upon equal terms.

I vow by me, said the Husbandman that heard *Sancho's* sentence, this Gentleman hath spoken blessedly, and sentenced like a Canon; but I warrant, the fat man will not lose an ounce of his flesh, much less six Arrobes.

The best is, said the other, not to run, that the lean man strain not himself with too much weight, nor the fat man dislesh himself; and let half the Wager be spent in Wine, and let us carry these Gentlemen to the Tavern that hath the * best, and give me the cloak when it rains.

I thank you, Sir, said *Don Quixote*, but I cannot stay a jot; for my sad thoughts make me seem unmannerly, and travel more than ordinarily. And so spurring *Rosinante*, he passed forward, leaving them to admire and note, as well his strange shape as his man's discretion; for, such they judged *Sancho*. And another of the Husbandmen said, If the man be so wise, what think ye of the Master? I hold a Wager, that if they went to study at *Salamanca*, they would be made Judges of the Court in a trice, for all is foppery to your studying. Study hard, and with a little favour, and good luck, when a man least thinks of it, he shall have a rod of justice in his hand, or a Mitre upon his head.

That night the master and man passed in the open field; and the next day being upon their way, they saw a footman coming towards them with a pair of Wallets about his neck, and a Javelin or Dart in his hand, just like a footman, who coming near *Don Quixote*, mending his pace, and beginning to run, came and took him by the right thigh, for he could reach no higher, and said with a great deal of gladness, Oh my Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and

* A good wish, as if he would have said, Let the burden light upon him.

how glad my Lord Duke will be, when he knows you will return to his Castle? for he is there still with my Lady Duchefs.

I know you not, friend, said *Don Quixote*, who you are, except you tell me.

I, Signior *Don Quixote*, said the footman, am *Tosilos* the Duke's Lackey, that would not fight with your Worship about the marriage of *Donna Rodriguez* daughter.

God defend me, said *Don Quixote*, and is it possible? and are you he, into whom the Enchanters my enemies, transformed my contrary, to defraud me of the honour of that combat?

Peace, Sir, quoth the Letter foot-post, there was no Enchantment, nor changing of my face, I was as much *Tosilos* the Lackey, when I went into the Lists, as when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the Wench well; but it fell out otherwise. My Lord Duke caused me to be well banged, because I did not according as I was instructed before the battel was to begin; and the Conclusion is, the Wench is turned Nun, and *Donna Rodriguez* is gone back again into the Castle, and I am going now to *Barcelona* to carry a Packet of Letters to the Viceroy which my Lord sends him; and if you please to drink a sup (though it be hot, yet pure) I have a little Gourd here full of the best Wine, with some slices of excellent cheese, that shall serve for a Provoker and Alarum to thirst if it be asleep.

I see the Vy, said *Sancho*, and set the rest of your courtesy, and therefore skink, honest *Tosilos*, in spight of all the Enchanters in the *Indies*.

Well, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art the only Glutton in the World, and the only Ass alive, since thou canst not be persuaded that this footman is enchanted, and this *Tosilos* counterfeit. Stay thou with him and fill thyself, I'll go on fair and softly before, and expect thee.

The Lackey laughed, and unsheathed his bottle, and drawing out his bread and cheese, he and *Sancho* sate upon the green grass, and like good fellows they cast Anchor upon all the Wallets provant so hungrily, that all being gone, they licked the very Letter-packet because it smelt of cheese.

Tosilos said to *Sancho*, Doubtless, thy Master, friend *Sancho*, is a very mad-man. He owes no man nothing in that kind, said *Sancho*, for if the money he were to pay, be in madness, he hath enough to pay all men. I see it well enough, and tell him of it; but 'tis to no purpose, for he is now even past recovery, since he hath been vanquished by the Knight of the white Moon. *Tosilos* desired him to tell him what had befallen him; but *Sancho* answered, it was a discourtesy to let his Master stay for him, but at some other time when they met, he should know. And so rising up, after he had well dusted himself, and shaken the crumbs from his beard, he caught hold of *Dapple* before, and crying farewell, left *Tosilos*, and overtook his Master that stayed for him under the shade of a tree.



C H A P. XXVI.

Of the resolution Don Quixote had to turn Shepherd, and to lead a Country Life, whilst the promise for his year was expired, with other Accidents, truly good and savoury.



IF *Don Quixote* were much troubled in mind before his fall, he was so much more after it. He stood shading himself under the tree (as you heard) and there his thoughts set upon him, as flies upon honey; some
K. 6. tending

tending to the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, others to the life that he meant to lead in the time of his forced retirement.

Sancho now drew near, and extolled the liberality of *Tosilos*.

Is it possible, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that still thou thinkest that that was a true Lackey, and that thou hast forgotten too that *Dulcinea* was converted and transformed into a Country Wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses, into the Bachellor *Samson Carrasco*; all these by the doings of Enchanters my enemies that persecute me? but tell me now, didst thou ask that *Tosilos*, what became of *Altisidora*? did she lament my absence, or hath she forgotten her amorous passions, that when I was present troubled her?

I never thought on't, said *Sancho*, neither had I leisure to ask after such fooleries. Body of me, Sir, you are now in a humour of asking after other folks thoughts, and amorous ones too.

Look thee, *Sancho*, there is a great deal of difference betwixt love and gratefulness; it may well be, that a Gentleman may not be amorous, but it cannot be (speaking in all rigour) that he should be ungrateful. *Altisidora* in likelihood loved me very well, she gave me the three night-caps thou wotest of, she cried at my departure, cursed me, reviled me, and without modesty railed publickly; all signs that she adored me; for the anger of lovers often ends in maledictions. I could give her no comfort, nor no treasure, all I have being dedicated to *Dulcinea*; and the treasure of Knights Errant, is like that of Fairies, false and apparent only; and all I can do, is but to remember her; and this I may do, without prejudice to *Dulcinea*, whom thou wrongest with thy slackness in whipping thyself, and in chastising that flesh of thine, that I wish I might see devoured by Wolves, that had rather preserve itself for Worms, than for the remedy of that poor Lady.

Sir,

Sir, said *Sancho*, if you will have the truth, I cannot persuade myself that the lashing of my posteriors can have any reference to the disenchanting of the enchanted; which is as much as if you should say, If your head grieve you, anoint your knees; at least, I dare swear, that in as many histories as you have read of Knights Errantry, you never saw whipping disenchant any body; but howsoever, I will take it when I am in the humour, and when time serves I'll chastise myself.

God grant thou dost, said *Don Quixote*, and heaven give thee grace to fall into the reckoning and obligation thou hast to help my Lady, who is thy Lady too, since thou art mine.

With this discourse they held on their way, till they came just to the place where the Bulls had over-run them; and *Don Quixote* called it to mind, and said to *Sancho*, In this field we met the brave Shepherdesses, and the lusty swains, that would have imitated and renewed the pastoral Arcadia; an invention as strange as witty; in imitation of which, if thou thinkest fit, *Sancho*, we will turn Shepherds for the time that we are to live retired; I'll buy sheep, and all things fit for our pastoral vocation; and calling myself by the name of the shepherd *Quixotiz*, and thou the shepherd *Pansino*, we will walk up and down the hills, through Woods and Meadows, singing and versifying, and drinking the liquid Chrystal of the fountains, sometimes out of the clear springs, and then out of the swift running rivers. The Oaks shall afford us plentifully of the most sweet fruit, and the bodies of hardest Cork-trees shall be our seats; the Willows shall give us shade, the Roses their perfume, and the wide Meadows carpets of a thousand flourished colours; the Air shall give us a free and pure breath, the Moon and Stars, in spite of Night's darkness, shall give us light, our songs shall afford us delight, and our wailing, mirth; *Apollo*, verses, and Love-conceits, with which we may be eternalized and famous, not only in this present age, but ages to come

come also. By ten, quoth *Sancho*, this kind of life is very suitable to my desires, and I believe the Bachellor *Samson*, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber will no sooner have seen it, but they will turn shepherds with us; and pray God the Vicar have not a mind to enter into the sheep-coat too, for he is a merry Lad, and jolly. Thou had said very well, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and the Bachellor *Samson Carrasco*, if so be he enter the pastoral lap (as doubtless he will) may call himself the shepherd *Samsonino*, or *Carrascon*. Mr. *Nicholas* may call himself *Niculoso*, as the antient **Boscan* called himself, *Nemoroso*. I know not what name we should bestow upon the Vicar, except it were some derivative from his own, calling him the shepherd *Curiambro*. The shepherdesses on whom we must be enamoured, we may chuse their names as amongst Peers; and since my Lady's name serves as well for a Shepherdess as for a Princess, I need not trouble myself to get her another better, give thou thine what name thou wilt.

Mine, said *Sancho*, shall have no other name but *Teresa*, which will fit her fatness well, and it is taken from her Christian name, which is *Teresa*; and the rather I celebrating her in my verses, do discover my chaste thoughts, since I seek not in other men's houses, better bread than is made of Wheat; 'twere not fit that the Vicar had his shepherdess, to give good example, but if the Bachellor will have any, 'tis in his own free choice.

Lord bless me, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and what a life shall we have on't? What a World of horn-pipes, and *Zamora* bag-pipes shall we hear? What tabouring shall we have? What jangling of Bells, and playing on the *Rebecke*? And if to these different musics we have the *Albogue* too, we shall have all kind of pastoral instruments.

* Alluding to the Word *Bosque* for a Wood.

What is *Albogne*, quoth *Sancho*? It is, said *Don Quixote*, a certain plate made like a Candlestick; and being hollow, gives, if not a very pleasing or harmonious sound, yet it displeaseth not altogether, and agrees well with the rustic Tabor and Bag-pipe; and this Word *Albogne* is *Moorish*, as all those in our *Castilian* tongue are, that begin with *Al*, to wit, *Almonsa*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguazil*, *Alucena*, *Almazon*, *Alfancia*, and the like, with some few more; and our language hath only three *Moorish* Words that end in *I*, which are *Borcegni*, *Zagnicami*, and *Meranedi*; *Alheli* and *Alfaqui*, are as well known to be *Arabick* by their beginning with *Al*, as their ending in *I*.

This I have told thee by the way, the Word *Albogne* having brought it into my head, and one main help we shall have for the perfection of this calling, that I, thou knowest, am somewhat poetical, and the Bachellor *Samson Carrasco* is a most exquisite one; for the Vicar I say nothing, but I lay a Wager he hath his smack, and so hath Master *Nicholas* too; for all these, or the most of them, play upon a Gittern, and are Rimers. I will complain of absence, thou shalt praise thyself for a constant Lover, the shepherd *Carrasco* shall mourn for being disdain'd, and let the Vicar *Curiambro* do what he pleaseth, and so there is no more to be desired.

To which, said *Sancho*, Sir, I am so unlucky, that I fear I shall not see the day, in which I may see myself in that happy life. Oh, what neat spoons shall I make when I am shepherd! What hodge-potches and cream! what garlands and other pastoral trumperies? that though they get me not a fame of being wise, yet they shall, that I am witty. My little daughter *Sanchea* shall bring our dinner to the flock; but soft, she is handsome, and you have shepherds more knaves than fools, and I would not have her come for Wool, and return shorn; and your loose desires are as incident to the Fields as to Cities, and as well in shepherds Cottages, as Princes Palaces; and the cause being removed, the sin will be saved, and the

the heart dreams not of what the eye sees not, and better a fair pair of heels than die at the gallows.

No more Proverbs, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, since each of these is enough to make us know thy meaning; and I have often advised thee, not to be so prodigal of thy Proverbs, but more sparing; but 'tis in vain to bid thee, for the more thou art bid, the more thou wilt do it. Methinks, Sir, said *Sancho*, you are like what is said, that the Frying-pan said to the Kettle, Avant, black-brows, you reprehend me for speaking of Proverbs, and you thread up yours by two and two.

Look you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I use mine to purpose, and when I speak them, they fit as well as a little ring to the finger; but thou bringest in thine so by head and shoulders, that thou rather draggest than guidest them; and if I forget not, I told thee heretofore, that Proverbs are brief sentences, drawn from the experience and speculation of our antient Sages, and a Proverb ill apply'd, is rather a foppery than a sentence; but leave we this now, and since night comes on us, let's retire a little out of the high-way, where we will pass this night, and God knows what may befall us to morrow. So they retired, and made a short supper, much against *Sancho's* Will, who now began to think of the hard life of Knight Errantry in Woods and Mountains, especially calling to his remembrance, the Castles and Houses as well of *Don Diego de Miranda*, and where the rich *Camacho's* marriage was, and likewise *Don Antonio Moreno's*; but he considered with himself, that nothing could last ever; and so he slept away the rest of that night, which his Master passed watching.





C H A P. XXVII.

Of the bristled Adventure that befel Don Quixote.



THE night was somewhat dark, tho' the Moon were up, but she was obscured; for sometimes my Lady *Diana* goes to walk with the *Antipodes*, and leaves the Mountains black, and the Vallies darkened. *Don Quixote*, complied with Nature; having slept his first sleep, he broke off his second, contrary to *Sancho*, for his lasted from night till morning; a sign of his good complexion, and few cares. These kept *Don Quixote* waking in such sort, that he awakened *Sancho*, and said to him,

I wonder, *Sancho*, at thy free condition: I imagine thou art made of Marble, or of hard Brass, which neither moves, or hath any feeling. I wake, when thou sleepest; I weep, when thou singest; I am ready to faint with fasting, when thou art lazy, and unwieldy with pure cramming in; 'twere the part of good servants to have a fellow-feeling of their Master's griefs, if it were but for decency. Behold this night's brightness, and the solitude we are in, which invites us to intermingle some watching with sleep: rise by thy life, and get thee a little apart, and with a good courage and thankful chear, give thyself three or four hundred lashes upon account, for *Dulcinea's* disenchanting; and this I entreat of thee, for I will not now, as heretofore, come to handy-gripes with thee, for I know thou hast shrewd clutches; and after thou hast done, we will pass the rest of the night; I, chanting my absence, and thou thy constancy, beginning

ginning from henceforward our pastoral exercise, which we are to keep in our Village.

Sir, said *Sancho*, I am of no religious order, that I should rise out of the midst of my sleep to discipline myself; neither do I think it possible, that from the pain of my whipping, I may proceed to Music. Pray, Sir, let me sleep, and do not press me so to this whipping, for you will make me vow never to touch so much as a hair of my Coat, much less of my flesh. O hard heart! oh ungodly Squire! oh ill-given bread, and favours ill placed which I bestowed, and thought to have more and more conferred upon thee: by me thou wast a Governor, and from me thou wast in good possibility of being an Earl, or having some equivalent Title; and the accomplishment should not have failed, when this our year should end; for I *post tenebras spero lucem*. I understand not that, said *Sancho*, only I know that whilst I am sleeping, I neither fear nor hope, have neither pain nor pleasure; and well fare him that invented sleep; a cloak that covers all human thoughts, the food that slacks hunger, the water that quencheth thirst, and the fire that warmeth cold, the cold that tempers heat, and finally, a current coin with which all things are bought, a balance and weight that equals the King to the Shepherd, the fool to the wise man; only one thing (as I have heard) sleep hath ill, which is, that it is like Death, in that between a man asleep, and a dead man, there is little difference.

I have never, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, heard thee speak more elegantly than now; whereby I perceive, the Proverb thou often usest is true; You may know the man, by the conversation he keeps. Gods me, Master mine, I am not only he now that threads on Proverbs; and they come freer from you, methinks; and betwixt yours and mine there is this only difference, that yours are fitly applied, and mine unseasonably.

In this discourse they were, when they perceived a deaf noise through all the Vallies. *Don Quixote* stood

stood up, and laid hand to his sword, and *Sancho* squatted under *Dapple*, and clapt the bundle of Armour, and his Ass's Pack-saddle on each side of him, as fearful, as his Master was outrageous. Still the noise increased, and drew nearer the two timorous persons (at least one) for the other's valour is sufficiently known.

The business was, that certain fellows drave some six hundred Swine to a Fair to sell, with whom they travelled by night; and the noise they made, with their grunting and squeeking was so great, that it deafned *Don Quixote* and *Sancho's* ears, that never marked what it might be. It fell out, that the goodly grunting Herd were all in a troop together, and without respect to *Don Quixote* or *Sancho's* person, they trampled over them both, spoiling *Sancho's* Trenches, and overthrowing not only *Don Quixote*, but *Rosinante* also. The fury of the sudden coming of these unclean beasts made a confusion, and laid on ground the Pack-saddle, Armour, *Rosinante*, *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote*. *Sancho* rose as well as he could, and desired his Master's sword, telling him, he would kill half a dozen of those unmannerly Hogs, for now he knew them to be so.

Don Quixote said, Let them alone, friend, for this affront is a penalty for my fault, and a just punishment it is from Heaven, that Dogs and Wasps eat a vanquished Knight Errant, and that Swine trample over him.

And it is a punishment of Heaven too, belike, said *Sancho*, that Flies do bite the Squires of vanquished Knights, that Lice eat them, and hunger close with them.

If we Squires were Sons or near Kinsmen to the Knights we serve, 'twere not much we were partakers with them, even to the fourth generation; but what have the *Pansa's* to do with the *Quixote's*?

Well; yet let's go fit ourselves again, and sleep the rest of the night, and 'twill be day, and we shall have better luck.

Sleep

Sleep thou, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for thou wast born to sleep, and I was born to wake; betwixt this and day-break, I will give reins to my thoughts, and vent them out in some Madrigal, that without thy knowledge I compos'd this night.

Methinks, said *Sancho*, that thoughts that give way to verses, are not very troublesome; and therefore verify you as much as you list, and I'll sleep as much as I can; and so taking up as much of the ground as he would, he crouched up together, and slept liberally; Debts, nor Suretiship, nor any other affliction disturbing him.

Don Quixote leaning to the body of a Beech or Cork-tree (for *Cid Hamete Benengeli* distinguisheth not what tree it was) to the Music of his own sighs, sung as followeth, *Love, when I think*, &c. Each of which verses were accompanied with many sighs, and not few tears, fit for a vanquish'd Knight, and one who had his heart pierc'd through with grief, and tormented with the absence of his *Dulcinea*.

Now day came on, and Sir *Sol* with his beams play'd in *Sancho's* eyes; who awoke, and lazed himself, shaking and stretching out his lither limbs, he beheld the havock the Swine had made in his Sump-tery, and he cursed and re-cursed the herd.

Finally, both of them returned to their commenc'd journey; and toward Sun-set, they saw some ten horsemen coming toward them, and four or five footmen. *Don Quixote* was aghast at heart, and *Sancho* shivered, for the troop drew nearer to them, who had their Spears and Shields all in warlike array.

Don Quixote turned to *Sancho* and said, If, *Sancho*, it were lawful for me to exercise Arms, and that my promise had not bound my hands, I should think this were an Adventure of Cake-bread; but perhaps it may be otherwise than we think for.

By this the horsemen came, and lifting up their Lances, without a Word speaking, they compassed in *Don Quixote* before and behind; one of the footmen
threatning

threatning him with death, and clapping his finger to his mouth, in sign he should not cry out; and so he laid hold on *Rosinante's* bridle, and led him out of the way; and the rest of the footmen catching *Sancho's* Dapple, all of them most silently followed after those that carried *Don Quixote*; who twice or thrice would have asked, whither they carried him, and what they would with him? but he no sooner began to move his lips, when they were ready to close them with their Lances points; and the same happened to *Sancho*, when one of the footmen pricked him with a Goad, he offering but to speak; and Dapple they punched too, as if he would have spoken. It now began to grow dark, so they mended their pace; the two prisoners fears increased, especially when they might hear that sometimes they were cryed out on, On, on, ye *Troglodites*; peace, ye barbarous Slaves; Revenge, ye *Anthropophagi*; complain not, ye *Scythians*; open not your eyes, ye murderous *Polyphemans*, ye butcherous Lyons, and other such names as these, with which they tormented the ears of the lamentable Knight and Squire.

Sancho said within himself, * *We Tortelites? We Barbers-Slaves? We poping-eyes? We little Bitches to whom they cry, Hift, Hift? I do not like these names, this Wind winnows no corn, all our ill comes together, like a Whip to a Dog; and I would to God this Adventure might end no worse.*

Don Quixote was embezzel'd; neither in all his discourse could he find, what reproachful names those should be, that were put upon him; whereby he plainly perceived there was no good to be hoped for, but on the contrary, much evil.

Within an hour of night they came to the Castle; which *Don Quixote* well perceived to be the Duke's; wherebut a while before they had been.

* *Sancho's* mistakes.

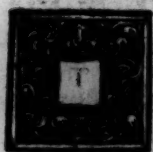
Now God defend, said he, as soon as he knew the place, what have we here? Why, in this house, all is courtesy and good usage; but for the vanquished, all goes from good to bad, and from bad to worse.

They entered the chief Court of the Castle, and they saw it so dressed and ordered, that their admiration increased, and their fear redoubled; as you shall see in the following Chapter.



C H A P. XXVIII.

Of the newest and strangest Adventure, that in all the course of this History befel Don Quixote.



THE horsemen all alighted, and the footmen taking *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* forcibly in their Arms, they set them in the Court, where round about were burning a hundred Torches in their vessels of purpose; and about the Turrets above five hundred lights; so that in spite of dark night, they might there see day.

In the midst of the Court there was a Hearse raised some two yards from the ground, covered with a Cloth of State of black Velvet, and round about it there burned a hundred Virgin Wax Candles in silver Candlesticks; on the top of it there lay a fair Damsel, that shewed to be dead, that with her beauty made death herself seem fair; her head was laid upon a Pillow-bear of Cloth of Gold, crowned with a Garland, woven with divers odoriferous Flowers; her hands were crossed upon her breast, and betwixt them was a bough of flourishing yellow Palm.

On

On one side of the Court there was a kind of Theatre set up, and two Personages in their Chairs, who with their Crowns on their heads, and Sceptres in their hands, seemed to be either real or feigned Kings; at the side of this Theatre, where they went up by steps, there were two other Chairs, where they that brought the prisoners, set *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*; and all this with silence, and signs to them that they should be silent too; but without that they held their peace, for the admiration of what they there saw, tyed their tongues. After this, two other principal Personages came up, whom *Don Quixote* strait knew to be the Duke and Duchess, his Oast and Oastess, who sate down in two rich Chairs, near the two seeming Kings. Whom would not this admire? especially having seen that the body upon the Hearse, was the fair *Altisidora*? When the Duke and Duchess mounted, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* bowed to them, and the Dukes did the like, nodding their heads a little; and now an Officer entered athwart them, and coming to *Sancho*, clapt a Coat of black Buckram on him, all painted with flames of fire; and taking his Cap off, he set a Mitre on his head, just such a one as the Inquisition causes to be set upon Heretics, and bad him in his ear, he should not unsow his lips, for they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him.

Sancho beheld himself all over, and saw himself burning in flames; but since they burned not indeed, he cared not a rush for them. He took off his Mitre, and saw it painted with Devils; he put it on again, and said within himself, Well, yet neither the one burns me, nor the others carry me away.

Don Quixote beheld him also, and though fear suspended his senses, he could not but laugh at *Sancho's* Picture; and now from under the Hearse there seemed to sound, a low and pleasing sound of Flutes; which being un-interrupted by any man's voice (for there it seemed silence self kept silence) was soft and amorous.

Strait there appeared suddenly on the Pillow of the Hearse, a Carcass of a goodly Youth, clad like a Roman, who to the sound of a Harp himself play'd on, with a most sweet and clear voice, sung these two *Stanza's* following*. Enough, said one of the two, that seemed to be Kings: enough, divine singer; for it were to proceed *in infinitum*, to paint unto us the misfortunes and graces of the peerless *Altisidora*, not dead, as the simple World surmisseth, but living in the tongues of Fame, and in the penance that *Sancho* is to pass, to return her to the lost sight; and therefore thou, Oh *Radamansbus*, that judgest with me in the darksome Caves of *Dis*, since thou knowest all that is determining in the inscrutable Fates, touching the restoring of this Damself, tell and declare it forthwith, that the happiness we expect from her return may not be deferred.

Scarce had Judge *Minos* said this, when *Radamansbus* standing up, said, Go too, Ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come one after another, and seal *Sancho's* Chin with four and twenty tucks, twelve pinches, and with pins prick his arms and buttocks six times, in which *Altisidora's* health consists.

When *Sancho Pansa* heard this, he broke off his silence, and said, I vow, you shall as soon tuck me, or handle my face, as make me turn Moor. Body of me, what hath the handling my face to do with this Damself's resurrection? The old Woman tasted the Spinage, &c. *Dulcinea* is enchanted, and I must be whipped to dis-enchant her. *Altisidora* dyes of some sickness it pleaseth God to send her, and her raising must be with four and twenty tucks given me, and with grinding my body with pin-thrusts, and pinching my arms black and blue; away with your tricks

* Which I likewise omit, as being basely made on purpose, and so not worth the translation.

to some other, I am an old Dog, and there's no histing to me.

Thou dyest, quoth *Radamanthus* aloud; relent; thou Tyger, humble thyself, proud *Nembroth*, suffer and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee; and stand not upon difficulties in this business; thou shalt be tuckt, and see thyself grinded, thou shalt groan with pinching. Go to, I say, Ministers, fulfil my command; if not, as I am an honest man, you shall rue the time that ever you were born.

Now there came through the Court, six like old Waiting-women, one after another in Procession; four with Spectacles, and all with their right hands lifted aloft, with four fingers breadth of their Wrists discovered, to make their hands seem larger (as the fashion is.)

No sooner had *Sancho* seen them, when bellowing like a Bull, he said, Well, might I suffer all the World else to handle me, but that Waiting-women touch me, I will never consent. Let 'em Cat-scratch my face, as my Master was served in this Castle, let 'em thrust me through with Bodkin-pointed Daggers, let 'em pull off my flesh with hot burning Pincers, and I will bear it patiently, and serve these Nobles; but that Waiting-women touch me, let the Devil take me, I will not consent.

Don Quixote then interrupted him, saying, Have patience soon, and please these Lordings, and thank God, that he hath given such vertue to thy person, that with the martyrdom of it, thou mayest disenchant the enchanted, and raise up the dead.

And now the Waiting-women drew near *Sancho*; who being won and persuaded, settled in his Chair, offered his face and chin to the first that came, who gave him a well-sealed tuck, and so made him a curtsy. Less curtsy, and less flabber-sauces, good Mistress *Mumpsimus*, quoth *Sancho*; for I protest your hands smell of Vinegar.

At length all the Waiting-women sealed him, and others pinched him; but that which he could not

suffer, was the Pins pricking; and therefore he rose out of his Chair very moody, and laying hold of a lighted Torch that was near him, he ran after the Women, and his Executioners, saying, Avant, infernal Ministers, for I am not made of Brasse, not to be sensible of such extraordinary martyrdom.

By this *Altisidora*, that was weary with lying so long upon her back, turned on one side; which when the By-standers saw, all of them cryed out jointly, *Altisidora lives, Altisidora lives.*

Radamanthus commanded *Sancho* to lay aside his choler, since now his intent was obtained.

And as *Don Quixote* saw *Altisidora* stir, he went to kneel down to *Sancho*, saying, Son of my entrails, 'tis now high time that thou give thyself some of the lashes to which thou art obliged, for the disenchanting of *Dulcinea*.

Now, I say, is the time, wherein thy vertue may be seasoned, and thou mayest with efficacy effect the good that is expected from thee.

To which, quoth *Sancho*, Heida, this is four upon four; 'twere good after these Pinchings, Tucks and Pins-prickings, that lashes should follow; there's no more to be done, but even take a good stone, and tie it to my neck, and cast me into a Well, for which I should not grieve much; if so be that to cure other folks ills, I must be the Pack-horse, let me alone, if not, I shall mar all: and now *Altisidora* fate up in the Hearse, and the Hautboys, accompany'd with Flutes and Voices, began to sound, and all cried out, Live *Altisidora*, *Altisidora* live. The Dukes rose up, and with them *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, and all together with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* went to receive *Altisidora*, and to help her out of the Hearse, who feigning a kind of dismaying, bowed down to her Lords, and to the two Kings, and looking askonce on *Don Quixote* said, God pardon thee, discourteous Knight, since by thy cruelty I have remained in another World, methinks, at least these thousand years; and thee I thank, the most compassionate Squire in the

the World, I thank thee for the life I possess; and now dispose of six of my smocks, which I give thee to make six Shirts; and if they be not all whole, yet they are clean at least.

Sancho kissed her hands with his Mitre off, and his knees on the ground. and the Duke commanded they should return him his cap; and instead of his gown with the flames, they should return him his Gaberdine. *Sancho* desired the Duke that they would leave him both, which he would carry into his Country in memory of that unheard of success. The Duchess answered they should, and that he knew how much she was his friend. The Duke commanded all to avoid the Court, and to retire to their lodgings, and that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* should be carried to theirs they knew of old.



C H A P. XXIX.

Of divers rare things, which serve for the better illustration and clearing of this History.

 *Ancho* slept that night upon a Quilt, and in *Don Quixote's* own chamber; which he would fain have avoided, had it been in his power; for he knew full well, that his Master would hardly let him sleep all night, by reason of the many questions he would demand of him, to which he must of necessity make answer. Now was he in no good humour to talk much; for he felt yet the smart of his fore-passed torments, which were an hindrance to his tongue. And without doubt, he would rather have lain alone in any poor shed, than with company in that goodly house; so true was his fear, and so certain his doubt, as he was

scarce laid in his bed, but his Master began this discourse unto him.

Sancho, what thinkest thou of this night's success? Needs must a man confess, that great and powerful is the force of disdain, since as thou thyself hast seen with thine own eyes, *Altisidora* had surely dyed, and that by no other arrows, nor by any other sword, nor other instrument of War, no, nor by the force of poyson, but by the apprehension of the churlish rigour, and the disdain wherewith I have ever used her.

She might, answered *Sancho*, have died in good time, and at her choice and pleasure, so she would have let me alone in mine own house, since I was never the cause that she became a Lover, nor did I ever, in all my life, scorn or disdain her. But I wot not, nor can I imagine how it may be, that the health or welfare of *Altisidora*, a Gentlewoman more fantastical than discreet, hath any reflection (as I have said heretofore) upon the afflictions of *Sancho Panza*. Now I plainly and distinctly perceive, that there be both Enchanters and Enchantments in the World, from whom God deliver me, since I cannot well deliver myself from them. And therewithal I entreat you to let me sleep; and except you will have me throw myself out of a Window, ask me no more questions.

Sleep, my friend *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, unless the nipping scoffs and bitter frumps which thou hast received, will not permit thee so to do.

There is no grief, answered *Sancho*, comparable unto the affront of scoffing frumps; and so much the more sensible am I of such affronts, as that I have received them by old Women; a mischief take them. I beseech you once more that you will suffer me to sleep, since that sleep is an easing of all miseries. Be it as thou sayest, quoth *Don Quixote*, and God accompany thee.

So they both fell asleep, and whilst they slept, *Cid Hamete*, Author of this great History, would needs write

write and relate, why the Duke and the Duchess had caused this monument to be built, and invented all that you have seen above.

He writes then, that the Bachellor *Samson Carrasco*, having not forgotten what had happened unto him, at what time, under the name of the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*, he was vanquished and overthrown by *Don Quixote*; and therewithal how all his designs and purposes were vanished into smoak; yet nevertheless would he (hoping for better success) attempt the combat again. Therefore is it, that being informed by the Page who brought the Letter, and with it the Present unto *Teresa Panza*, the Wife of *Sancho*, from the place where *Don Quixote* made his residence, he recovered new Arms and a Horse.

Then caused he the white Moon to be painted in his shield, a Mulet carried all this equipage, and a Lob or Swain led the same, and not *Thomas Ceciall*, his antient Esquire, for fear he should be known of *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*.

He so well bestowed himself in his journies, that at last he came to the Duke's Castle, who taught him the way or tract that *Don Quixote* had taken, and how he had a great desire to be present at the Tiltings and Turnaments of *Saragossa*. He likewise related unto him the gullings or gudgeons that he had given him, with the invention of *Dulcinea's* disenchantment, which should be accomplished at the charges of *Sancho's* buttocks. In sum, he understood from him the sob or jest that *Sancho* had used toward his Master, in making him believe that *Dulcinea* was enchanted and transformed into a Country Lass, and how the Duchess his Wife had given *Sancho* to understand, that himself was the man that deceived himself, forsomuch as *Dulcinea* was verily enchanted.

The Bachellor could not contain himself from laughing, and therewithal to be amazed, considering the quaint subtilty, and plain simplicity of *Sancho*, equal unto the extreme folly of *Don Quixote*. The Duke desired him, that if he met with him, and ei-

ther vanquished him or not, he would be pleased to come that way again, to the end he might advertise him of it.

The Bachellor promised him to do it, and so took his leave of the Duke, to go and see whether he could find *Don Quixote*. He found him not at *Saragossa*, but went farther, and then besel him what you have already heard.

He came afterward to the Duke's Castle, and there made report of all, together with the conditions of the combat. He moreover told them, that *Don Quixote* came again to accomplish, as a perfect Knight Errant, the promise which he had made, to retire himself to his own Village, and there to abide the full space of one full year. And that during the said time, it might peradventure be brought to pass, said the Bachellor, that he might be cured of his folly. That he never had other intention, and that for this only cause he had thus disguised himself; for, it was great pity that a Gentleman, so well skilled and versed in all things as *Don Quixote* was, should become a fool.

With that he took leave of the Duke, and went to his Borough, where he staid for *Don Quixote*, who was coming after him. Whereupon the Duke took occasion to put this trick upon him; for, he took a wondrous pleasure of what succeeded unto *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*; and therefore he caused all the approaches and high-ways about his Castle to be laid and watched, especially where he imagined our Knight might come. And for the said cause, he placed divers of his servants as well on foot as on horseback, to the end that if they met with him, willed he, or nilled he, they should bring him to the Castle.

Now it fortun'd that they met with him, and forthwith gave the Duke knowledge of it, who was already resolv'd what he would do. As soon then as he knew of his coming, he caused all the torches and lights that were in the Court to be lighted, and *Alsidora* to be placed upon the tomb, with all
the

the preparation that you have seen before; and that so lively represented, as one would have found very little difference betwixt the truth and that which was counterfeit.

Cid Hamete goes yet farther; for he saith, That he assuredly believeth, that the mockers were as foolish as the mocked; and that there wanted not two inches of the Duke's and Duchesses utter privation of common understanding, since they took so much pains to mock two fools, whereof the one was then found asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his raving and ranging thoughts.

In the mean time the day surprized them, and they desired to rise; for the sluggish feathers were never pleasing unto *Don Quixote*, were he conquered or conqueror.

Altisidora, who, as *Don Quixote* supposed, being risen from death to life, conforming herself to her Master and Mistress's humour, being crowned with the very same garland which she had in the tomb; attired in a loose gown of white Taffety, all beset with flowers of gold, her hair loose, and dangling down her shoulders, leaning upon a staff of fine Ebony Wood, she entered into *Don Quixote's* chamber, who so soon as he saw her, was so amazed and confounded at her presence, as he shrunk down into his bed, all covered with the clothes, and hid with the sheets and counterpoint, that he neither spake Word, nor used any manner of gesture towards her, as might witness that he desired to show her any courtesy.

Altisidora sat down in a chair, which was near unto *Don Quixote's* head, and after fetching a deep, deep sigh, with a low, sweet, and mild voice, she thus bespake him;

Sir *Don Quixote*, whensoever Women of quality, or maidens of discretion trample their honour under their feet, and give their tongue free liberty and scope to exceed the bounds of conveniency or modesty, publishing the secrets lurking in their hearts, they

then shall find themselves brought to extreme misery and distress.

Now am I one of those, pressed, vanquished, and also enamoured; all which notwithstanding I suffer patiently, and continue honest. So that having been so too much, silence was the cause that my soul went out of my body, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, that the consideration and remembrance of the rigour, which thou (oh more stony-minded than any marble, and inexorable Knight, so to reject my complaints) which you have used towards me, brought me to my lives end, or at least I have been deemed and taken for dead by all those that saw me. And had it not been, that Love, who taking pity of me, deposed my recovery among the grievous torments of this good Esquire, I should for ever have remained in the other World. Love might well depose it, replied *Sancho*, in those of my As's, and I would have been very glad of it. But tell me, I pray you, good Damsel, even as Heaven may provide you of another more kind-loving Lover than my Master, what is it that you have seen in the other World? What is there in Hell, that he who dyeth desperate, must necessarily undergo? I must needs, quoth *Alisidora*, tell you the plain truth of all. So it is, that I was not wholly or thoroughly dead, since I came not into Hell; for had I once been therein, there is no question, but I had never been able to come out of it at my pleasure.

True it is, that I came even unto the gate thereof, where I met with a dozen of Devils, who in their hosen and doublets were playing at Tennis-ball. They did wear Falling-bands set with peaks of Flemish Bone-lace, with Cuffs unto them of the very same, so deep, as they appeared four good inches longer than the arm, to the end, their hands might seem the greater. Their Battledors or Rackets were of fire; but that which made me wonder most was, that they used Books instead of Balls; which books were full-stufft with Wind and stiffening; a thing both

both wondrous and newly strange, yet did not that so much astonish me; for, as it is proper unto those, that win at any game, to rejoyce and be glad; whereas those that lose, are ever sad and discontent; there, all grumbled, chafed, fretted, and bitterly cursed one another.

That's no wonder, quoth *Sancho*, since the Devils, whether they play, or play not, whether they win, or win not, at that play they can never be content.

Belike it is even so, replied *Altsidora*; but there is also another thing, which likewise bred some amazement in me; that is to say, brought me into admiration; which is, that the ball, that was but once tossed or stricken, could not serve another time, so that at every stroke, they were forced to change books whether they were old or new, which was a marvelous thing to behold.

Now it happened, that they gave so violent a stroke unto a modern book, and very fairly bound, that it made the very guts to fly out of it, and scattered the leaves thereof up and down.

Then said one Devil unto another, I prithee look what that book treateth of; it is, answered the other Devil, the second part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not composed by *Cid Hamete*, its first Author, but by an *Aragonois*, who braggeth to be born at *Tordesillas*. Now fie upon it, quoth the other Devil, out of my sight with it, and let it be cast into the very lowest pit of Hell, so deep as mine eyes may never see it again. But why, said the other Devil, is it so bad a book? It is so vile a book, replied the first Devil, that had I myself expressly composed it, I could never have encountred worse.

In the mean time they followed on their game, tossing other books to and fro; but having heard the name of *Don Quixote*, he whom I love so passionately, I have laboured to engrave that vision in my memory.

Now without doubt then, said *Don Quixote*, it was a right vision; for, there is no other man of that name.

in the whole World but myself; and that History doth already go from hand to hand through all parts of the universe, and yet stays in no place, for so much as every one will have a kick at it. Now I have not been angry or vexed; when I have heard that I wander up and down like a fantastic body, amidst the pitchy shades of Hell, and not in the light of the earth, since I am not the man that History speaketh of. If it be true and faithfully compiled, it will live many ages; but if it be nothing worth, it will die even at its birth.

Altisidora would have continued her complaints, accusing *Don Quixote* of rigour and unkindness; but he said thus unto her, Madam, I have often told you, that I am very angry, that you have settled your thoughts on me, since you can draw nothing from me but bare thanks, and no remedy at all. I was only born for *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, and to her only have the Destinies (if there be any) wholly dedicated me. To think, that any other beauty can possess or usurp the place which she possesseth in my soul, were to believe an impossibility. And this should suffice to dis-abuse you, and to make you to retire yourself within the bounds of your honesty, since no creature is tyed unto impossibilities.

Altisidora hearing these Words, made a semblance to be very angry; so that, as it were in a great anger, she thus bespake him, I swear by the Prince of the Mumps, the soul of a Mortar, and stone of a Date; more obstinate and hard-hearted, than a rude and base *Peasant* when one sueth unto him; and when he addresseth his level to the Butt or Mark; if I take you in hand, I will pluck your very eyes out of your head.

Do you haply suppose, Sir vanquished, and *Don* Knockt-down with Bats and Cudgels, that I would have died for you? No, no, Sir, whatsoever you have seen this night, hath been nothing but a fiction, or thing feigned. I am not a Maiden, that would suffer so much as the least, least pain at the tip of my
nails

nails for such a Camel as you are; much less that I would dye for such a gross Animal.

I believe it well, quoth *Sancho* then, for all these lovers deaths are but to cause sport and laughter. Well may they say, that they die; but that they will hasten their deaths, *Judas* may believe it if he list.

As they were in these discourses, the Musician and Poet, who had sung the foregoing *Stanza's*, entered into the Chamber, and making a very low reverence unto *Don Quixote*, he thus said unto him, Sir Knight, I beseech you to hold me in the number of your humblest servants. I have long since been most affectionate unto you, as well by reason of your far-bruted renown, as for your high-raised feats of Arms.

Tell me, answered *Don Quixote*, who you are, that my courtesy may answer your merit.

The young man gave him to understand, that he was the Musician, and the Panegyric of the fore-past night.

In good sooth, replied *Don Quixote*, you have a very good voice; nevertheless me seems, that what you sung, was not greatly to the purpose; for, what have the *Stanza's* of *Carcilasse* to do with the death of this Damsel? My fair Sir, said the Musician, you ought not to wonder at that; the best and choicest Poets of our age do practise it; so that every man writes as best pleaseth his fancy, and stealeth what, and from whom he lists, whether it cohere with the purpose or not. By reason whereof, all the follies, absurdities, or fopperies that they sing, indite, or write, they ascribe unto a poetical licence.

Don Quixote would have answered, but he was hindered by the Duke and Duchess, who both entered the Chamber to see him; amongst whom there passed so long a discourse, and pleasant conference, in which *Sancho* alledged so many ready quips, witty conceits, merry proverbs, and therewithal so many wily shifts, and subtil knaveries, as the Duke and the Duchess were all astonished again; as well by reason of his simplicity, as of his subtilty.

Don Quixote besought them to give him leave to depart the very same day, since that Knights subdued as he was, ought rather to dwell in an homely Cottage, or simple Shed, than in kingly Palaces; which they most willingly granted him. And the Duchess demanded of him, whether *Altisidora* was in his good favour or no. Madam, answered *Don Quixote*, you are to understand, that all the infirmities of this Damsel, takes its beginning and being from idleness. and that an honest occupation, and continual exercise, is the only remedy for it. She was even now telling me, that in hell they are working Tapistry Work, and that there are made Tyrings and Net-works.

I think that she is skilful in such Works. and that's the reason she therein employs herself, never ceasing to handle small Spindles or Spooles; and thus the images of him she loveth will never be removed in her imagination.

What I tell you is most certain; it is my opinion, it is my counsel.

And mine also, quoth *Sancho*, since I never saw any Workman, that applied or busied himself about such Works, that dyed for love. The Maidens, I say, occupied about such Works, think more on the accomplishing of their task, than on that of their Loves. I judge of it by myself, whilst I am digging or delving, I never think on my Pinkaney at all; I speak of my *Teresa Pansa*, whom I love better a thousand times than my very eye-lids.

Sancho, you speak very well, said the Duchess; and I will take such order, as my *Altisidora* shall henceforward occupy herself about such Works; for she can work them excellently well.

Madam, quoth *Altisidora*, I shall not need to use such a remedy, since the remembrance or consideration of the cruelties and unkindness which this Robber and roving Thief hath used towards me, will be of force, without any other device or artifice, to blot and deface them out of my memory. In the mean while, with your Highness's permission, I will be gone from hence,
that

that so mine eyes may not behold not only his filthy and ghastly shape; but his ugly and abominable countenance.

The Words, replied the Duke, which you utter, make me remember the old Proverb, which teacheth us, that he who sharply chides, is ready to pardon.

Altisidora made a shew to dry up the tears from her eyes with a Handkercher; and then making a very low curtsy unto her Master and Mistress, she went out of the Chamber.

Alas! poor Damsel, said then *Sancho*, I send thee ill luck, since thou hast already met with it, in lighting upon a soul made of a Skuttle, and a heart of Oak. Hadst thou had to do with me, thou shouldst have found a Cock of me, that would have crowed after another fashion.

Thus their discourse brake off; *Don Quixote* took his clothes, dined with the Duke and Duchess, and in the afternoon went his way.



CHAP. XXX.

Of what befel Don Quixote, and his Squire Sancho Pansa, in their travel towards their Village.



HE vanquished Knight Errant, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, went on his journey, very sad and pensive on the one side, and most glad and bucksome on the other. From his being conquered proceeded the cause of his sadness; and his gladness, in considering the Worth and Vertue of *Sancho*, whereof he gave manifest evidence in the resurrection of *Altisidora*, although with some scruple he persuaded himself,

himself, that the enamoured Damsel was not verily dead.

Sancho was no whit well pleased, but chafed to himself, because *Altisidora* had not kept promise with him, and given him the Shirts he expected at her hands; and therefore musing and pondering on them, he said to his Master, By my faith, Sir, I am the most unfortunate Physician that may be found in the World. There be some Leaches, that kill a sick man whom they have under cure, and will nevertheless be well paid for their pains. Now all they do, is but to write a short Bill of certain Medicines, which the Apothecary, and not they, doth afterward compound; whereas I, clean contrary, to whom the recovery and health of others doth cost many a clod of blood, many a flirt and bob, many a bitter frump, and many a lash with Whips and Rods, reap not so much as one poor farthing.

But certainly I promise you, if any deceased or sick body fall into my hands again, before I cure 'em, I'll be very well greazed for my pains. For, the Abbot liveth singing, and I cannot think that the Heavens have endowed me with the vertue and knowledge I have, to the end I should communicate and impart the same unto others for nothing.

My good friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, thou art in the right, and *Altisidora* hath done very ill, that she hath not given thee the Shirts which she promised thee, although that vertue and propriety which thou hast, have been given thee *gratis*, and that in learning and studying it, thou hast not been at a penny charge; nevertheless, the troubles and vexations which thou hast received, and endured in thine own person, are far more than all the studies that thou couldest have undergone or employed about it. As for me, I can tell thee, that if thou wouldest have had the full pay for the Whip-lashes, that thou shouldest give thyself for disenchanting of *Dulcinea*, thou hadst already fully received it. Yet know I not whether the Wages or Hire will answer the cure, or recovery,

recovery, and I would not have it be an hindrance to the remedy. Me seems notwithstanding, that one shall lose nothing in the tryal.

Consider, *Sancho*, what thou wilt have, and forthwith whip thyself, and with thine own hands pay thyself downright, since thou hast money of mine in thy keeping.

Sancho presently opened his eyes and ears a foot wide at these kind offers, and took a resolution with a chearful heart to whip and lash himself; and therefore said unto his Master, Now is the time, my noble Sir, that I will wholly dispose myself to give you satisfaction, since I shall reap some benefit by it. The love of my Children and my Wife induceth me to have no regard at all unto the harm or ill that may thereby come unto me.

Tell me then, what will you give me for every stripe or lash? If I were bound to pay thee, replied *Don Quixote*, equivalent to the greatness and quality of the remedy, the treasure of *Venice*, and the rich Mines of *Peru*, would not suffice to recompense thee. Look well thyself, what thou hast of mine, and value every lash as thou wilt. The Whip-lashes, quoth *Sancho*, are in number three thousand, three hundred and odd; I have already given myself five, the other remain behind. Let the five serve to deduct the odd number remaining, and let all be reduced to three thousand and three hundred. My meaning is, to have for every lash a piece of three blanks, (and less I will not have, should all the World command me the contrary) so that they will amount to three thousand three hundred pieces of three blanks. The three thousand, make a thousand and five hundred half Ryals, and they make seven hundred and fifty whole Ryals; and the three hundred make one hundred and fifty half Ryals, which amount unto the sum of threescore and fifteen Ryals, which, added unto the seven hundred and fifty, the whole sum amounteth unto eight hundred and five and twenty Ryals.

I will

I will reckon this sum, and deduct it from that I have of yours in my keeping; and by this means shall enter into my house both rich and well satisfied, albeit, well whipt and scourged; for Trouts are not caught with nothing, and I say no more.

Oh thrice-happy *Sancho*! oh amiable *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, how am I and *Dulcinea* bound to serve thee, so long as the Heavens shall be pleased to give us life? If she recover her first being, and if it be impossible to continue still in that state, her misfortune shall prove most fortunate, and my defeat or conquest, a most glorious and happy triumph. Then look, *Sancho*, when thou wilt begin this discipline, and I will give thee one hundred Ryals over and above, that so I may bind thee to begin betimes. When, replied *Sancho*? Even this very night. Be you but pleased, that this night we meet in the open fields, and you shall see me open, gash, and slay myself.

To be short, the night came which *Don Quixote* had with all manner of impatience long looked for; to whom it seemed that the Wheels of *Apollo's* Chariot had been broken, and that the day grew longer than it was wont, even as it happeneth unto Lovers, who think that they shall never come to obtain the accomplishment of their desires. At last they entered a grove of delightful trees, which was somewhat remote, and out of the high-way. After they had taken off the Saddle and Pack-saddle of *Rosinante* and *Dapple*, they sate down upon the green Grass, and supped with such Viſtuals as *Sancho* had in his Wallets.

This good Squire having made of *Dapple's* halter or head-stall, a good big Whip or Scourge, he went about twenty paces from his Master, and thrust himself among bushes and hedges.

Don Quixote seeing him march thus all naked, and with so good a courage, began thus to discourse unto him, Take heed, good friend, that thou hack not thyself in pieces, and that the stripes and lashes stay the one another's leisure, thou must not make such haste

haste in thy Career, that thy Wind or Breath fail in thy course. My meaning is, that thou must not lash thyself so hard and fast, that thy life faint, before thou come to thy desired number. But to the end that thou lose not thyself for want of a pair of Writing-tables, more or less, I will stand a-loof off, and upon these my Prayer-beads will number the lashes that thou shalt give thyself. Now the Heavens favour thee, as thy good meaning well deserveth.

A good Pay-Master, answered *Sancho*, will never grudge to give Wages; I think to curry, or so belabour myself, that without endangering my life, my lashes shall be sensible unto me; and therein must the substance of this miracle consist. And immediately *Sancho* stripped himself bare from the girdle upward, and taking the Whip in his hand, began to rib baste and lash himself roundly, and *Don Quixote* to number the strokes. When *Sancho* had given himself seven or eight stripes, he thought he had killed himself; so that pausing awhile, he said to his Master, that he was very much deceived, and would therefore appeal, forasmuch as every Whip-lash did in lieu of a piece of three Blanks, deserve half a Ryal.

Make an end, my friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and be not dismayed, for I will redouble thy pay.

Now by my life then, quoth *Sancho*, blows shall shower upon me as thick as hail; but the Mountebank and cheating Companion, instead of lashing his shoulders, whipped the trees, and so sighingly groaned at every stroke, that you would have thought his soul had flown out of his body.

Don Quixote, who was now full of compassion, fearing he would kill himself, and that, through the folly of *Sancho*, his desires should not be accomplished, began thus to say unto him, Friend, I conjure thee, let this business end here; this remedy seems to me very hard and sharp. It shall not be amiss that we give time unto Time; for *Rome* was never built in one day. If I have told right, thou hast
already

already given thyself more than a thousand lashes; it now sufficeth, let me use a homely phrase, that the Ass endure his charge, but not the surcharge.

No, no, my good Sir, answered *Sancho*, it shall never be said of me, Money well paid, and the Arms broken. I pray you go but a little aside, and permit me to give myself one thousand stripes more, and then we shall quickly make an end; yea, and we shall have more left behind. Since thou art so well disposed, replied *Don Quixote*, I will then withdraw myself; may the Heavens assist and recompence thee.

Sancho returned to his task with such an earnest passion, that the bark of many a tree fell off; so great was the rigour and fury wherewith he scourged himself. Now in giving such an exceeding and outrageous lash upon a hedge, he cried out aloud, Here is the place where *Samson* shall dye, with all those that are with him.

Don Quixote ran presently at the sound of that woful voice, and at the noise of that horrible whip-stroke. Then laying fast hold on the Halter, which served *Sancho* in lieu of an Ox-pizzel, he said to him, Friend *Sancho*, let Fortune never permit, that thou, to give me contentment, hazard the loss of thy life, which must serve for the entertainment of thy Wife and Children. I will contain myself within the bounds of the next hope, and will stay until thou have recovered new strength, to the end this business may be ended, to the satisfaction of all parties.

My good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, since you will needs have it so, in good time be it. In the mean while, I beseech you, Sir, cast your Cloak upon my shoulders. I am all in a sweat, and I would be loth to take cold. Our new disciplinants run the like danger.

Don Quixote did so, and leaving himself in his doublet, he covered *Sancho*, who fell asleep, and slept until the Sun awakened him. They kept on their way so long, that at last they arrived to a place three leagues off, and at last staid at an Inn.

Don

Don Quixote knew it to be an Inn, and not a Castle round environed with ditches or trenches, fortified with Towers, with Port-cullisses, and strong draw-bridges; for, since his last defeature he discerned and distinguished of all things that presented themselves unto him with better judgment, as we shall presently declare.

He was lodged in a low chamber, to which certain old-worn curtains of painted Serge served in lieu of Tapistry hangings, as commonly they use in Country Villages. In one of the pieces might be seen painted by a bungling and unskilful hand, the rape of *Helen*, at what time her fond-hardy guest stole her from *Menelaus*. In another was the history of *Dido* and *Aeneas*; she on a high Turret, with a sheet making sign unto her fugitive guest, who on the Sea, carried in a Ship, was running away from her.

Don Quixote observed in these two stories, that *Helen* seemed not to be discontented with her rape; forsomuch as she leered and smiled under-hand; whereas beauteous *Dido* seemed to trickle down tears from her eyes as big as Walnuts. *Don Quixote* in beholding this painted Work, said, These two Ladies were exceedingly unfortunate, that they were not born in this age, and I most of all thrice unhappy, that I was not born in theirs; in faith I would so have spoken to these lordly gallants, as *Troy* should not have been burned, nor *Carthage* destroyed, since that only by putting *Paris* to death, I should have been the occasion that so many mischiefs would never have happened.

I hold a Wager, quoth *Sancho*, that e'er long there shall be never a Tipling-house, Tavern, Inn, Hostery, or Barber's shop, but in them all we shall see the History of our famous Acts painted; nevertheless I would wish with all my heart, that they might be drawn by a more cunning and skilful hand, than by that which hath pourtrayed these figures.

Thou hast reason, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for this Painter is like unto *Orbanegia*, who dwelled at *Ubeda*, who when he was demanded what he was painting,

painting, made this answer, That which shall come forth to light; and if perchance he drew a Cock, he would write about it, This is a Cock, lest any man should think it to be a Fox. Now methinks, *Sancho*, that such ought to be the Painter or the Writer; (for all is one same thing) who hath set forth the History of this new *Don Quixote*, because he hath painted or written that which may come forth to the open light. He hath imitated a certain Poet named *Mauleon*, who the last year was at the Court, who suddenly would make answer to whatsoever was demanded him. And as one asked him one day, what these Words *Deum de Deo* signified, he answered in *Spanish*, *De donde diere*. But omitting all this, tell me, *Sancho*, Hast thou a mind to give thyself another touch this night, and wilt thou have it to be under the roof of a house, or else in the open air?

Now I assure you, quoth *Sancho*, for the stripes and lashes that I intend to give myself, I love them as well in the house as in the open fields; yet with this *Proviso*, that I would have it to be amongst trees; for methinks, that they keep me good company, and do exceedingly help me to endure and undergo my travel and pains.

Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that shall not be; rather reserve them, that you may exercise them when we shall be arrived at our Village, whither at the furthest we shall reach the next day after to morrow; and in the mean time thou shalt have recovered new strength.

Sancho answered, that he might do what best pleased him; but notwithstanding he desired to dispatch this business in hot blood, and whilst the Mill was going; for dangers consist often in lingering and expectation, and that with prayers unto God, a man must strike with his Mallet; that one, Take it, is more worth than two, Thou shalt have it; and better is one sparrow in the hand, than a vulture flying in the air.

Now

Now for God's sake, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, let us not alledge so many Proverbs; methinks thou art still returning unto *Sicut erat*. I prithee speak plainly, clearly, and go not so about the bush with such embroiling speeches, as I have often told thee; and thou shalt see, that one loaf of bread will yield thee more than an hundred.

I am so unlucky, quoth *Sancho*, that I cannot discourse without Proverbs, nor can I alledge a Proverb, that seems not to be a reason unto me. Nevertheless if I can, I will correct myself, and with that they gave over their enterparly at that time.



C H A P. XXXI.

How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their Village.



ON *Quixote* and *Sancho* looking for night, stayed in that Inn; the one to end in the open fields the task of his discipline; and the other to see the success of it, whence depended the end of his desires. During which time, a Gentleman on horseback, followed by three or four servants, came to the gate of the Inn, to whom one of his attendants said thus, My Lord *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, you may here rest yourself, and pass the great heat of the day: This Inn seemeth to be very cleanly and cool.

Which speech *Don Quixote* hearing, he said unto *Sancho*, Thou oughtest to know, that when I turned over the book of the second part of my history, methought that in reading of the same, I met with this name of *Don Alvaro Tarfe*.

That

That may very well be, said *Sancho*; but first let us see him alight-from his horse, and then we will speak unto him.

The Knight alighted, and the Hostess appointed him a low Chamber, near unto that of *Don Quixote*; and which was furnished with like figures of painted Serge. The new-come Knight did forthwith put off his heavy clothes, and now going out of the Inn-porch, which was somewhat spacious and fresh, under which *Don Quixote* was walking, he demanded of him, Whither go you, my good Sir Gentleman? I am going, answered *Don Quixote*, unto a certain Village not far off, where I was born. And you, my Lord, whither go you? I travel, said the Knight, towards *Granada*, which is my native Country. Sir, you were born, replied *Don Quixote*, in a very good Country; in the mean time, I pray you in courtesy, tell me your name; for it stands me very much upon to know it; yea, more than can well be imagined. I am called *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, answered the Knight. Then are you undoubtedly, quoth *Don Quixote*, that *Alvaro Tarfe*, whose name is imprinted in the second part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which a modern Author hath lately set forth. I am the very same man of whom you speak, said the Knight, and that *Don Quixote*, who is the principal subject of such an History, was my very great friend.

It was even I that drew him first out of his village, or at least that persuaded him to be at the Justs and Tiltings which were then kept at *Saragossa*, and whither I was going; and in good truth I did him a great favour, for I was the cause that the hangman did not well claw and bum-baste his back, having rightly deserved such a punishment, because he had been over-rash and fool-hardy.

But tell me, I beseech you then, quoth *Don Quixote*, my Lord *Don Alvaro*, do I in any thing resemble the said *Don Quixote* of whom you speak? Nothing at all, answered the other. And did that *Don*

Quixote, replied our Knight, conduct with him a Squire named *Sancho Panza*? Yes verily, quoth *Don Alvaro*; and the report went, that this Squire was very blithe, pleasant, and gamesome; but yet I never heard him speak any thing with a good garb or grace, nor any one Word that might cause laughter.

I believe it well, said *Sancho* then, for it suits not with all the World to be pleasant and jesting; and the very same *Sancho* of whom you speak (my Lord the Gentleman) must be some notorious rogue, some greedy-gut, and notable thief. It is I that am the right *Sancho Panza*, that can tell many fine tales; yea, more than there are drops of Water when it raineth. If so you please, my Lord, you may make experience of it, and follow me at least one year, and you shall then see, that at every step I shall speak so many unpleasant things, that very often without knowing what I utter, I make all them to laugh that listen unto me. In good sooth, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the far renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the amorous; he who is the redresser of wrongs, the revenger of outrages, the tutor of infants, the guardian of orphans, the rampire or fortress of widows, the defender of damsels and maidens; he who hath for his only Mistress, the matchless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, is the very same Lord whom you see here present, and who is my good Master. All other *Don Quixote's*, and all other *Sancho Panza's* are but dreams, fopperies, and fables.

Now by my holydom I believe as much, answered *Don Alvaro*; for, in those few Words by you even now uttered, you have shewed more grace than ever did the other *Sancho Panza*, in all the long and rattling discourses that I have heard come from him. He favoured more of the Gourmand, than of a well-spoken man; more of a Coxcomb, than of a Pleasant. Without doubt I believe, that the Enchanters which persecute the good *Don Quixote*, have also gone about

bout to persecute me, in making me to know the other *Don Quixote*, who is of no worth or merit at all. Nevertheless, I wot not well what to say of it, since I durst swear, that I left him at *Toledo*, in the Nuncio's house, to the end he might be cured and healed, and behold here another *Don Quixote*, but far different from mine.

As for me, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know not whether I be good or no, but well I wot I am not the bad. And for a manifest tryal of my saying, my Lord *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, if you please, you shall understand, that in all my life-time I was never at *Saragossa*. And having of late understood, that the imaginary *Don Quixote* had been present at the Turnaments and Tiltings in that City, I would by no means come or go into it, that in view of all the World I might manifest his false tale; which was the reason that I went strait unto *Barcelona*, the treasury or store-house of all courtesy, the retreat and refuge of all strangers, the relieving harbour of the poor and needy, the native home of valorous men, where such as be wronged or offended are avenged, and where true friendships are reciprocal, and in sum, a City that hath no peer, be it either for beauty, or for the fair situation of it.

And albeit, what hath befallen me bring me no great contentment, I do notwithstanding somewhat allay the grief with the pleasure, which by the sight thereof I have received and felt.

To conclude, my Lord *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the very same man of whom Fame speaketh, and not he, that unhappy Wretch, who to honour himself with my designs, hath gone about to usurp my name.

In the mean while I humbly beseech you, by the profession which you make to be a noble Knight, that before the ordinary Judge of this place, you will be pleased to make me a declaration and certificate, how, so long as you have lived, even until this present hour, you never saw me, and that I am not the

said *Don Quixote* imprinted in this second part, and likewise that this *Sancho Panza*, my Squire, is not he whom you heretofore have known.

I shall do it with all my heart, quoth the Knight *Don Alvaro*, although I be very much amazed to see two *Don Quixotes*, and behold two *Sancho's* at one very instant, so conformable in name, and so different in actions. But I tell you again and again, and I assuredly believe that I have not viewed what I have seen, and that what hath happened unto me concerning this subject, hath not befallen at all.

Without doubt, my Lord, then said *Sancho*, it is very likely that you are enchanted, even as my Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* is; would to God that your disenchanting might be brought to pass, with giving other three thousand and odd Whip-lashes as I do for her; I would most willingly give them unto myself, without any interest at all.

I know not what you mean, quoth *Don Alvaro*, by these Whip-lashes. To whom *Sancho* said, that it would be too long a discourse to relate; but yet he would make him acquainted with the whole story, if peradventure they should both travel one same way.

By this time the hour of dinner was at hand, and they fed and eat together. At the very same time the Judge of the place came into the Inn, attended on by a Clerk or Notary, whom *Don Quixote* required that he would take a certificate or declaration, which this Knight *Don Alvaro Tarfe* would declare unto him; forasmuch as it did highly concern his honour and reputation.

Now the tenor of this Declaration was, that the said Gentleman did in no sort know *Don Quixote* who was there present, and that he was not the man, whose name they had lately imprinted in an History, entitled, *The second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, composed by *Aballaneda*, born at *Tordesillas*.

To conclude, the Judge engrossed all according to the form of Law. The Declaration was made in form and manner as all Notaries are accustomed to be, in such and the like cases. By which means *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* rested very glad, and well apaid, as if such a declaration had been of very great moment and consequence unto them, and as if their actions and speeches had not apparently shewed the difference and odds that was between the two *Don Quixotes* and the two *Sancho's*.

Divers complements, and many offices and offers of courtesy did mutually interpass between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, wherein our heroic Knight *de la Mancha* declared so much wisdom, and such discretion, that he resolved *Don Alvaro* of the doubt wherein he was; for, he persuaded himself that he was enchanted, since with his own hands he felt and touched two *Don Quixotes*, so different and contrary one to another.

Mid-day being past, and the heat allayed, they departed from that place all together. They had not gone above half a league, but they met with two several paths; the one led to *Don Quixote's* Village, and the other to the place whither *Don Alvaro* was going.

During which little space, *Don Quixote* related at large unto him the disaster of his overthrow, the enchantment, and the remedy of *Dulcinea*. All which things bred and caused a new admiration in the mind of *Don Alvaro*, who kept on his way, and *Don Quixote* his.

Our Knight passed that night among the trees, to the end he might give *Sancho* means and leisure to fulfil his penance; which he accomplished even as he had done the fore-passed night, more at the charges of the hedges, shrubs, and trees there growing, than of his back and shoulders; for he kept them so safe and well, that the lashes which he gave himself, would not have caused a fly to stir, had she taken up her stand there,

Don

Don Quixote, thus abused, lost not one stroke with misreckoning, and found that those of the foregoing night, joyned unto these, were just the sum of three thousand, nine and twenty.

It seemed the Sun rose that morning earlier than his wont, to behold this sacrifice; and they perceiving that it was bright day, went on their journey, discoursing of the error wherein *Don Alvaro* was, and how they had done very well in taking a declaration before the Judge, and that so authentically.

They wandered all that day, and the night succeeding, without encountering any thing worthy the relation, unless it be, that the very same night *Sancho* finished his whipping task, to the great contentment of *Don Quixote*, who greedily longed for peep of day, to see if in their travels they might meet with his sweet Mistress *Dulcinea*, who was now disenchanted.

Thus wandering, they met no Woman, but they would approach and close with her, to take perfect view of her, and to discern whether it were *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, confidently assuring themselves, as of an infallible truth, that the promises of the prophet *Merlin* could not possibly prove false.

Whilst they were musing on these things, and their longings increasing, they unawares ascended a little hillock, whence they discovered their Village; which when *Sancho* had no sooner perceived, but he prostrated himself on his knees, and uttered these Words;

Oh my dear, dearly-beloved, and long-desired native Country, open thine eyes, and behold how thy son *Sancho* returns at last to thee again; who if he be not very rich, yet is he at least very well whipt and lashed. Open thine arms likewise, and friendly receive thy son *Don Quixote*. And if he returneth to thee vanquished by the force of a strange arm, he yet at least returneth conqueror of himself. And as himself hath often told me, it is the greatest victory

that any man can desire or wish for. I have good store of money; for, if they gave me sound Whiplashes, I found much good in being a worthy Knight.

Let us leave these fooleries, said *Don Quixote*, and forthwith wend unto our Village, where we will give free passage unto our imaginations, and prescribe unto ourselves the form and method, that we are to keep and observe in the rural or pastoral life, which we intend to put in practice. Thus reasoning together, they fair and gently descended the hillock, and approached to their Village.



C H A P. XXXII.

Of the Presages and Fore-boadings which happened to Don Quixote, at the Entrance into his Village, with other Adventures, which serve for Grace and Ornament unto this famous History, and which give Credit unto it.

COF *Id Hamote* reporteth, that as they were come near unto the entrance into their Village, *Don Quixote* perceived how in the Commons thereof there were two young Lads, who in great anger contested and disputed together. The one said to the other, *Pierrot*, thou must not chafe nor be angry at it; for, as long as thou livest, thou shalt never set thine eyes upon her. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, he began this speech unto *Sancho*; Friend, said he, dost not thou understand what yonder young Lad saith? So long as thou livest, thou shalt never set eyes upon her.

And

And what imports, quoth *Sancho*, what that young Lad hath spoken? What, replied *Don Quixote*? seest thou not, how that applying the Words unto mine intention, his meaning is, that I shall never see my *Dulcinea*? *Sancho* was about to answer him, but he was hindred by an Hare, which chased, crossed their way. She was eagerly pursued by divers Gray-hounds and Huntsmen, so that fearfully amazed, she squatted down between the feet of Dapple.

Sancho boldly took her up, and presented the same unto *Don Quixote*, who cryed out aloud, *Malum signum, Malum signum*; a Hare runs away, Gray-hounds pursue her, and *Dulcinea* appears not. You are a strange man, then quoth *Sancho*, let us imagine that this Hare is *Dulcinea*, and the Grey-hounds that pursue her, the wicked Enchanters, that have transformed her into a Country Lass. She runs away, I take her up, and deliver her into your own hands; you hold her in your arms, you hug and make much of her. What ill-boading may this be, and what misfortune can be implied upon this?

In the mean while, the two young Boys came near unto them to see the Hare; and *Sancho* demanded of one of them the cause or ground of their brabbling controversy? Then he, who had uttered the Words, So long as thou livest, thou shalt never set eyes upon her, related unto *Sancho*, how that he had taken from the other Boy a little Cage full of Crickets, and that he never purposed to let him have it again. Then *Sancho* pull'd out of his pocket a piece of six Blanks, and gave it to the other Boy for his Cage, which he put into *Don Quixote's* hands, saying thus unto him, Behold, good Sir, all these fond Sooth-sayings, and ill Presages are dashed and overthrown, and have now nothing to do with our Adventures, (according to my understanding, although I be but a silly gull) no more than with the last year's snow. And if my memory fail me not, I think I have heard the Curate of our Village say, that it fits not good Christians and wise folk to stand upon such foolish fopperies.

It is not long since you told me so yourself, and gave me to understand, that all such Christians, as plodded and amused themselves upon Auguries or Divinations, were very fools. And therefore let us no longer trouble ourselves with them, but let us go on, and enter into our Village. There whilst the hunters came in, they demanded to have their Hare, and *Don Quixote* delivered the same unto them.

Then he and *Sancho* kept on their way; and at the entrance into the Village, in a little meadow, they met with the Curate, and the Bachelor *Carraasco*, who with their Beads in their hands were saying their prayers.

It is to be understood, that *Sancho Panza* had placed upon Dapple, and upon the fardel of their Weapons, the Jacket or Gaberdine of *Bocassin*, all painted over with fiery flames, which was upon him in the Duke's Castle, the night that *Altisidora* rose again from death to life; which jub or jacket served them instead of a Carpet or Sumpter-cloth.

They had likewise placed upon the Ass's head the Mitre, whereof we have spoken before. It was the newest kind of transformation, and the fittest decking or array, that ever Ass did put upon his head.

The Curate and the Bachelor knew them incontinently, and with wide-open arms ran towards them.

Don Quixote alighted presently, and very kindly embraced them. But the little children, who are as sharp-sighted as any Linx, having eyed the Ass's Mitre, flocked suddenly about them to see the same, saying the one to the other, Come, come, and run all you *Camarados*, and you shall see *Sancho Panza's* Ass more brave and gallant than *Mingo*; and *Don Quixote's* Palfrey leaner, fainter, and more flaggy than it was the first day.

Finally, being environed with many young children, and attended on by the Curate and Bachelor, they entered the Village, and went directly unto *Don Quixote's* house. At the door whereof they met
with

with his Maid-servant, and with his Niece, who had already heard the news of their coming.

Teresa Panfa, the Wife of *Sancho*, had likewise been advertised thereof. She ran all disheveled and half naked to see her Husband, leading her daughter *Sanchica* by the hand. But when she saw, that he was not so richly attired as she imagined, and in that equipage a Governor should be, she thus began to discourse with him, My Husband, after what fashion dost thou come home? Methinks, thou comest on foot, and with toilsom travelling, all tired and faint-hearted; thou rather bearest the countenance of a miserable Wretch, than of a Governor.

Hold thy peace, *Teresa*, quoth *Sancho*; for, oftentimes when there be Boots, there be no Spurs. Let us go unto our house, and there thou shalt hear Wonders. So it is, that I have money, which is of more consequence, and I have gotten it by mine own industry, without doing wrong to any body.

Why then you have money, my good Husband, replied *Teresa*? that's very well; it is no matter how you came by it, be it by hook or crook; for, after what manner soever you have laid hands on it, you bring no new custom into the World. *Sanchica* embraced her Father, and asked him whether he had brought her any thing; and that she had as earnestly looked for him, as men do for dew in the month of May.

Thus his Wife holding him by the one hand, and his daughter by the one side of his girdle, and with the other hand leading Dapple, they entered into their Cottage, leaving *Don Quixote* in his own house, in the power of his Niece and Maid-servant, and in the company of the Curate and the Batchelor.

Don Quixote, without longer delay, at that very instant drew the Bachelor and the Curate aside, and in few Words related his being defeated unto them, and the Vow which he had been forced to make, not to go out of his village during the space of one whole year; how his purpose was fully to

keep the same, without transgressing it in one jot or atom; since that by the rules of Knight Errantry, and as he was a true Knight Errant, he was strictly obliged to perform it; which was the reason that he had resolved, during the time of that year, to become a shepherd, and entertain himself among the desarts and solitary places of that Country, where he might freely vent out and give scope unto his amorous passions, by exercising himself in commendable and virtuous pastoral exercises: And now besought them, if they had no greater affairs in hand, and were not employed in matters of more importance, they would both be pleased to become his companions, and Fellow-shepherds; for he would buy store of sheep, and get so sufficient a flock together, as they might well take upon them the name of shepherds.

And in the mean time, he gave them to understand, that the chiefest point of this business was already effected; for, he had already appointed them so proper and convenient names, as if they had been cast in a mould.

The Curate would needs know these names. *Don Quixote* told him, that himself would be called the Shepherd *Quixotis*, the Bachelor, the Shepherd *Carraasco*, and the Curate, the Shepherd *Curambro*; and as for *Sancho Panza*, he should be stiled *Panfino*.

They were all astonished, at *Don Quixote's* new folly; nevertheless, that he might not another time go out of his Village, and return to his Knighthood's, and Cavalier's tricks; and therewithal supposing, that in the space of this year he might be cured and recovered, they allowed of his design and new invention, and in that rural exercise offered to become his companions.

We shall lead a pleasant life, said *Samson Carraasco*, since, as all the World knoweth, I am an excellent Poet, and shall every hand-while be composing of pastoral Ditties and Eclogues, or else some Verses of the Court, as best shall agree to our purpose. Thus shall we entertain ourselves by the ways we shall pass and go. But

But good Sirs, the thing that is most necessary, is, that every one make choice of the name of the Shepherdess, whom he intendeth to celebrate in his Verses; and that there be no Tree, how hard and knurry soever, but therein we shall write, carve, and engrave her name, even as amorous Shepherds are accustomed to do.

In good sooth, that will do passing well, quoth *Don Quixote*, albeit, I need not go far to find out the name of an imaginary Shepherdess, since I have the never-matched or paralleled *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, the glory of all these shores, the ornament of these meadows, the grace and comeliness of beauty, the cream and prime of all gracefulness, and to be short, the subject on which the extremity of all commendations may rightly be conferred, how hyperbolical soever it be.

It is most true, said the Curate; but for us, we must seek out some barren Shepherdesses, and at least, if they be not fit and proper for us, yet one way or other they may stead us, if not in the main, yet in the by. Although we have none, quoth *Samson Carrasco*, yet will we give them those very names, as we see in print, and wherewith the World is full. For we will call them *Phyllis*, *Amaryllis*, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Galathen*, and *Belisarda*. Since they are publickly to be sold in the open Market-place, we may very well buy them, and lawfully appropriate them unto ourselves.

If my Mistress, or, to say better, my Shepherdess, have to name *Anna*, I will celebrate her under the stile of *Anarda*; if she be called *Francis*, I will call her *Francina*; and if she hight *Lucie*, her name shall be *Lucinda*; for all such names square and encounter. As for *Sancho Pansa*, if he will be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his Wife *Teresa Pansa* under the name of *Teresaina*.

Don Quixote burst out a laughing at the application of these Names, whilst the Curate did infinitely commend and extol his honourable resolution, and

again offered to keep him company all the time that he could spare, having acquitted himself of the charge unto which he was bound.

With that they took leave of him, persuading and intreating him to have a care of his health, and endeavour to be merry.

So it happened, that his Niece and his Maid-servant heard all the speeches which they three had together; and when the Bachelor and the Curate were gone from him, they both came near unto *Don Quixote*, and thus his Niece bespake him:

What means this, my Lord, mine Uncle? Now when we imagined that you would have continued in your own house, and there live a quiet, a reposed, and honourable life, you go about to cast yourself headlong into new labyrinths and troubles, with becoming a Swain or Shepherd? Verily, the corn is already over-hard to make Oaten-pipes of it.

But how, quoth the Maid-servant, can you endure, and undergo in the open fields, the scorching heat of Summer, and the cold and frost of Winter nights, and hear the howlings of Wolves, without quaking for very fear? No truly, for so much as that belongs only to such as are of a robust and surly complexion, of a hard and rugged skin, and that from their Cradles are bred and inured to such a trade and occupation. If the worst come to the worst, it were better to be still a Knight Errant than a Shepherd.

I beseech you, good my Lord, follow my counsel which I give you, not as being full of Wine and Bread, but rather fasting, and as one, that have fifty years upon my head. Abide still in your house, think on your domestick affairs, confess yourself often, serve God, do good unto the poor, and if any harm come to you of it, let me take it upon my soul.

Good Wenches, hold your peace, replied *Don Quixote*, for I know what I have to do. In the meanwhile, let me be had to bed. Methinks I am not very well; yet assure yourselves, that whether I be an Errant Knight, or a Shepherd, I will carefully provide

vide for all that you may stand in need of, and you shall see the effects of it.

The Niece and the Maid-servant, who without doubt were two merry good Wenches, laid him in his bed, and attended, and lookt so well unto him, as they could not possibly have done better.



CHAP. XXXIII.

How Don Quixote fell sick; of the Will he made, and of his death.



AS all human things being transitory, and not eternal, are ever declining from their beginnings, until they come unto their last end and period; but more especially the lives of men: And as that of *Don Quixote* had no privilege from Heaven to continue in one estate, and keep its course, his end surpris'd him, at what time he least thought of it. I wot not whether it proceeded of the melancholy, which the sad remembrance of his being vanquish'd caused in him, or whether the disposition of the heavens had so decreed; so it is, that a burning Fever seiz'd upon him, which forced him to keep his bed six days.

During which time, the Curate, the Bachelor, and the Barber, who were all his good friends, did very often visit him; and *Sancho Panza* his good Squire never went from his bed-side.

They supposing that the vexation and fretting which he felt for having been conquered; as also because he saw not the accomplishment of his desires, touching the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, caused this sickness in him, endeavour'd by all possible means to make him merry.

The Bachelor desired him to be of good courage, and to rise, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, and how he had already composed an Eclogue, which was nothing behind those that *Sanazaro* had compiled. That for the same purpose he had bought two goodly and fair dogs, and of great renown, for to keep their flock; whereof the one was called *Barsino*, and the other *Butron*; and how a Shepherd of *Quintanar* had sold them to him.

But for all this *Don Quixote* quitted not his sorrow, nor left off his sadness.

His friends called for a Physician, who was nothing well pleased with his Pulse which he felt; and therefore he told him, that whatsoever might happen, he should not do amiss to begin to think on the salvation of his soul; for the health of his body was in very great danger.

Don Quixote, without being any whit amazed, did very quietly listen unto this discourse, which neither his Niece, his Maid, nor his Squire did; for they were so deeply plunged in tears and weeping, as, had they seen ghastly death in the face, they could have done no more.

The Physician told them plainly, that only melancholy and his troublesome cares were the cause of his death.

Don Quixote entreated the company to leave him alone, because he had a great desire to sleep a while. They did so, and he had a sound nap, as they say, of six hours, so that the Maid and his Niece thought he would never have waked again. Well, he waked at last, and with a loud and audible voice, he uttered these Words; The Almighty God be for ever blessed, that hath done so much good for me. To be short, his Mercies have no bounds, they are neither shortned nor hindred by the sins of man.

The Niece listened with heedful attention unto her Uncle's Words; and perceiving that they were better couched, and wiser disposed than those he was accustomed to pronounce in all his sicknesses, she proposed

posed this question unto him, My Lord and Uncle, What is that you say? Is there any new matter befallen? What mercies do you speak of? or what sins of men? My good Niece, replied *Don Quixote*, the mercies, I talk of, are those which God of his goodness hath at this instant conferred upon me, wretched sinner, and my sins have been no stop or let unto them. I possess now a free and clear judgment, and nothing overshadowed with the misty clouds of ignorance, which the continual reading and plodding on books of Chivalry had over-cast me withal.

I acknowledge all these extravagancies, and confess them to be but cozening tricks; and am aggrieved that this disabuse hath happened so late unto me, as it affords me no leisure to make amends for my oversight, by reading of other good books, and which might serve and tend to the enlightning of my soul. My dear Niece, I feel myself near unto death; but I would not have it to be such, as the surname of fool should rest upon me; for, although I have been foolish in my life, I desire not to confirm the truth of it in my death. And therefore my dear friend, go and cause the Curate, the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber, to come immediately unto me. I desire to confess myself, and to make my last Will and Testament. His Niece was eased of this labour, by the coming of them all three, who even then entered the Chamber. *Don Quixote* no sooner saw them, but said thus unto them,

My good Sirs, give me some New-year's-gift; I am no more *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but rather *Alonso Quixano*, unto whom my honest life and civil conversation hath heretofore appropriated the surname of *Good*. I am now a professed enemy to *Amadis de Gaul*, and of all the infinite rabble of his race. Now are all the prophane Histories of Errant Chivalry hateful unto me; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger whereinto the reading of them hath brought me. But now, by the mere mercy of
my

my God, become wise, at my own proper cost and charges, I utterly abhor them. When these three friends heard him speak so, they believed undoubtedly, that he was possessed with some new kind of foolishness. My Lord *Don Quixote*, said *Samson* unto him, now that the news are come unto us, that the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* is disenchantèd, do you speak in this manner? And now that we are so near hand to become Shepherds, that so we may in singing, mirth and jollity lead a kind of Princely life, do you intend to become a Hermit?

Hold your peace, I pray you, replied *Don Quixote*, recollect your Wits together, and let us leave all these discourses; that which hath hitherto served me to my hurt and detriment, my death, by the assistance of heaven, shall turn to my good, and redound to my profit. Good sirs, I perceive and feel death to follow me at my heels. Let us leave off, and quit all merriments and jesting, and let me have a Confessor to shrift me, and a Notary to draw my last Will and Testament. In the extremity whereunto I now find and feel myself, a man must not make a jest of his soul; and therefore whilst Master Curate is taking of my confession, let me have a Scrivener fetcht.

They stood all gazing one upon another, wondering at *Don Quixote's* sound reasons, altho' they made some doubt to believe them. One of the signs which induced them to conjecture, that he was near unto Death's door, was, that with such facility he was from a stark fool become a wise man; for, to the Words already alledged, he added many more so significant, so Christian-like, and so well couched, that without doubt they confidently believed that *Don Quixote* was become a right wise man. The Curate made all those who were in the Chamber to avoid, and being left alone with him, took his Confession. The Bachelor *Curraasco* went to find out a Notary, who not long after came with him, and with *Sancho Panza*. This good Squire having understood from the

the mouth of the Bachelor, that his Master was in a very bad estate, and finding his Maid-servant and his Niece weeping very bitterly, began like a mad-man with his own fists to thump and beat himself, and to shed brackish tears.

The Confession being ended, the Curate came forth, and was heard to utter these Words, Verily, verily, he is at his last gasp, and verily the good *Alonso Quixano* is become wise, and it is high time for him to make his last Will and Testament.

These heavy news opened the sluices of the tearful, and swollen-blubbering eyes of the maid, of the Niece, and of his good Squire *Sancho Pansa*, so that they shower'd forth whole fountains of tears, and fetched from the very bottom of their aggrieved hearts a thousand groaning sighs. For, in effect, as we have already declared elsewhere, whilst *Don Quixote* was simply the good *Alonso Quixano*, and likewise when he was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he was ever of a mild and affable disposition, and of a kind and pleasing conversation; and therefore was he not only beloved of all his household, but also of all those that knew him.

In the mean space the Notary came, who after he had written the beginning of his Will, and that *Don Quixote* had disposed of his soul, with all the circumstances required and necessary in a true Christian, and that he was come unto the Legacies, he caused this to be written, *Item*, concerning a certain sum of money, which *Sancho Pansa*, whom I made my Squire, whilst my folly possessed me, hath yet in his custody: For so much as between him and me, there remain certain odd reckonings and accounts to be made up, of what he hath received, and laid out, my Will and pleasure is, that he be not tied to yield any account at all, nor be in any bond for it; nay rather, if any overplus remain in his hands, having first fully paid and satisfied him of what I owe, and am indebted to him (which is no great matter) my purpose is, that it be absolutely his own, and much good may it do him.

And

And as being then a fool, I was the cause that he had the Government of an Island given him, I would to God (now I am wise and in my perfect senses) it were in my power to give him a Kingdom; for, the sincerity of his mind, and the fidelity of his comportments do well deserve it. Then addressing himself unto *Sancho*, he made this Speech unto him, My dear friend, pardon me, that I have given thee occasion to seem a fool as I was, in making thee to fall into the same error wherein I was fallen, that in the World there have been, and still are Errant Knights.

Alas and well-a-day! my good Sir, answered *Sancho*, throbbing and weeping, yield not unto death, I pray you, but rather follow my counsel, which is, that you endeavour to live many fair years. The greatest folly that any man can commit in this World, is to give himself over unto death without apparent cause, except he be wilfully slain, or that no other hand bring him to his end, but that of melancholy.

Once more I beseech you, suffer not remissness or faint-heartedness to overcome you. Rather rise out of your bed, and let us go into the fields attired like Shepherds, as we were once resolved to do. It may come to pass, that we behind some bush or shrub shall find the Lady *Madam Dulcinea* disenchantèd, so that we shall have no more business. If the vexation or irksomeness you feel to have been vanquished, attempt to bring you unto death, let me undertake the blame, who will stoutly maintain in all places, and before all men, that you were overthrown and quelled, because I had not well girt your Palfrey *Rosinante*.

And you have seen and read in your books of Chivalry, that it is an ordinary thing for one Knight to thrust another out of his saddle; and that he who is to day conquered, is to morrow a conqueror.

It is most true, quoth *Samson*, and *Sancho Panza* relates the very truth of such accidents.

My

My Sirs, replied *Don Quixote*, I pray you go not on so fast, since that in the nests of the last year, there are no birds of this year. Whilome I was a fool, but now I am wise; sometimes I was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but am now (as I have already told you) the good *Alonzo Quixano*. Let my unfeigned repentance, and the truth of what I say, obtain this favour at your courteous hands, that you will have the same estimation of me now, which you have had heretofore; and so let Master Notary proceed.

Item, I make and institute my Niece, *Antoinette Quixana*, who is here present, general heir of all my goods whatsoever, having first deducted out of them all that shall be necessary for the full accomplishment of the Legacies which I have bequeathed. And the first thing I would have discharged, I purpose, shall be the Wages which I owe unto my Maid-servant; and that, over and besides, she have twenty ducats delivered unto her, to buy her some good clothes withal.

Item, I appoint and institute Master Curate, and Master *Samson Corrasco*, the Bachelor here present, to be the Overseers and Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

Item, my will and pleasure is, that if *Antoinette Quixana* my Niece chance to marry, that it be to a man of whom diligent enquiry shall first be made, that he is utterly ignorant of books of Chivalry, and that he never heard speech of them. And if it should happen, that he have read them, and that notwithstanding my Niece will, or take him to her Husband, that she utterly lose, and never have any thing that I have bequeathed her as an inheritance. All which, my Executors and Assigns may, at their pleasure, as shall seem good unto them, employ and distribute in pious uses.

Item, I intreat the said Executors and Overseers of my Will, that if by good fortune they come to the knowledge of the Author, who is said to have composed an History, which goes from hand to hand, under

der the Title of, The second part of the heroic Feats of Arms, of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they shall in my behalf, most affectionately desire him to pardon me; for that I have unawares given them occasion to write so infinite a number of great extravagancies and idle impertinencies; for so much as I depart out of this life with this scruple upon my conscience, to have given him subject and cause to publish them to the World.

He had no sooner ended his discourse, and signed and sealed his Will and Testament, but a swooning and faintness surprising him, he stretched himself the full length of his bed. All the company were much distracted and moved thereat, and ran presently to help him; and during the space of three days, that he lived after he had made his Will, he did swoon and fall into trances almost every hour.

All the house was in a confusion and uproar; all which notwithstanding, the Niece ceased not to feed very devoutly, the Maid-servant to drink profoundly, and *Sancho* to live merrily. For, when a man is in hope to inherit any thing, that hope doth deface, or at least moderate in the mind of the inheritor, the remembrance or feeling of the sorrow and grief, which of reason he should have a feeling of the Testator's death.

To conclude, the last day of *Don Quixote* came, after he had received all the Sacraments, and had by many and godly reasons made demonstration to abhor all the Books of Errant Chivalry.

The Notary was present at his death, and reporteth, how he had never read or found in any book of Chivalry, that any Errant Knight died in his bed, so mildly, so quietly, and so christianly, as did *Don Quixote*.

Amidst the wailful plaints, and blubbering tears of the by-standers. he yielded up the Ghost; that is to say, he died; which the Curate perceiving, he desired the Notary to make him an attestation or certificate, how *Alonso Quixano*, surnamed the good, and who
was

was commonly called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he was deceased out of this life unto another, and died of a natural death. Which testificate he desired, to remove all occasions from some Authors, except *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, falsely to raise him from death again, and write endless Histories of his famous acts.

This was the end of the ingenious Gentleman *de la Mancha*, of whose birth-place *Cid Hamete* hath not been pleased to declare manifestly the situation unto us, to the end that all Villages, Towns, Boroughs, and Hamlets of *la Mancha* should contest, quarrel, and dispute among themselves the honour to have produced him, as did the seven Cities of *Greece* for the love of *Homer*. We have not been willing to make mention, and relate in this place, the doleful plaints of *Sancho*, nor those of the Niece, and Maid-servant of *Don Quixote*, nor likewise the sundry new and quaint Epitaphs which were graven over his tomb; content yourself with this which the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco* placed there.

Here lies the gentle Knight, and stout,
That to that height of valour got,
As if you mark his deeds throughout,
Death on his life triumphed not
With bringing of his death about.

The world as nothing he did prize,
For as a Scare-crow in mens eyes
He liv'd, and was their Bug-bear too;
And had the luck with much ado,
To live a fool, and yet die wise.

In the mean while, the wise and prudent *Cid Hamete Benengeli* addrest this speech unto his writing-pen. Here it is, oh my slender quill, whether thou be ill or well cut, that thou shalt abide hanged upon those racks whereon they hang spits and broaches, being thereunto fastned with this copper wire.

There

There shalt thou live many ages, except some rash, fond-hardy, and lewd Historian take thee down to profane thee. Nevertheless, before they lay hands upon thee, thou mayest, as it were by way of advertisement, and as well as thou canst, boldly tell them, Away, pack hence, stand afar off, you wicked botchers, and ungracious Souters, and touch me not, since to me only it belongs to cause to be imprinted *Cum bono Privilegio Regia Majestatis*. *Don Quixote* was born for me alone, and I had my birth only for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I have had the glory to know how to write and compile them well. To be short, he and I are but one self-same thing, maugre and in despite of the fabulous Scribler *de Tordesillas*, who hath rashly and malapertly dared with an Estridge course and bungling pen, to write the prowess and high Feats of Arms of my valorous Knight.

This fardle is too-too heavy for his weak shoulders, and his dull Wit over-cold and frozen for such an enterprize: And if peradventure thou know him, thou shalt also advise him to suffer the weary and already rotten bones of *Don Quixote* to rest in his Sepulchre; for, it would be too great a cruelty, if contrary to all Orders and decrees of Death, he should go about to make shew of him in *Castile* the old, where in good sooth he lyeth within a Sepulchre, laid all along, and unable to make a third journey and a new outrode. It is sufficient to mock those that so many wandering Knights have made, that those two whereof he hath made shew unto the World, to the general applause, and universal content of all People and Nations that have had knowledge of them, as well thro' the whole Countries of *Spain*, as in all other foreign Kingdoms. Thus shalt thou perform what a good Christian is bound to do, in giving good counsel to him that wisheth thee evil. As for me, I shall rest contented and well satisfied to have been the first that hath fully enjoyed the fruits of his Writings, and that

that according to my desires, since I never desired any other thing, than that men would utterly abhor the fabulous, impertinent, and extravagant books of Chivalry. And to say truth, by means of my true *Don Quixote*, they begin already to stagger; for, undoubtedly such fables and flim-flam tales will shortly fail, and I hope shall never rise again. Farewel.

F I N I S.

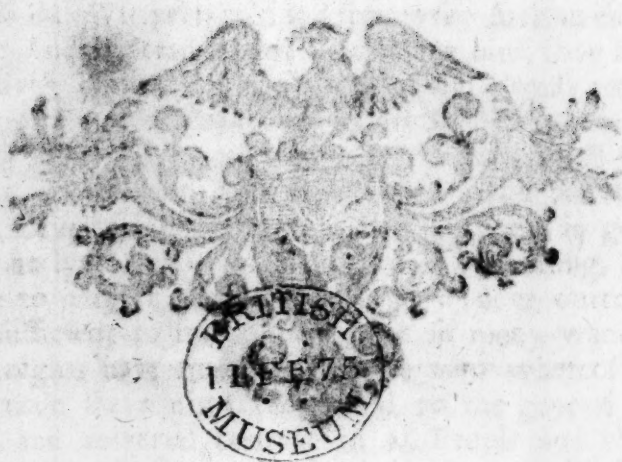


THE

Don. G. V. ZOT. E.

that according to my desire, that I never desired a-
ny other thing, than that they would strictly shew
the religious sentiment and extravagant books of
Chivalry. And so I thought the means of my time
Don Quixote, they have always to be kept for me.
I have already such books and I have them all
thoroughly read and I hope that never will I be
able to read them again.

F I N I S



T. H. E.



THE
TABLE
OF
CONTENTS,

*Of the delightful History of Don
Quixote de la Mancha.*



VOL. I.



CHAP. I.



HEREIN is rehearsed the calling and
exercifes of the renowned Gentleman Don
Quixote of the Mancha. Page 1

CHAP. II.

Treating of the first sally that Don Quixote made to
seek Adventures. p. 8

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. III.

Wherein is recounted the pleasant manner observed in the Knighting of Don Quixote.

Page 15

CHAP. IV.

Of that which befel to our Knight, after he had departed from the Inn.

P. 23

CHAP. V.

Wherein is prosecuted the former narration of our Knight's misfortunes.

P. 30

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleasant and curious search and inquisition, made by the Curate and Barber, of Don Quixote's Library.

P. 35

CHAP. VII.

Of the second departure that the good Knight Don Quixote made from his house to seek Adventures.

P. 43

CHAP. VIII.

Of the good success Don Quixote had in the dreadful and never-imagined Adventure of the Wind-mills, with other Accidents worthy to be recounted.

P. 49



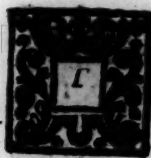
THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE THE MAD
Page 1

CHAP. II.
The history of the first part of Don Quixote the mad
Page 8

The CONTENTS.

The Table of the second Book of the delightful History of *Don Quixote* of *Mancha*.

CHAP. I.



HERIN is concluded and finished the fearful Battle which the gallant Biscaine fought with Don Quixote.

Page 59

CHAP. II.

Of that which befel to Don Quixote after he had left the Ladies.

P. 65

CHAP. III.

Of that which passed between Don Quixote, and certain Goat-herds.

P. 71

CHAP. IV.

Of that which one of the Goat-herds recounted to those that travelled with Don Quixote.

P. 79

CHAP. V.

Wherein is finished the History of the Shepherdess Marcela, with other Accidents.

P. 86

CHAP. VI.

Wherein are rehearsed the despairing Verses of the dead Shepherd, with other unexpected Events.

P. 96



The

THE CONTENTS.

The Table of the third Book of the delightful History of Don Quixote of Mancha.

CHAP. I.



HERIN is rehearsed the unfortunate Adventure
happened to Don Quixote, by encountering
with certain Yanguesian Carriers.

P. 108

CHAP. II.

Of that which befel the ingenious Knight within the Inn,
which he supposed to be a Castle.

P. 116

CHAP. III.

Wherein are laid down the innumerable misfortunes that
Don Quixote, and his good Squire Sancho, passed in the
Inn; the which he, to his damage, supposed to be a Ca-
stle.

P. 125

CHAP. IV.

Specifying the Discourses passed between Sancho, and
his Lord, Don Quixote, with other Occurrents worthy the
recital.

P. 135

CHAP. V.

Of the discreet Discourses had between Sancho and his
Lord, with the succeeding Adventures of a dead Body, and
other notable things.

P. 146

CHAP. VI.

Of a wonderful Adventure achieved with less hazard,
than ever any other Knight did any, by the valorous Don
Quixote of the Mancha.

P. 155

CHAP. VII.

Of the high Adventure, and rich Prize of the Helmet of
Mambrino, with other Successes befallen the invincible
Knight.

P. 169

CHAP.

THE CONTENTS.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the liberty that Don Quixote gave to many Wretches, that were a carrying perforce to a place they desired not.

P. 182

CHAP. IX.

Of that which befel the famous Don Quixote in Sierra Morena, and was one of the rarest Adventures, which in this authentical History is recounted.

P. 194

CHAP. X.

Wherein is prosecuted the Adventure of Sierra Morena.

P. 208

CHAP. XI.

Which treats of the strange Adventures that happened to the Knight of the Mancha, in Sierra Morena: and of the Penance he did there, in imitation of Beltinibros.

P. 219

CHAP. XII.

Wherein are prosecuted the Pranks played by Don Quixote, in his amorous Humours in the Mountains of Sierra Morena.

P. 237

CHAP. XIII.

How the Curate and Barber put their design in practice, with many other things worthy to be recorded in this famous History.

P. 246



The Table of Contents of the delightful History of Don Quixote.

VOL. II.

CHAP. I.



HEREIN is discoursed the new and pleasant Adventure that happened to the Curate and Barber in Sierra Morena.

P. 1

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the Discretion of the beautiful Dorotea and

The CONTENTS.

and of the artificial Manner used to dissuade the amorous Knight from continuing his penance, and how he was gotten away; with many other delightful and pleasant Occurrences.

P. 18

CHAP. III.

Of many pleasant Discourses passed between Don Quixote, and those of his Company, after that he had abandoned the rigorous Place of his Penance.

P. 32

CHAP. IV.

Of the pleasant Discourses continued between Don Quixote, and his Squire Sancho Panza, with other Adventures.

P. 43

CHAP. V.

Treating of that which befel all Don Quixote's train in the Inn.

P. 53

CHAP. VI.

Wherein is recounted the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

P. 61

CHAP. VII.

Wherein is prosecuted the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

P. 83

CHAP. VIII.

Wherein is finished the Novel of the Curious Impertinent; and likewise recounted the rough Encounter passed between Don Quixote and certain Bags of red Wine.

P. 105

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of many rare Successes befallen in the Inn.

P. 115

CHAP. X.

Wherein is prosecuted the History of the famous Princess Micomicona, with other delightful Adventures.

P. 126

CHAP. XI.

Treating of the curious Discourse made by Don Quixote, upon the Exercise of Arms and Letters.

P. 138

CHAP. XII.

Wherein the Captive recounteth his life, and other Accidents.

P. 143

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. XIII.

Wherein is prosecuted the History of the Captive. P. 152.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the Captive yet continueth the pleasant Narration of his life. P. 166.

CHAP. XV.

Which speaks of that which befel afterward in the Inn, and of sundry other things worthy of knowledge. P. 188.

CHAP. XVI.

Wherein is recounted the History of the Lackey, with other strange Adventures befallen in the Inn. P. 196.

CHAP. XVII.

Wherein are prosecuted the wonderful Adventures of the Inn. P. 207.

CHAP. XVIII.

Wherein are decided the Controversies of Mambrino's Helmet, and the As's Pannel, with other strange Adventures most doubtlesly befallen. P. 217.

CHAP. XIX.

In which is finished the notable Adventure of the Troopers; and the great ferocity of our good Knight Don Quixote, and how he was enchanted. P. 226.

CHAP. XX.

Wherein is prosecuted the Manner of Don Quixote's Enchantment, with other famous Occurrences. P. 235.

CHAP. XXI.

Wherein the Canon continueth his Discourse upon Books of Chivalry, with many other things worthy of his note. 246.

CHAP. XXII.

Wherein is laid down the very discreet Discourse that passed between Sancho Panfa, and his Lord Don Quixote. P. 254.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the discreet Contention passed between Don Quixote, and the Canon, with other Accidents. P. 262.

THE CONTENTS

CHAP. XXIV.

Relating that which the Goat-herd told to those that carried away Don Quixote. P. 269

CHAP. XXV.

Of the falling out of Don Quixote with the Goat-herd; with the Adventure of the Disciplinants, to which the Knight gave end, although to his cost. P. 275



The Table of Contents of the famous History of the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

VOL. III.

CHAP. I.



OW the Vicar and the Barber passed their time with Don Quixote, touching his infirmity.

P. 1

CHAP. II.

Of the notable Fray that Sancho Panfa had with the Niece and the old Woman, and other delightful Passages.

P. 12

CHAP. III.

The ridiculous Discourse that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco. P. 16

CHAP. IV.

How Sancho Panfa satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco's Doubts and Demands; with other Accidents worthy to be known and related.

P. 24

CHAP. V.

Of the wise and pleasant discourse, that passed betwixt Sancho Panfa, and his Wife Teresa Panfa, and other Accidents worthy of happy Remembrance.

P. 29

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. VI.

What passed betwixt Don Quixote, his Niece, and the old Woman; and it is one of the most material Chapters in all the History.

P. 36

CHAP. VII.

What passed betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire, with other famous Accidents.

P. 41

CHAP. VIII.

What befel Don Quixote, going to see his Mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

P. 48

CHAP. IX.

Where is set down as followeth.

P. 55

CHAP. X.

How Sancho cunningly enchanted the Lady Dulcinea; and other Successes, as ridiculous as true.

P. 59

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote, with the Cart or Waggon of the Parliament of Death.

P. 67

CHAP. XII.

Of the rare Adventure that befel Don Quixote, with the Knight of the Looking-Glasses.

P. 73

CHAP. XIII.

Where the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted; with the discreet, rare, and sweet Colloquy, that passed betwixt the two Squires.

P. 79

CHAP. XIV.

How the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted.

P. 85

CHAP. XV.

Who the Knight of the Looking-Glasses, and his Squire were.

P. 96

CHAP. XVI.

What befel Don Quixote, with a discreet Gentleman of Mancha.

P. 98

CHAP. XVII.

Where is shewed the last and extremest Hazard, to which the unheard of Courage of Don Quixote did, or

could

The CONTENTS.

could arrive; with the prosperous Accomplishment of the Adventure of the Lions. P. 107

CHAP. XVIII.

What happened to Don Quixote in the Castle, or Knight of the green Cassock his House, with other extravagant Matters. P. 117

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Adventure of the enamoured Shepherd, with other, indeed, pleasant Accidents. P. 126

CHAP. XX.

Of the Marriage of the rich Camacho, and the Success of poor Basilius. P. 133

CHAP. XXI.

Of the Persecution of Camacho's Marriage, with other delightful Accidents. P. 142

CHAP. XXII.

Of the famous Adventure of Montefino's Cave, which is in the heart of Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote happily accomplished. P. 148

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the admirable things that the unparallel'd Don Quixote recounted, which he had seen in Montefino's profound Cave, whose Strangeness and Impossibility makes this Chapter to be held for Apocrypha. P. 155

CHAP. XXIV.

Where are recounted a thousand Flims-flams, as impertinent as necessary to the understanding of this famous History. P. 166

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Adventure of the Braying, and the merry one of the Puppet-man, with the memorable Southsaying of the prophesying Ape. P. 172

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the delightful Passage of the Puppet-play, and other pleasant Matters. P. 181

CHAP. XXVII.

Who Master Peter and his Ape were, with the ill Success that Don Quixote had in the Adventure of the Braying, which ended not so well as he would, or thought for. P. 190

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of the things that Benengeli relates, which he that reads shall know, if he read them with Attention. p. 197

CHAP. XXIX.

Of the famous Adventure of the enchanted Bark. p. 202

CHAP. XXX.

What happened to Don Quixote with the fair Huntress.

CHAP. XXXI.

That treats of many and great Affairs. p. 213

CHAP. XXXII.

Of Don Quixote's Answer to his Reprehender, with other Successes as wise as witty. p. 221

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of the wholesome Discourse that passed betwixt the Duchess and her Damfels with Sancho Panfa, worthy to be read and noted. p. 235

CHAP. XXXIV.

How notice is given for the disenchanting of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most famous Adventures in all this Book. p. 242

CHAP. XXXV.

Where is prosecuted the Notice that Don Quixote had, of disenchanting Dulcinea, with other admirable Accidents.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the strange and unimagined Adventure of the afflicted Matron, alias the Countess Trifaldi, with a Letter that Sancho Panfa wrote to his Wife Teresa Panfa. p. 256

CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the Prosecution of the famous Adventure of the afflicted Matron. p. 262

CHAP. XXXVIII.

The afflicted Matron recounts her ill Errantry. p. 264

CHAP. XXXIX.

Where the Trifaldi prosecutes her stupendous and memorable History. p. 271

CHAP. XL.

Of Matters that touch and pertain to this Adventure, and most memorable History. p. 273

CHAP. XLI.

Of Clavileno's Arrival, with the End of this dilated Adventure. p. 278

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

The Table of Contents of the delightful History of *Don Quixote*.

VOL. IV.

CHAP. I.



Of the Advice that Don Quixote gave Sancho Panfa, before he should go to govern the Island, with other Matter well digested.

P. 1

CHAP. II.

Of the second Advice that Don Quixote gave Sancho Panfa.

P. 7.

CHAP. III.

How Sancho Panfa was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the Castle.

P. 13.

CHAP. IV.

How the Grand Sancho Panfa took Possession of his Island, and the Manner of his beginning to govern.

P. 24.

CHAP. V.

Of the fearful Low-Bell-Cally Horror that Don Quixote received in Process of his Love, by the enamoured Altifidora.

P. 31.

CHAP. VI.

How Sancho demeaned himself in his Government.

P. 36.

CHAP. VII.

What happened to Don Quixote, with Donna Rodriguez, the Duchess's Waiting-woman; with other Successes worthy to be written, and had in eternal Remembrance.

P. 46

CHAP. VIII.

What happened to Sancho in walking the Round in his Island.

P. 55

CHAP. IX.

Where is declared, who were the Enchanters and Executioners, that whipped the Matron, pinch'd and scratch'd Don Quixote, with the Success the Page had that carried the Letter to Teresa Panfa, Sancho's Wife.

P. 67

CHAP.

THE CONTENTS.

CHAP. X.

*Sancho's proceeding in his Government, with other
successes, as good as Touch.*

P. 77

CHAP. XI.

*The Adventure of the second afflicted or straightned Ma-
stron, alias, Donna Rodriguez.*

P. 87

CHAP. XII.

*Of the troublesome End and Up-shot that Sancho Panfa's
Government had.*

P. 95

CHAP. XIII.

*That treats of Matters concerning this History, and no o-
ther.*

P. 101

CHAP. XIV.

*Of Matters that besel Sancho by the way, and others
the best in the World.*

P. 110

CHAP. XV.

*Of the unmerciful and never-seen Battle that passed be-
tween Don Quixote, and the Lackey Tosilos, in Defence
of the Matron Donna Rodriguez Daughter.*

P. 118

CHAP. XVI.

*How Don Quixote took his Leave of the Duke, and
what besel him with the witty, wanton Altisidora, the
Duchess's Damsel.*

P. 123

CHAP. XVII.

*Of Adventures that came so thick and threefold on Don
Quixote, that they give no respite one to the other.*

P. 128

CHAP. XVIII.

*Of an extraordinary Accident that besel Don Quixote,
which may be held for an Adventure.*

P. 140

CHAP. XIX.

What happened to Don Quixote going to Barcelona.

P. 148

CHAP. XX.

*What happened to Don Quixote, at his Entrance into
Barcelona, with other Events, more true than witty.*

P. 162

CHAP. XXI.

*The Adventure of the enchanted Head, with other Flim-
flams that must be recounted.*

P. 165

CHAP. XXII.

*Of the ill Chance that besel Sancho at his seeing the
Gallies, with the strange Adventure of the Morisca.*

P. 177

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of an Adventure that most perplexed Don Quixote, of any that hitherto befel him.

P. 185

CHAP. XXIV.

Who the Knight of the white Moon was, with Don Gregorio's Liberty, and other Passages.

P. 192

CHAP. XXV.

That treats of what the Reader shall see, and he that bearkens, hear.

P. 198

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the Resolution Don Quixote had to turn Shepherd, and to lead a Country Life, whilst the Promise for his Year was expired; with other Accidents truly good and savoury.

P. 203

CHAP. XXVII.

Of the bristled Adventure that befel Don Quixote.

P. 209

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of the newest and strangest Adventure, that in all the Course of this History befel Don Quixote.

P. 214

CHAP. XXIX.

Of divers rare Things, which serve for the better Illustration and clearing of this History.

P. 219

CHAP. XXX.

Of what befel Don Quixote, and his Squire Sancho Pança, in their travel towards their Village.

P. 229

CHAP. XXXI.

How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their Village.

P. 237

CHAP. XXXII.

Of the Presages and Fore-bodings, which happened to Don Quixote, at the Entrance into his Village; with other Adventures, which serve for Grace and Ornament unto this famous History, and which give Credit unto it.

P. 244

CHAP. XXXIII.

How Don Quixote fell sick; of the Will he made, and of his Death.

P. 251



N I S.

